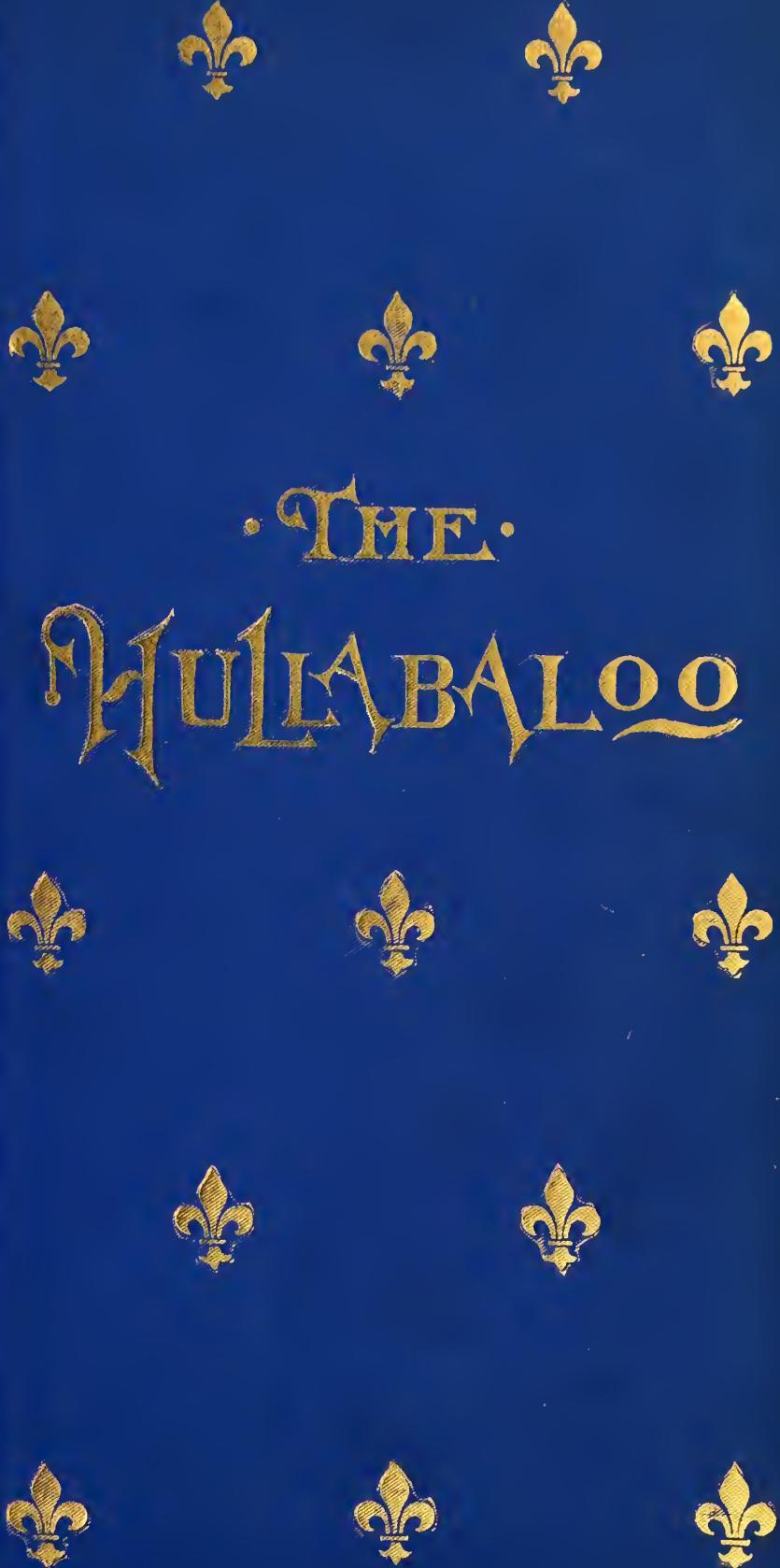


96



THE.
MULLABALOO





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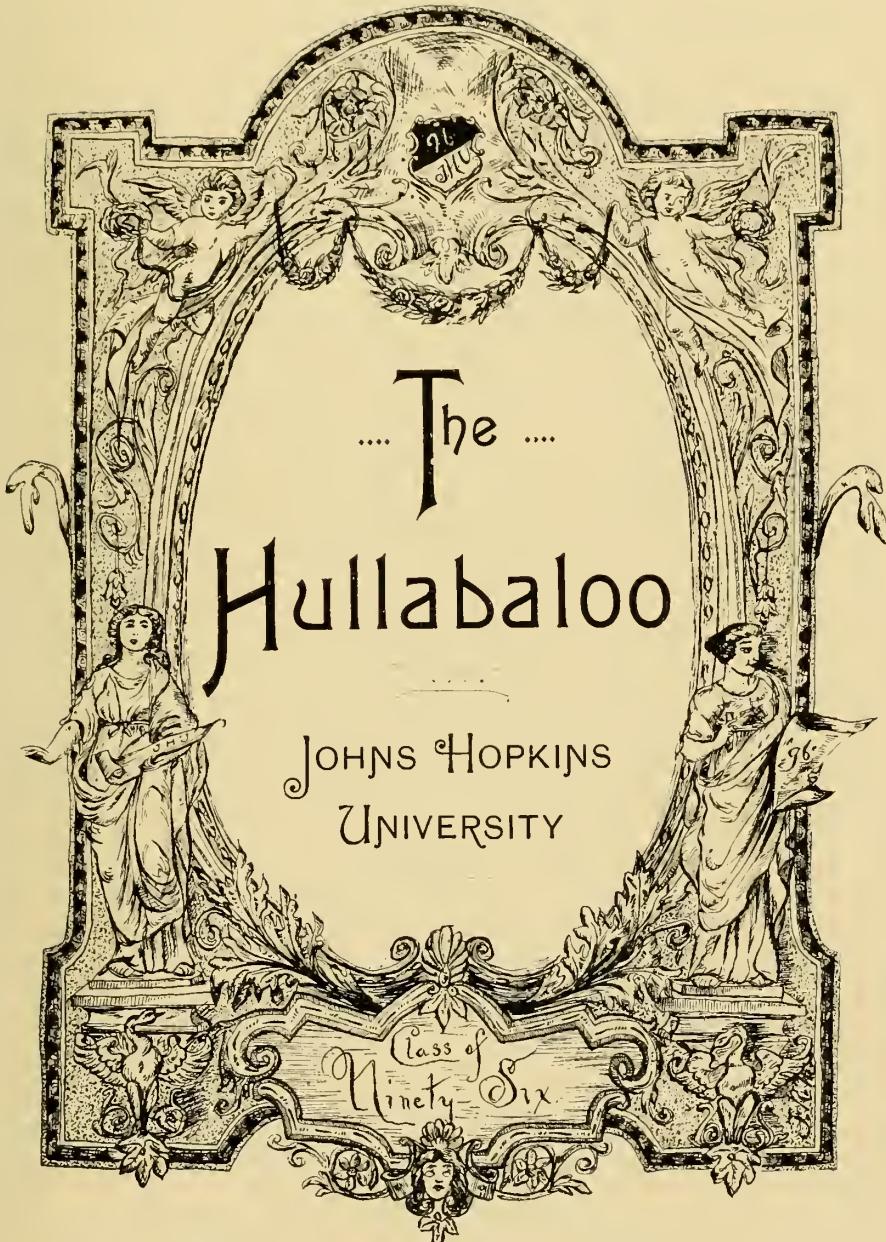
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1896

.... The

Hullabaloo

JOHNS HOPKINS
UNIVERSITY

Class of
Ninety Six



DEDICATED
TO THE
ALUMNI
OF OUR
ALMA MATER.

DEC 5 - 1942

DR. ABRAHAM COHEN

Greeting.



To the Reader:

Throughout our editorial labors we have striven to remember that since the "Hullabaloo" is the only publication which the students of the Johns Hopkins are permitted to issue, therefore, our constant endeavors should be to edit a college annual embodying the sentiments of the whole University. Doubtless, in many respects, we have not fully attained to this ideal; and for these, as well as all other faults and shortcomings, we bespeak your kind indulgence.

All our efforts have been inspired by a sincere love for our Alma Mater and a loyal zeal for her welfare. If we shall succeed in contributing in some small measure to her advancement, we shall feel that our time and labor have been by no means ill-expended. With these words of preface, we beg leave to introduce this latest collection of college wit and wisdom—the "Ninety-six Hullabaloo."

BOARD OF EDITORS.

yells.



We run this place, we do!
When the runs are many or few!
When the runs are many
We run very well!
When the runs are few
We run like hell!
We run this place, we do!

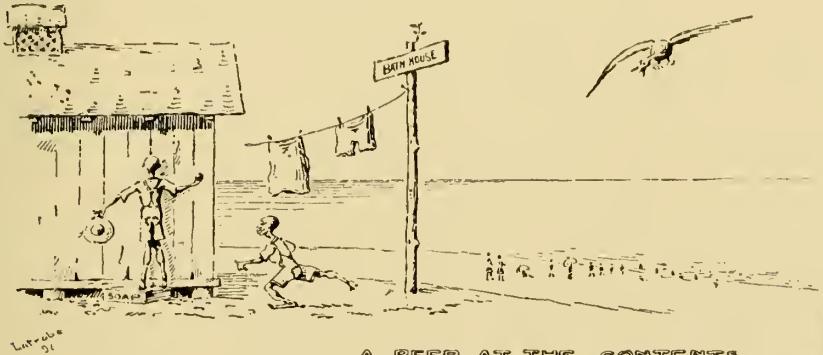
Hullabaloo! Canuck! Canuck!	Hoo, Wah, Hoo!
Hullabaloo! Canuck! Canuck!	Hoo, Wah, Hoo!
Hoorah! Hoorah! J. H. U.!	Hoo, Wah! Hoo, Wah!
	J. H. U.!

Rah, Johnny! Rah, Hop!
Rah, Johnny Hopkins!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Black! Blue!
Hopkins!

Hullabaloo! Hullabalix!	Hoo, Wah, Hoo!
Hopkins! Hopkins! '96!	Hoo, Wah, Hoo!
	'97! '97!
	J. H. U.!

Rah, Black! Rah, Blue!
Rah, J. H. U.!
Rah, Venezuelan Dan!

Rah, Rah, White!	Rah, Green! Rah, White!
Rah, Rah, Blue!	Rah, Loo! Rah, Loo!
Rah, Rah! '98!	'99! '99! J. H. U.!
J. H. U.!	



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Kirby F. Smith

Some Boyhood Reminiscences of a Country Town.



BY
KIRBY FLOWER SMITH.

THE contour and physical characteristics of the State of Vermont are largely determined by the Green Mountains, which, in the form of a Y, appropriate most of the space available, and finally fade out in the Berkshire Hills. In her grim moods she is awesome, but on the whole she has more of the grace and friendliness of youth about her than her elder sister across the Connecticut. To be sure her features are seamed and puckered to a remarkable degree—perhaps because she has had to face the blasts of "rude Boreas" for so large a part of her life. But when the Spring comes, as it finally does, that which we took for a scowl melts into a broad rippling smile of such joyous beauty and verdure as only those who have lived in the light of it can fully appreciate.

Speaking in general, the whole country is a succession of hills and dales of all shapes and sizes, as picturesque as it can be made by an infinite variety of forest and plain, of green fields and sunny hillsides, of steep, gloomy defiles and rugged glens, of clear woodland brooks that dance and gurgle as they follow their devious ways. Over all is a sky that in summer rivals that of Italy, and looks down upon a scene that a Vergil or a Theocritus would have loved and sung. Numberless country roads connect the many villages which, at short distances apart, are tucked away in various nooks and corners all over the State. Such is the influence of early association, that I always picture that wonderful youth in the fairy tale who goes forth to seek his fortune as following one of these familiar country roads as it winds hither and thither, up hill and down, now resting at a cool spring under a great beech or sugar-maple, now squeezing around a jutting cliff which all but shoulders it into the gorge on the other hand, whence comes faintly up through the tree-tops the sound of echoing waters, now toiling up over the "thankee-moms" to the top of the next rise. Here, perhaps,

it stops a moment to view the steeples of the next village, plunges headlong into the valley below, crosses a talkative brook that runs dimpling on, flecked with sunshine, then finally, widening and straightening, it proceeds decorously between rows of elms or maples into the Village Street, past the "hotel," the "store," the old houses, with their cool, green lawns, and so out and on again as before.

Whichever way you turn are mountains, and always wooded to their summits. The scarred and rugged majesty of those Titans of the Alps fills one with awe. They are like so many gods with their heads in the clouds, taking no keep of the mites at their feet. But these shaggy, good-natured monsters are kindly and human. They smile down upon their children.

Outside the small mercantile and professional class in the various towns, the life among these hills and dales is perhaps more distinctly pastoral than in any other part of the Union. Signs of it are everywhere along the country roads—in the "creameries," in the array of barns of all degrees, but especially in the cattle everywhere in evidence. There are cattle grazing in the distance, cows that stand and gaze at you over the wall as you pass, with that entire absence of emotion of which only a cow is capable, calves that canter along fitfully inside their fence, following you until the limit of their field is reached. To the same category belong the horses, for which the State has long been noted. The average Vermonter can "talk horse" with you for hours at a time. He generally owns a good one, and in driving about the country, it is rare to meet a man who does not glance at you and then at your horse's feet, in that indescribable way peculiar to those who know all about a good horse when they see it. The inspection, though brief and perhaps unconscious, is always to a certain extent disconcerting. If you are not yourself a past master in the intricacies of a horse-trade, you at once assume a deprecatory attitude of defence and explanation.

The population is small. In 1870 the census of the entire State fell short of our own city, as it now is, by over twenty myriads, nor since then has it risen by more than forty or fifty thousand. In character and habits they are in many ways surprisingly like that Italian population of small land-owners in the days of Republican Rome. Indeed, in a general way, there is no more characteristic Vermonter in ancient literature than Cato the Elder. They are, of course, conservative, tenacious of their traditions and respecters of them. As a rule, there is a keen sense of the ludicrous, coupled with a faculty

of instant repartee, doubtless fostered by the unremitting banter that goes on from morning till night in any and all of these small towns, and is partly responsible for a certain piquancy of expression, an oddity of rhetorical figure as unexpected as it is amusingly appropriate. At the same time there often appears in this temperament a distinct tendency to the imaginative and even the mystic, as one might expect of men who live a life of comparative solitude in the solemn shadow of those eternal hills, whose forests and streams are hardly different from what they were in the days of Columbus.

Of all the traits of Memory, none is more lovable than that she insists upon softening and glorifying the receding vista of our past, resting, like the sunset, with peculiar radiance upon those far-off hills that stand between us and the Dreamland of unremembered childhood. Hence it is, perhaps, that the old-world beauty of certain Idyls of Theocritus always brings back to me the scenes and impressions of a certain Vermont town, as it used to be in my boyhood days. At that time our village numbered a little less than ten thousand inhabitants, and I have not yet forgotten with what pride we used to affirm that it was the largest place in the State. It stands in the valley of Otter Creek, which flows northward to Lake Champlain. At the west and east are the Green Mountains. A break through the one leads to "York State," a pass over the other, to the valley of the Connecticut. Toward the north are the hills that block the way to Canada, and far down toward the souths the blue peaks that shut us off from Massachusetts. We lived upon "Main Street," that thoroughfare which is found in nearly every New England village, and, as in our case, is usually the oldest and involves much of the traditional lore of the place. It runs directly north and south for several miles, and is a portion of the old military road carried through the forest from Boston to Montreal in 1759. Before railways, it was the regular stage route between those two cities. In the midst of the street once stood the old stockade, the original nucleus of the place. The spring that supplied it with water is now twelve or fifteen feet below the surface. On the one hand of it was the "Franklin" Hotel, the Courthouse, and two or three old stores, all burned down in my earliest childhood, and on the other the old Village Green, now a park. Here was where the "June trainings" used to be held, and here, in the month of February, 1814, on a day when the thermometer was something like forty degrees below zero, occurred the last public whipping in the

State—thirty-nine lashes upon the bare back, "well laid on," as the old writ grimly expressed it. The entire programme of this celebration was once given me by one who had been present and remembered all the particulars. The new town was down the hill and had grown up since the railroad.

Main Street is fully three hundred feet wide, flanked on either side by rows of elms or maples, varied now and then by the locusts or silver poplars, which were so fashionable in the landscape gardening of seventy-five or an hundred years ago. Many of the houses, surrounded by great trees and sloping lawns, belong to the same period.

In my boyhood our street still bore witness to the Revolution and echoed faintly with the memories of it. This was partly due to the natural conservatism of the Vermonters, but largely to the advanced age of several who lived upon it. Every Vermont town seems to possess a goodly proportion of people of the most unusual age. Whether this is due to the preservative qualities of the climate, or to the fact that those who can survive the Vermont weather beyond a certain period have every right to live as long as they please, I shall not attempt to decide. At any rate, when I was about twelve years old, I remember calculating that there were thirteen people on our street, within a distance of three miles, whose combined ages amounted to over eleven hundred years. It is a great pity that so many of those years were contemporaneous. Otherwise I should be able to give you, perhaps, some personal recollections of Charlemagne and Alfred the Great. The last of the thirteen died only a few months ago.

While in one sense "Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together," it is certainly true that, in others, nothing comes so near extreme youth as extreme age. I know that some of the pleasantest memories of my small-boy days are of these same old people. Several of them lived on my way to school, and I counted them all as my good friends. The first and best was Madam Temple. She was over seventy-five when I first remember her, and she lived to be more than ninety. Once she showed me a picture of herself painted in 1816. It was the face of a beautiful woman and, indeed, when I knew her, the burden of her many years rested upon her like the ermine of royalty. Both in disposition and presence she was distinctly imperial. No one ever dreamed of disputing the final authority of her rescripts. There was something in her erect carriage, which she kept to the last, in the proud poise of her head and the gleam of her steel-gray eyes (she never wore

glasses), that to a small boy was awesome, although at the same time he was completely won by her, for though stern and uncompromising as the Draconian Code, she was the essence of kindness and the impersonation of that punctilious, old-world courtesy which, next to the mature man or woman of the world, only the small boy can always be depended on to understand and appreciate.

Her husband, who was several years older than herself, was a man of wealth and position, and she had had a gay youth. But at his death, which occurred early in the century, it was discovered that little was left for her outside of the old place. Here, for nearly sixty years, she lived a life of dignified retirement, and it was eminently characteristic of her that, during all that time, she probably never uttered a syllable referring to those days when the battle of Waterloo was amongst the latest foreign news.

Her religious, social and household duties—in fact, everything that she did—rested upon rules of procedure as invariable as that famous code of Medes and Persians. She was the first person, as I well recollect, whom I ever had the honor of “seeing home,” and it was some time before I ventured to take charge of anyone else of less settled habits. At certain intervals she was in the habit of taking tea at our house. On such occasions she always made her appearance with one of those old-fashioned, rectangular tin lanterns, with a peaked top—I have never seen but one or two of them since. At exactly nine o’clock—and I am not at all sure that anything short of the Trump of Judgment would have altered the hour—the lantern was lighted and I acted as her escort home. My consciousness of manly importance on those occasions was perhaps keener than it has ever been since, although, even then, it was doubtless affected by the certain knowledge that when I returned I should be without the lantern.

As a special favor I was sometimes allowed to play on the grounds, but within the bounds of decorum and without companions. Over a half century of experience with small boys had taught Madam Temple the strategic importance of detaching the forces of the enemy.

There were a great many fine old trees on her place, but as I well remember, my favorite was a horse-chestnut that stood by the walk. I have often observed that a boy’s favorite trees are always chosen from a strictly utilitarian point of view, and may be divided, though the division is by no means exclusive, into two classes: those which he can climb—an extremely large number—and those which bear something.

Whether that something can be utilized or not is a matter of minor importance. Horse-chestnuts, for example, are beautiful, but even for a small boy, they are eminently useless. To be sure we used to pierce them and attach a short string, the object being to toss them in the air. But, as a missile, this contrivance was justly despised, especially in a country where green apples are plentiful and a sharp stick can be found anywhere within ten rods. Still, we used to gather them. Last fall I came across a small boy doing the same thing. Thinking that perhaps the boys had discovered since my day some new and useful purpose for these nuts, I was inquiring with some interest what he was intending to do with them. My mind was considerably relieved to find that the small boy is the same that he has always been. He stood silent a few moments, evidently in deep thought; then, shifting uneasily to the other foot, "I dunno—I'm just a-gettin' em." So it is with all of us collectors. Whether the object of the collection is stamps, coins, books, pictures, fame, fortune or—horse-chestnuts, perhaps the keenest pleasure after all, in the words of this unconscious young philosopher, lies in "just a-gettin' 'em." The stamp distemper struck our town soon after the Franco-Prussian war and I had a severe attack of it, further aggravated by Madam Temple herself, whose son was an admiral in the Navy and wrote her weekly letters from all sorts of interesting foreign ports. The stamps all fell to me. Every Friday afternoon as I came home from school I usually found her waiting at her front gate, if it was not too cold. I never come across a stamp of Victor Emanuel or of the old French Republic without seeing once more in the Autumn sunlight the lace cap and the erect, martial figure of my old friend who "had been a beauty in the days when Madison was President."

An equally picturesque place, on the other side of the street a little further down, was the home of Madam Williams. She was some years older than her particular friend Madam Temple, but she died at the comparatively early age of eighty-five. She was nearly, if not quite, six feet in height. I can still hear the majestic swish of her black silks as she moved about. She was very fond of flowers and had a large garden next to the street which was filled with all sorts of old-fashioned varieties of roses, pinks, hollyhocks, pansies, syringas, and, especially, the greatest profusion of lilacs. It is for this reason, no doubt, that whenever I see the lilacs in bloom, the picture of her taking her favorite walk in that old garden always comes back to me.

Usually, when I caught sight of her there, I took care to move along in close proximity to the fence, but though fond of her, I never should have thought of addressing her first. However, my somewhat sidling style of locomotion generally succeeded in attracting attention. I was then asked after my health—*my* health—and that of my parents, all in the softest of tones, and with as much courtesy as though I had been the Prince Regent instead of being a small boy, too short to look over the pickets. The interview usually closed with the presentation of a bunch of flowers, which I was to “take home to my mother.”

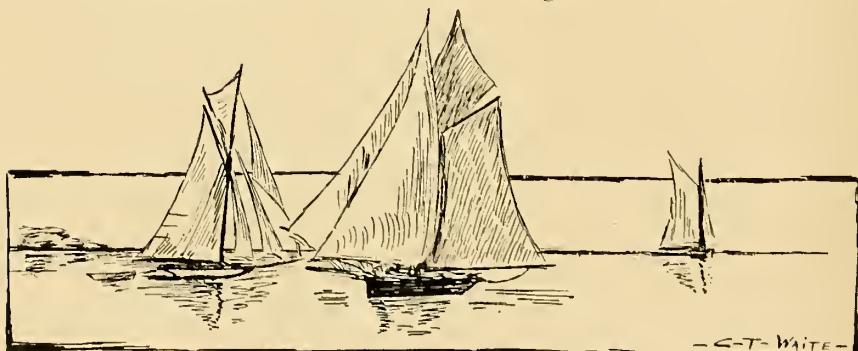
Further down the street was Captain Lowe. He was a veteran of 1812, and had followed the seas in his youth. He was nearly six feet four, straight as a corporal, and walked along with a measured tread that seemed to keep time to the drumbeats of memory. At one period my liveliest interest in him was due to the fact that he had visited St. Helena while Napoleon was there. It is a thousand pities that I cannot immortalize this number of the “Hullabaloo” by recounting in it the one personal memory of Napoleon as yet unpublished, but the truth must be told.

After learning from Mr. Jacob Abbott a great deal that Napoleon was not—as I chanced to doat an early age—I rushed off to Captain Lowe to hold an interview with him on the subject of his personal recollections. They were not altogether satisfactory. There was an introduction of indefinite length on the general subject of seafaring sixty years before, which, after it had become connected with this particular voyage, finally disclosed the fact that Captain Lowe had once stopped at St. Helena for the purpose of procuring fresh water and potatoes. The story then proceeded to describe in detail the loading of those articles, but by dint of questioning I usually elicited the brief statement that he did see Napoleon walking in the distance, but that he was too busy about the potatoes to notice how he looked: moreover, being an American, he was not allowed to approach him. “And sir,” he would always say in a tone of resentment, winding up his peroration with a resounding thwack of his stick upon the floor, “those potatoes were execrable. Yes sir, more than half of them had to be thrown overboard.”

It is not surprising, perhaps, that one of my most vivid recollections of earliest school days, besides the fights that had to be attended to from time to time, should be the relief which we all felt whenever that low growling, which always seems to accompany the efforts of the

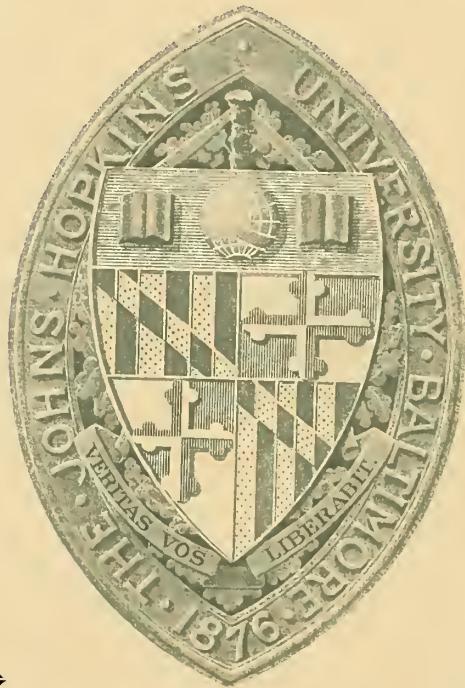
young mind to acquire knowledge, was interrupted by the teacher's command to chant in concert the multiplication table or the capitals of the States. This was always done every morning and afternoon, and our principal source of pleasure in the ceremony was probably derived from the fact that we could exercise our lungs. In spite, however, of these mild forms of entertainment, we all justly felt, and at times with some resentment, that school, though very well in its place, was a decided interruption to those more important duties with which our lives from daylight to dark were filled: such, for instance, as playing "Hareaway," "Circus," "Red Indian," "Pirate King," and a thousand others, not to mention the chief occupation of summer, "going swimming," and in winter, the skating and "sliding down hill." We knew the word "coasting," but spurned it as an affectation of speech neither to be countenanced nor encouraged.

But of all the joys that came with the circling year there was nothing that could for an instant be compared with the halcyon days of the long vacation. This began in the height of midsummer, when the purple haze on the hills deepens into black at their bases, when the deep green of the fields is now and then blotted by the shadow of a cloud sailing by above or is rippled by a passing breeze, when the hot hillside is fragrant of pennyroyal and the breathless stillness of the summer noon is only broken by the occasional shrilling of a locust or the joyous melody of a bobolink swinging on a thistle-top. To a small boy, a two-months' vacation seems practically endless. But, somehow, it does come to an end. The seasons roll around, the years slip by, the changes that they bring are all adopted so gradually that we are startled when perhaps some trivial incident opens our eyes to the fact that the old town has already taken on the airs of a city, that the old faces we loved have, somehow, all slipped away and with them much that they represented; in short, that the book of boyhood is finished and the second volume of life begun.



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ISIDOR DEUTSCH, Electricity Baltimore.
'Varsity Football Team, '95; Class Football Team, '94.

JAMES HOLDSWORTH GORDON, JR., Σ. X., Electricity . . . Georgetown, D. C.
Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, '93-'94; Class Vice-President, '95-'96; Secretary of the Matriculate Society, '95-'96.

ALFRED DEARING HARDEN, B. Θ. Π., *Group VI*. . . Savannah, Ga.
Editor of the "Hullabaloo," '96; Class President, '94-'95, '95-'96; Manager 'Varsity Football Team, '95; Class Executive Committee, '94-'95; '95-'96; Manager 'Varsity Baseball Team, '96, (resigned).

MALCOLM WESTCOTT HILL, Φ. Γ. Δ., Electricity, Baltimore.
Assistant Business Manager of the "Hullabaloo," '96;
Class Vice-President, '93-'94; Delegate to the Athletic Association, '93-'94; Class Tug-of-War Team, '94; 'Varsity Football Team, '94; Captain Class Football Team, '94; Captain 'Varsity Football Team, '95; Delegate to the Football Association, '95; 'Varsity Lacrosse Team, '94-'95; Secretary of the Lacrosse Association, '94-'95; 'Varsity Hockey Team, '94-'95, '96; Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, '95-'96.

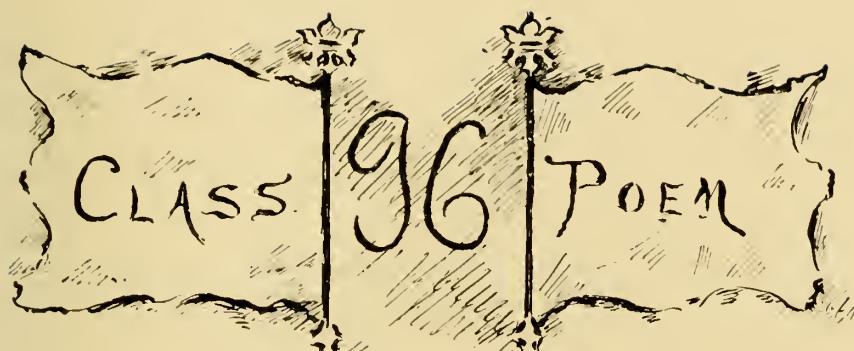
GEORGE HARWOOD HODGES, Δ. Φ., Electricity, Baltimore.
Business Manager of the "Hullabaloo," '96; Class Executive Committee, '93-'94; Delegate to the Athletic Association, '94-'95; Class Tug of War Team, '94; Class Football Team, '94; 'Varsity Football Team, '94-'95; Delegate to the Football Association, '95; 'Varsity Lacrosse Team, '94-'95; Vice-President of the Matriculate Society, '95-'96.

JASPER ALAN McCASKELL, Ph. K. Ψ., Electricity,	Salt Lake City, U.
Class Football Team, '94; 'Varsity Football Team, '95; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '94-'95.	
EDWIN DELAPLAINE NELSON, A. Δ. Φ., Chemistry, etc.	Sherwood, Md.
Marshall, Commemoration Day, '94; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '94-'95; 'Varsity Hockey Team, '93-'94, '94-'95, '95-'96; Silver Medal in General In-door Athletics, '94- '95; Varsity Football Team, '95.	
HENRY TODD POWELL, Electricity,	Baltimore.
'Varsity Football Team, '94-'95; Class Football Team, '94.	
CHARLES LEONARD REEDER, Electricity,	Baltimore.
MARTIN SCHWAB, Electricity,	Baltimore.

Honorary Members.

OLIVER FIELD ALLEN,	Longmeadow, Mass.
FREDERICK JAMES BENTLEY, K. A.,	Grand Island, Neb.
EDMUND CHAUNCEY BAUGHIER, Φ. Γ. Δ.,	Baltimore.
HENRY CHARLES BLOCK,	Baltimore.
JOHN ERNEST DOWNIN,	Hagerstown, Md.
WALTER HERMAN EISENBRANDT,	Baltimore.
HENRY WATERS KENNARD, Δ. Φ.,	Baltimore.
OSCAR FRANCIS LACKEY, K. A.,	Ruxton, Md.
WILLIAM DIXON LILLY, Φ. K. Ψ.,	Baltimore.
CLARENCE KEOGH McCORNICK, Φ. K. Ψ.,	Salt Lake City.
WILLIS SYLVESTER McCORNICK, Φ. K. Ψ.,	Salt Lake City.
ROBERT STEVENS PAGE,	Baltimore.
NORMAN ROGERS, Φ. Γ. Δ.,	Baltimore.
ALBERT GEORGE SINGEWALD,	Baltimore.
FRANK J. TAYLOR,	Baltimore.
RONALD THOMAS,	Tennessee.
FRANKLIN UPSHUR, Φ. Γ. Δ.,	Baltimore.
ROBERT GALEN WARE,	Baltimore.





I.

Adown the street the day grows dimmer,
Across the "Gym" the shadows fall;
The lights like college memories glimmer
From storied haunts and hallowed hall.
The boys are 'round the stove together;
The sparkling wit, the flowing soul,
Enshrine them in our hearts forever,
Where'er the tide of life may roll.

II.

A class there is in Hopkins famous
For gallant deeds and generous hearts;
Old Ninety-six its honored name is,
And long has played the prince of parts,
Here where, in realm of college story,
The genial spirit, brilliant mind
Garland our youth with passing glory,
And fast the ties of friendship bind.

III.

But Father Time not long will fiddle,
As he has done for three years' span,
Whilst we were solving learning's riddle,
And verdant boy became the man.
Scant, studious toil did then immure us,
We sped the hours of pleasure ripe—
The jolliest sons of Epicurus,
. Who've emptied glass or filled a pipe.

IV.

Our freshman days were full of spirit,
We pulled together hand and will,
And greatness came—or very near it—
To those who went to Catonsville.
In tugs-at-war were won bright laurels—
Our stubborn pride would never yield—
Victorious in all college quarrels,
We triumphed on the foot-ball field.

V.

O! college days that memory mellows!
O! golden hours so swiftly sped!
O! roistering ghosts of well-met fellows!
Stay, ere ye're numbered with the dead,
And toast brave hearts in friendship glowing,
The glory of old times prolong—
The flood-tide of your hearts is flowing—
Let each soul sing a parting song!

VI.

There's "Bert," who tells the funny stories;
And bold, bad "Baby," comrade true;
"Kid" Harden, who a king of lore is;
"Prince George" and "Malcolm," brothers two.
There's "Oscar Lackey" and "Bill Lilly"—
Those shining lights of other days—
And "Mac," who's livelier than a filly;
With "Dago" and his foreign ways.

VII.

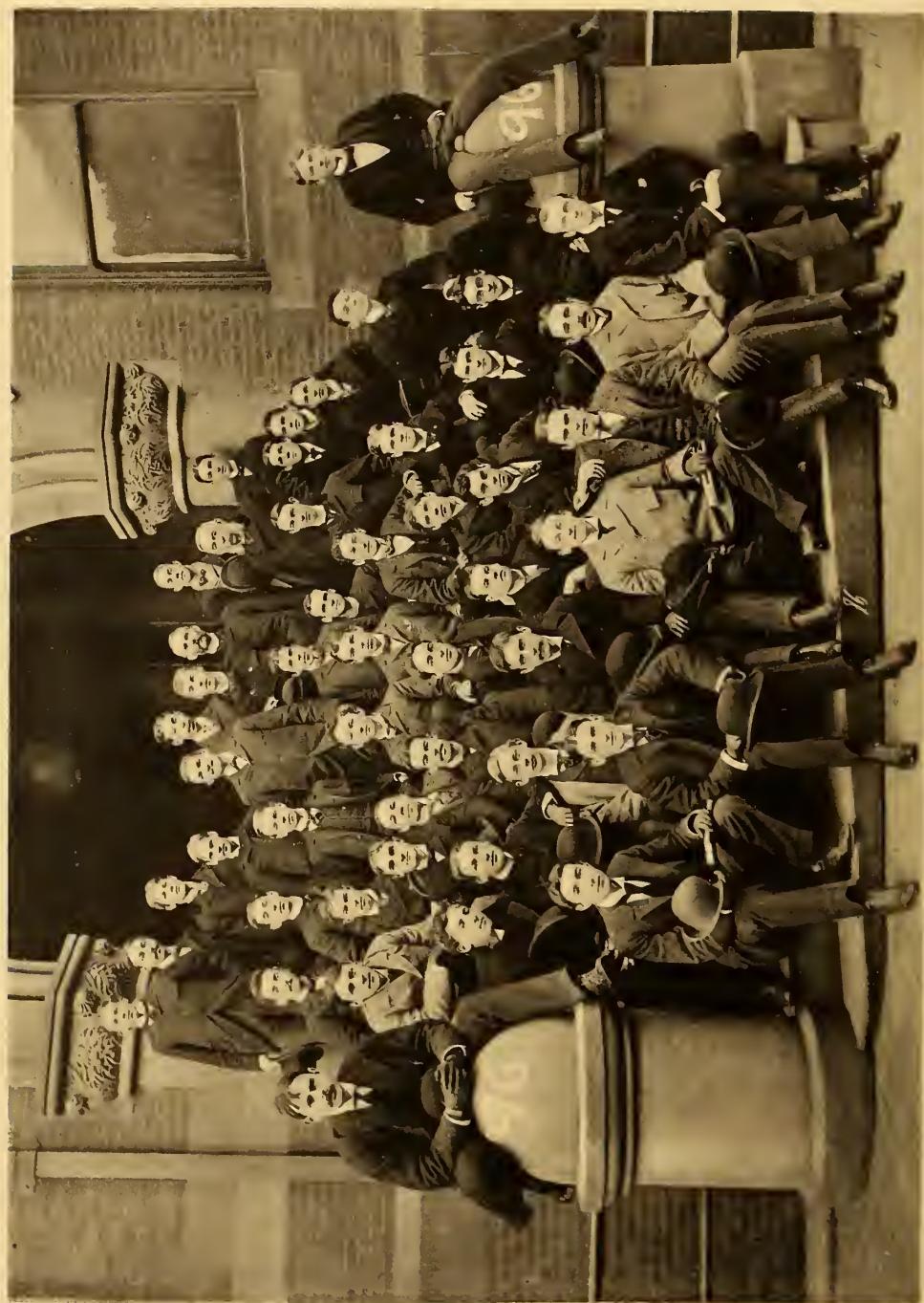
Sing lustily, ye hearty voices,
Who love that jolly, jovial time,
In which fond memory rejoices,
When Ninety-six was in her prime!
Sing, brothers, heart and soul together,
Ere in this world of care ye mix,
Sing one grand, glorious song together
Of days divine and Ninety-six!

VIII.

Then, when to other plays and stages,
Ambition calls the brave and bold;
And we shall fill Old History's pages
With honored deeds of worth untold.
Where'er the kindly Fates ordain it—
Upon Time's shore, this side of Styx—
We'll fill a loyal glass and drain it
To all the sons of Ninety-six.

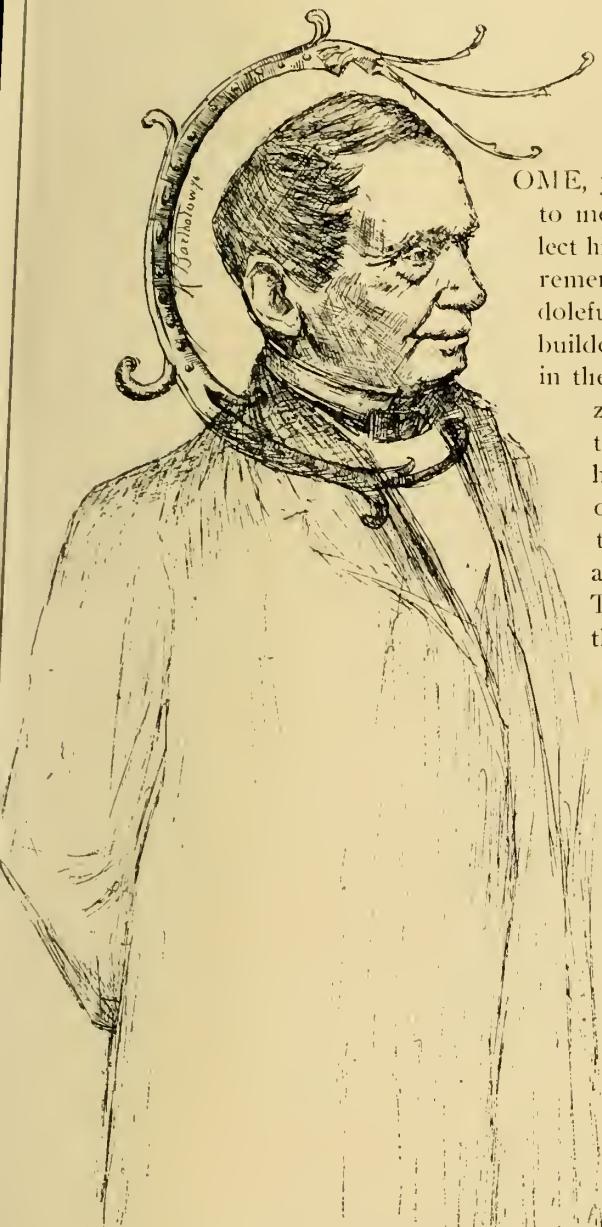


"With all the honors, rights, and privileges to that degree appertaining."



*An Authentic Account of the Reign of '96.

"For a new king had arisen
in Egypt."



OME young man, this hour is sacred to me." The historian tried to collect his truant wits. The last he could remember were some remarks in a doleful monotone by a talented stair-builder upon "Cathedral Architecture in the Jurassic Period of the Paleozoic Age." "Yes," continued the voice, this is my hour of hours, when I review the glorious deeds of '96—" The historian looked in astonishment at the strange figure before him. That old-fashioned costume, that intelligent and kindly face—

where had he seen it before? Suddenly—but no, it could not be. The old man intercepted the glance at the wall, where now, instead of the accustomed picture of the college founder, was hanging an empty frame, and with a nod confirmed the daring conjecture of the historian.

"But," said the historian, in answer to the brusque remark, "I have the undeserved honor of being a member of that class." "Then," said he, "you are just the man I want to see. As you know—or, rather, as

*The historian takes this early opportunity to disclaim all responsibility both as to historical accuracy and style (Professor of Rhetoric please take notice); anyone having objections to file must see the gentleman who tells the tale, who may be interviewed in McCoy Hall any midnight; at all other hours he is occupied in extended experiments in the phenomena of heat.

you don't know—on one night a year I am allowed the privilege of walking about and seeing the careful zeal with which my plans for a university are not carried out; and I have been hunting for someone to whom I might express my gratification that at last Hopkins has a class which will be a resplendent example of what a college class ought to be, and which will ever be a model to be emulated, even though its sublime perfection can never be attained. I want to tell you with what delight I beheld that collection of talent which composes '96, upon the occasion of their initiation into the University. I refer to the brief but eventful seances in the Gym. and the wonderful strategy which you exhibited in Exams, when, instead of telling the Profs. what you knew, as they desired, you cleverly and lucidly set forth what you didn't know. No doubt the learned doctors were much chagrined. I know some of the prospective ninety-sixers were, because they suddenly changed their minds and decided not to attend the University under any circumstances. The professors had not enough perception to see the bent of their peculiar geniuses. I think it was for plucking the flowers of a century plant.

"Then, with what *éclat* you carried on the campaign against the effete and obsolete Class of '95. How, flying in the face of all tradition, you openly announced your first class-meeting, and proceeded to elect officers. How, when that push of semi-civilized hoboes, '95,



attempted to force their undesirable company upon you, the Prince on the one side and the three Macs on the other, well-backed up by Billy Lilly, Hill and all, all the rest, promptly ejected the intruders, neck and crop, from the open window. And how the last one—his name was Spinning Jenny, I think—was met half-way in his precipitate exit by a pair of gentle, lady-like whiskers, and what a shower of fallacies, syllogisms and such like truck were spilled as a result of the collision."

"Ah yes," said the historian sadly, as his glance wandered in the direction of the drawer where Tommie Ball keeps the marks; "ah, we have suffered greatly from that horrible misfortune; the Dean was all broke up, and although Billy Stewart,* to whom the task of reconstruction was delegated, had at his command all the appliances of modern science, the result never quite equalled the original article. You see, the urbanity—"

"Yes, yes," said Johns, "I know.

*Bill Stewart, a perfect type of the intense industry which characterizes all things Hopkinsian; a pillar of the Chemical Lab., *id est*, he leans against it and holds it up. *Vidi.* Mrs. Cruikshank's "Lives of Eminent Men," p. 993.

"Another source of pleasure to me was a recognition of the fact that the old comparison between babes and freshmen had outlived its usefulness. For here were freshmen not only able, but even willing,—as they so often demonstrated in the numerous social functions of the Gym,—to castigate their elder brethren. I hope that class patriotism at Hopkins will never be at so low an ebb that the great and glorious battle fought under the shadow of the illustrious warrior-president and under the very noses of your guides along the pleasant paths of knowledge will be forgotten. How, when the smoke of the battle cleared, and the cloud of snow-balls had carefully deposited themselves on all the silk tiles in sight (all save one frozen sphere, which paralyzed the hand of an instructor, who has never since been able "to put his finger on an exact date"), the sons of '96 were discovered victorious, with Allen, the Prince, Hill, Lackey, Lilly, Wallis and Beatty and all the rest of '96's doughty warriors clustered around the cane, while Juniors were as scarce as students at Scott's third elocution lecture. When I spoke of the doughty warriors of '96 I, of course, included Buck's father, who did valiant service as a hat rack and who stood proudly erect under Uncle Daniel's ecstatic commendation.

"Some day the airy persiflage of the light-hearted Judge may be forgotten; some day the elevating and edifying tales of our Kid *raconteur* may be buried deep beneath legal honors; some day the athletic supremacy of Hill may be over-shadowed by the career of a world-conquering general; but never so long as the Chemical Lab. charges 100 per cent. profit on students' supplies will the fake banquet and the horse laugh that followed it, the abduction of '95's class president and the partial absorbtion of '95's banquet by enterprising '96, cease to delight and astonish audiences in "the little room round the corner."* This last well-planned scheme should by rights have succeeded, but what mind could foresee that the abnormal appetites of '95 would impel them to the banquet hall half an hour ahead of time. In studies, too, your steps were

* The little room, etc.—the departed alumnus will be sorry to learn that the faculty have placed benches in the room which they had so considerately set aside for the reception of freshmen. Though the space has been somewhat restricted, these social occasions are still very popular—there is always a jam. The benches are also giving profitable employment to numbers of industrious gentlemen who can cut no figure in other departments. *Vide, "The Reception of Freshmen," by "the Colonel;" also Christihlf on "Wood Carving.*



all in new directions. The devotion you showed in your first lessons in P. H. E.* was touching in the extreme, but the delicate attention—such as the humming of love songs, the playing of cymbals, and the introduction of pet animals into class—overpowered your teachers to such a degree that the course had to be discontinued.

"When you returned in your second year, the College had awakened to an appreciation of your abilities, and, to provide sufficient facilities for your omniscient minds, had thrown open a new building. In this year, '96 constituted themselves into a reception committee for the introduction of a freshman class, and for the purpose of taming them from the rude boisterous state in which freshmen usually are; but to everybody's wonder and pleasure, these freshmen were already very tame, addicted to pursuits of peace, and much fonder, as they expressed themselves, of tiddle-di-winks than of pot-socials or cane-rushes. They hurriedly rejected all the friendly overtures of '96, and assured the members of that class that they had rather, much rather, be let alone. This peaceful and heavenly spirit in such young persons, while somewhat disappointing, at the same time relieved '96 of the necessity of reducing these novices to the desire for peace and rest which they now expressed of their own gentle selves. The members of '96 then proceeded to organize themselves into bodies for the instruction of the Faculty. One section, ably directed by Trippe, Harden and Adams, assumed guidance of the English education of the teacher in the Romance Department, and were rewarded from time to time with the phrase "Très bien prononcé." Their only difficulty was in making him say "E, round your lips, Ü." They left the class with much valuable information of primary (school) importance about Benjamin Franklin and Julius Caesar, imparted by the professor. Another section was initiated into the mysteries of Sir Philip Sidney's grandmother's brother-in-law, and Sir Walter Raleigh's boot-maker.

"In the third year the dignified but uneventful life of seniors was lived, save for the added pride and greater forbearance begotten of an unexcelled college career. Uneventful, I said, except upon one occasion, when the class president, either fired by memories of his own youthful days, or incensed by some indignity, jumped into a pot while both freshmen and juniors looked on in open-mouthed wonder to see the prowess of one unaided son of '96. The daily guessing contest

*P for Punctuality—I don't think, II for hazing and E for evasion—of truth and work.

known as L. E. P., devised by the Faculty for the sole purpose of phasing seniors, has, up to the present writing, been passed through triumphantly. But beyond the present, only a prophet can see, therefore the Dean's tender billets-doux (with the accent on the due) will be given in full in the prophecy. The corps of instructors for this department, Messrs. Adams, Ritchie, Collier and the Dean, have been carefully trained for their special branches. Adams' specialty is introspection, Collier is very proficient in fallacies, while Ritchie's long suit is intuition.

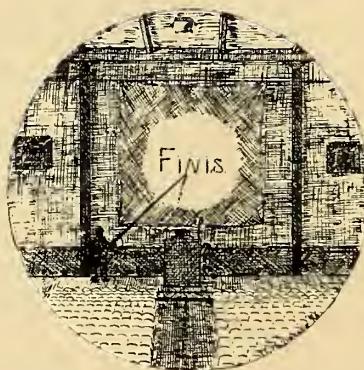
"I have said that '96 has set a new pace in all directions. Now let us see how and by whom. First, in scholarship. Who, of all the brilliant students of your Alma Mater (God bless her and may her shadow never grow less) have been the pride and joy of the professors more than Machen and Lanahan, the literateur and scientist, unsurpassed and unsurpassable? Who in cutting is so proficient as the Kid? Yes, and for worrying teachers and dodging work, who had such a subtle genius as your own, never-to-be-forgotten Lackey? In the repartee and small talk around the Gym. stove, who since the college foundation has flashed out such scintillations of wit as Buck? In music, what you lack in quantity you make up in quality, for there is Hoey, equally at home on the tennis court, the cotillion, and behind his beloved guitar. And the Judge! Besides his wonderful improvisations on the banjo, he is said never to have sung one of his ballads without leaving the audience dissolved in tears.*

"And now we come to athletics. To do justice to the work of '96 in this direction would require an extra volume. From the very first '96 has been leader in gym., track and field. Every inter-class honor has been won by her. The tug of war, the cane-rush and the inter-class football championship—all are hers. Notwithstanding the hearty co-operation of the Faculty, who to further the interests of athletics have disposed of Clifton, and in various other ways made the life of the college athlete a bed of roses, the records of the team during the past three years has been very creditable. For this, the greater part of the credit has been due to '96. With Stevens and McCaskell, the ever reliables; Lackey, the slippery; Hill and Hodges, the versatile, and such towers of strength as Lilly, Powell, Nelson, Ware, Deutsch, the McCornicks, Kennard, Shaw, and the Baby (whose only fault is a slight tendency to slug), you have maintained a standing which would

*This statement is corroborated by the Judge's own testimony.

be given a glad hand by any class in any college. Apropos of your athletics, I hear that lodgings are about to be built on the tennis court for Bungswinger, Sumwalt (his ice-wagons) and Buck, so that they won't have to leave it for meals.

"But what will emblazon forever the name of '96 in the pages of Hopkins history are its efforts toward the advancement of college spirit. I, who in spirit have traversed all lands, say that nowhere can be found men more zealous for class and college honor than Harden, Old Cas, Shaw, and, in fact all the members of '96. And rest assured, that all the College, but none more than myself, will regret when after your college life will be writ the word—." And the historian awoke to see thrown upon the screen in front of the lecture hall the word—



Class Prophecy.

"Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks tomorrow."—*Schiller's Wallenstein*.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of."—*The Tempest*.



T was the Devil. There could possibly be no doubt of it, for affable and urbane he stood before me, the smiling incarnation of roguery and mischief. Now, not for a moment is it to be thought that his satanic majesty is personally intimate with me, nor does the fact that I immediately recognized him prove that I had met him before; on the contrary, we all have pretty definite ideas of the personality of this ruler of the "night's Plutonian shore," and would speedily recognize him whatever the occasion. It was the Devil, and, clad like the traditional grand-opera Mephiſto, in close-fitting red tights, with sword and mantle to boot, he smiled knowingly at me, disclosing a shining row of teeth, almost hid in his pointed beard. Nor did this apparition exclaim: "I am the Devil," nor did I question him foolishly in regard to his name and antecedents, but he put me quite at ease in his politest manner, and soon allayed the evident uneasiness I had first displayed, whilst I asked him to make himself at home. He was not long in doing this; taking a stool, he drew it up to the fire, took a cigar from the folds of his cloak, lighted it with a burning splinter, and between the voluminous whiffs of smoke that snorted and puffed from his mouth, reminiscently remarked: "Those were fine old times we used to have in Ninety-six, my boy!" Now, I distinctly remember having had some of the best times which the gods permit to mortals among my friends and contemporaries in old Ninety-six, but I must incidentally remark that I was just a trifle startled when his satanic highness uttered that "We." "I beg your pardon, my dear sir," I exclaimed, "but you really have the advantage of me." "I hardly wonder," he replied, "that you are astonished, but you will quickly understand when you hear my explanation."

"Ever since the days when you began your college life in neophytic confusion, have I had a deep and abiding interest and affection for all your class. There has been no occasion during your years at college broil and college toil upon which, if your fortunes were for the moment in the slightest degree critical, my unseen and friendly hand has not aided you to the utmost. Ninety-six was the darling of my heart, the thought of all my idle moments; I nourished and cherished her in her infancy; I championed her growing manhood; for her sons I planned and executed the glorious future which they all have realized." This statement cleared matters up somewhat and explained many untoward strange and brilliant events that had happened in undergraduate days, such as the Catonsville kidnapping expedition, pot-socials, class banquets and other functions. By this time I was more fully awake to his presence, took all the statements he had hitherto made as verified promises, and commenced questioning him. "You speak, indeed," said I, "as if those college days were in a more or less remote corner of the past. Why this retrospective reverie?" "Well, you see," and he proceeded to count it up on his fingers, "it has been just twenty-five years to-day since the boys took their A. B. and departed from the walks of Johns Hopkins." "You don't mean it!" said I. "It seems only yesterday that I was fitfully sleeping upon the comfortless benches in the Gym. What has become of the fellows? Has the old place changed? Are the boys all alive and as wise and witty as ever?" These were a few of the questions I hurriedly asked.

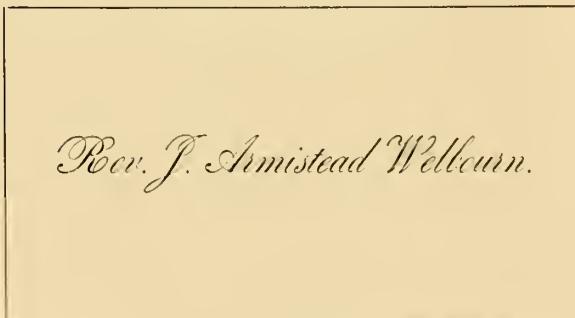
"Well, the truth is," he rejoined, "I would have forgotten all about you, had not President Ritchie told me to look you up and bring you around to see him." "President Ritchie!" I exclaimed, just as a neighboring cock was crowing for the dawn, "is Bert still President of the Matriculate Society? They must have elected him President for life." "Not at all," he added. "You see, he is now President of the United States, and it all happened this way. Just about 1900 the trusts and monopolies gained complete control of the machinery of government by buying up the Senate and the House of Representatives. Bert had, immediately upon leaving college, become identified with the Whisky Trust, which soon absorbed all other monopolies. After some dickering they nominated him as candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Sumwalt, who was now Chaplain of the Senate, had obtained that high eminence by

questionable political methods, and after actively pulling wires and bribing delegates was nominated as the opposing candidate for the Presidency. The story is told that the latter nomination was still in doubt the day before the convention, and Sumwalt, who chanced upon his leading opponent in a neighboring café, proposed a quiet game of poker, and having won all the personal property of his vis-a-vis, at last won his influence and the nomination. The campaign was a long and hotly-contested one. Sumwalt, in lofty periods of forensic indignation, roundly scored "Boss" Ritchie as the grasping nominee of soulless, populace-crushing monopolies. Ritchie took the stump in high dudgeon; becoming speedily popular by the free distribution of unlimited liquor and the inimitable rendition of "O'Brien's Horse Bonyparte" et al. of that ilk, he managed to keep the issue in the balance. In these days the President was elected by popular vote, this method having been found to be more in accord with the free spirit of democratic institutions. Election day came on. In the morning Ritchie met Sumwalt in the Hopkins Gym., and the pair immediately betook themselves to a neighboring café, the former, like Gambrinus of old, challenging the latter to a drinking contest. The clock was striking twelve as they started in. At two o'clock they had become hilarious and were telling risqué stories. At four Sumwalt appeared to be very pale, whilst Ritchie was imbibing with mechanical regularity. Fifteen minutes before the polls closed, Sumwalt, completely overcome, fell under the table. Ritchie ordered another glass, left his vanquished opponent, walked around the corner to the polls and voted for himself. Owing to the large vote polled there was no indication of the returns until noon. The suspense was great, but was relieved by the information in the next extra that Ritchie had been elected by one vote after the greatest struggle in American history. Congress immediately went into secret session and elected Ritchie President for the term of his natural life." This story made me laugh very heartily, having, as it did, the aroma of old associations.

It was now broad daylight and the Devil suggested a tour to Washington to see how the nation was progressing, and most especially to see how the Fates had treated the boys of Ninety-six during the past years. The Devil having obtained two certificates from Treasurer Clemson, we took advantage of the dollar rate and traveled by the B. and O., chatting and comparing notes and observing the landscape as we quickly sped on.

"What is that handsome, large, barn-like structure?" I asked, as the train was passing St. Denis. "O, that is Parker's Pugilistic Parlors. You see Baby, by the precocious use of his fists upon the foot-ball gridiron and the constant association with dead-game sports at the Academy Café, acquired a decided penchant for the fistic science. It happened just at the time that the Eureka Club down on the Shell Road broke up because the Venezuelan Commission had forbidden all prize-fighting in the confines of the New World, being inconsistent with principles concealed in the Monroe Doctrine. Parker, however, owed Ritchie a large sum of money, and borrowed some more to secretly start this new enterprise. The President in order to have a good investment waived the Commission's decree in this special case and gave Baby a complete monopoly on prize-fighting. He is becoming rich very rapidly, drives fast horses and frequents the race-track, but they say that nobody dares go out after dark in the neighborhood of the Relay for fear of being sand-bagged."

By this time Washington was reached, and calling a cab we soon arrived at the Executive Mansion and were immediately admitted—great attention and respect being shown to my conductor. A familiar voice cried out: "Come in," and we entered the private office. Satan greeted Bert in the most friendly manner—no doubt the two being cronies of long standing—pushed forward a couple chairs, and asked us to be seated, while Bert's private secretary served Cycle cigarettes in Richmond Straight-Cut boxes. Bert explained to me that he was now practically an absolute monarch, having put into practice many of the maxims his old chum Dr. Emmott used to "have in mind." He excused himself for a moment, went to the telephone, called up Congress and ordered it to adjourn for two days. Coming back to us he said he was now free of all official cares and was at our service and disposal. At this moment one of the bell-boys entered with a card bearing this inscription:



Rev. J. Amistead Wellborn.

Immediately following came the proud bearer of the name. He wore a very long Prince Albert coat, very light trousers, flowered vest, pink-ribbed shirt, extremely high collar and a white bow tie. He was the very type of the fin-de-siecle clergyman of high church tendencies. In his buttonhole was a bud, and I scarcely recognized the dear boy at first, as he had grown the most beautiful, clustering Lord Dundreary whiskers, which swayed gently in the wind stirred up by the electric fan on the President's desk. His pay, he informed us, was quite small. He was at present the Rector of the Home for Feeble-Minded College Graduates (among whose inmates were Schwab, Reeder, Marine, Gassman and Graham), and he turned many an odd penny by compiling his well-known blue-book of Washington society, running at the same time an infallible matrimonial bureau for old maids. He said he was busy and could stay no longer, and the last we heard of him as he left was that famous, original, bizarre laugh I knew so well in college days.

I questioned the President very closely in regard to the Whisky Trust and its history. He told me that some years ago Caspari, who had made a millionaire fortune by the sale of his celebrated anti-fat tonic and by furnishing "supes" to German opera companies, had dabbled much in Wall Street, and had obtained a controlling interest of the stock of the National Consolidated Brewery Association. Having first well stocked his own cellars, he sold the entire concern to the Whisky Trust, who turned all the breweries into distilleries, and at present no beer was consumed in America—save by Caspari alone.

Just at this juncture we were interrupted by the entrance of Senator Hodges of New York—a tall, lank man with a tremendously heavy walk and a huge red mustache—whom the Devil reminded me had been elected the laziest man in the Hopkins University at the time the Ninety-six Class Book was compiling statistics. "'Prince George,'" he resumed, "had thought it best to start out at the bottom of the ladder, and by virtue of his electrical certificates and physical endowments had secured a motorman's position on a New York trolley line. In his off hours he used to wander into Beatty's saloon on the 'Bowery,' which was run in connection with his celebrated zoological gardens. Here 'Prince' met all the leading lights of the Tammany world, and by the charms of his siren voice, his Chesterfieldian deportment, his devil-may-care blasé air and his muscular prowess, won all hearts.

He was soon elected to the Legislature by the toughest element of New York, and to prove their good taste was at a later date given a seat in the United States Senate."

"Beatty, by the way," remarked 'Prince George,' "has grown the longest beard in the United States. One night while under the influence of too much apollinaris, his favorite tipple, he swore that he would not cut his beard until Trippe was elected President of the Actors' Club on Fifth Avenue. You see Trippe had a natural bent for posters, and soon was designing and printing Aubrey Beardsley signs for comic opera companies. The atmosphere of the theatre, however, was too much for him, and having supported Mounet-Sully in his greatest moments and the Damrosch-Wagner Opera Company in their celebrated Baltimore success of "Lohengrin," he took to the footlights and the rialto. Whilst on a Western tour a bad egg damaged his reputation to such an extent that he retired from the stage, obtained a life-pass to all the New York theatres and was pensioned by the club. He is now a great after-dinner speaker, but as pensioner can never be elected to presidency of the club. You see, Beatty will wear his beard for life. However, he does not really object, and is at present dubbed 'The Bowery Sage,' and his portrait in red and white paint adorns the entrance to his zoological gardens."

President Ritchie now proposed a stroll down the avenue, and like the three musketeers of romance we sallied forth to explore. Sauntering through the grounds which enclosed the White House, we chanced upon "Hoey" Gordon, who was now superintendent at the White House tennis courts. This office was the best of sinecures, and "Hoey" put into practice the experience he had gained in the Matriculate Society and added greatly to his income by organizing letter-carriers' balls and coachmen's hops. He was now the Emil Cayé of Washington; fair, frail and forty, still smoking the meer-schaum he had carved within the sanctum of the Hopkins Gym. At first Gordon had delegated all the work of his office to Binswanger, who plotted curves for laying out flower beds, drew lines for tennis courts, and told stories to the young ones, who frolicked on the green, which made them laugh heartily at Binswanger's face, although they could not catch the drift of his so-called humor. But Augustus, who had been an itinerant auctioneer and pedler, found this occupation too narrow for his roving genius, and under the influence of the seductive eloquence of his chum Rosenbaum, who had thoroughly digested Prof.

Jevon's Logie, he decamped. Augustus Caesar was at heart a rolling stone, and the pair were now giving performances upon the vaudeville stage, following up the experience Rosenbaum had acquired by attending Saturday matinees and perpetrating the musty bon-mots that Caesar had picked up in the Hopkins "Gym." from his confrere "Hungry Joe."

As we passed the Treasury, Pennsylvania Avenue burst upon us in all its beauty. Coming up the Avenue was a little man with a jaunty, jolly, consequential air, and the chin whiskers of a Southern colonel. Upon his head lightly rested a brown alpine hat, very much the worse for weather and wear, and beneath it there was not the slightest vestige of hair—he was, alas! entirely bald. In his hand he carried a bag of green baize, apparently full of paper. I must confess that for a moment I did not know him, although I insensibly felt I was in the presence of a long-lost brother; but presently the tide of recollection came back to me full and strong, and I was greeting "Kid" Harden. He told me that he had been somewhat of an adventurer. First he started out as the manager of a professional base-ball team, and in the two years succeeded in wrecking it beyond all recovery. Then by the influence of Dr. Steiner, who had filled him full to the brim of American Constitutional law, he was appointed extra secretary and office boy to the still-sitting Venezuelan Commission, but his old habits of eating at all hours and lying in bed far into the day, gained for him a dismissal in two months. He was now a Police Magistrate at one of the Washington stations, President of the Home for Jaded Sports and the Georgetown Inebriate Asylum. He was still the jovial incarnation of happiness and the true Southern gentleman, and there was the old twinkle in his eye as he borrowed a cigarette from the President.

"Kid" bade us adieu for the present and we entered a large building which we met further along our stroll into the most fashionable section of the city. Its proportions were truly regal. "This is the Italian Embassy," remarked Satan. Seated on a sofa was an olive-skinned gentleman with a black beard, conversing in a decided brogue with a number of ladies, who seemed especially charmed with him. He excused himself and came forward to greet us. It was our old friend Shaw, with the same nonchalant, Prince-of-Wales air he affected of yore. He explained his presence in his lively, chatting manner. "You know I took a two-years' course in P. H. E. under

my especial friend Dr. Green, and so conversant did I become with the intricacies of English as it is spoken at Johns Hopkins that I at once received an appointment from King Humbert to the diplomatic corps." The Devil slyly whispered that he was a gallant, gay Lothario, the pride and darling of all the women—his chief pleasure in life being a glass and a lass.

Shaw remarked that he had just received a letter from his old friend "Billy Lilly," who soon got tired of business, and when Malcolm Hill graduated formed a partnership with him and organized a girls' school in the neighborhood of Catonsville. It was especially to serve as a "prep" school to the Woman's College and the Hopkins Medical School. Billy taught ethics, deportment and dancing, whilst Malcolm was gymnasium instructor and professor of Delsarte movements—that is, when his innate constitutional indisposition to work permitted him.

After paying our respects to Ambassador Shaw, we sauntered forth. In front of the Embassy was a policeman with a prisoner, standing by a patrol-box in the centre of a large throng. We pushed our way through to see what was the trouble. The prisoner, who was polished, well dressed and of great suavity and volubility of vocal power, protested in vain to the guardian of the law. His accuser was a tall, callow fellow, of uncertain age and beardless face, through which there incessantly played a sardonic smile. I would not have known him had he not walked across to inquire of someone in the crowd. Where had I seen that walk—that indescribable jumble of leg movements? Surely a man who walked with his knees together and his feet twenty inches apart had not control of his muscles! I had not forgotten the walk—it was Sioussat, and to my keen amazement I beheld Warfield in the prisoner.

Sioussat explained it all to us. After leaving college he had been appointed professor of Greek in a young ladies' academy at Luther-ville, and had settled down to that bucolic, sedentary life he loved so well, farming a few acres in sight of his old favorite, the N. C. R. R. Having spent most of his time in books and rural pursuits, he soon attained the credulity of the average Baltimore county rustic. One thing, however, he could not survive. He had from his earliest years been the Adonis of his district, and in his days at Johns Hopkins been the pet of the younger set of girls who "commute" on the Northern Central. You may imagine what his feelings and actions were in a

girls' boarding-school. Suffice it to say, however, that after having saved up several months' salary he had eloped with one of his pupils, and they were now in Washington on their wedding journey. While inside a dime museum he had lost his wife in a crowd, and as he was searching for her he chanced upon Warfield. Warfield, alas! had turned confidence man and bunco-steerer, claiming that the world owed him a fortune, and this was the easiest way to collect it. When he graduated from the law school he had married a wealthy widow, and Howard's irregular hours at night gave her the blues. In five years he had run through nearly all her money, and they agreed to separate. You remember how easy it used to be for Warfield to borrow money? Well, this fatal faculty of his caused all the trouble. He borrowed from everybody he knew and then went West, occasionally practicing law, but always borrowing. He learned some pretty good tricks out West, and when he came East among the first of his victims was Sioussat. Warfield, who was now unrecognizable since he wore a large Ferdinand-Latrobe mustache, asked St. George in his genial, suave way how all the folks were up in the district, what were the crop and political prospects, local gossip, et cetera, and incidentally concluded that he wanted to borrow a couple of hundred for a few hours to invest in rapidly-rising stocks; St. George was to have half profits. It was the same old story. Howard lit out with the money, and when St. George met him at the station two hours later there was trouble. I learned later in the day that the case came up before Harden, who set Warfield free—having known himself what it is to be dead broke—gave half the money to St. George and ordered all present to liquidate, a policeman going around the corner to O'Mahoney's with a pitcher.

"By-the-way," said Bert, "did you know that McCaskell was Governor of Utah?" I expressed surprise, and he continued: "Soon after Utah was admitted as a State, he began to pay all his time and attention to the repeal of the laws forbidding polygamy in that State. After ten years of unceasing endeavor he finally effected this and was elected Governor by his grateful people. Mac has now five wives and a large family of children. Every year he sends some of his family to the Asbury Park Baby Show, and generally wins five prizes out of a possible six. He is the same hale and hearty laughing athlete he used to be.

"What has become of Luchs?" I asked the Devil as we saun-

tered by the Congressional Library. "O, he is now a famous historian. After writing the class history, he took to writing 'A History of the Faculty of the J. H. U., from Their Infancy to the Present Time,' with an appendix of portraits of the aforesaid men of genius taken by the X rays. He is now writing 'The Decline and Fall of the Equine Empire, or the Rise of the Trolley-Car and the Bicycle.'"

Speaking of Luchs reminded me, of course, of his boon companion Adams. "Tommy," said the Devil, "under the influence of the illusive arguments of Drs. Sherwood and Hollander, had become a confirmed Socialist, and as soon as he reached the proper age ran, under the auspices of the Reform League, for Congress as Populist candidate from Southern Maryland. He gained his seat, and waving high the bloody shirt of Socialism, he thundered with forensic might in the halls of Congress. When the Whisky Trust gained control of the Government, Tommy resigned in disgust and started a Communistic settlement on the Pocomoke River. There was to be no property, no money; all was to be shared in common, with only a minimum of work—the last clause gaining him many followers from the tramps that overflow that part of the country. Very shortly afterward, however, the neighborhood began complaining of these loafers who raided all melon-patches and hen-roosts for miles around. The Sheriff invaded the ranks and broke up the settlement. Tommy is now lecturing in country towns, advocating free-silver coinage at any ratio you please; he rather resembles Senator Pfeffer, famed some years ago for his intellect and the size of his hirsute chin adornment, and is satisfied with his ideas and himself, but hardly with the rest of the world."

By this time Bert, as you may well imagine, had become somewhat thirsty, and we adjourned to the basement of a large hotel, whose palatial proportions adorned the avenue beneath the shadow of the Capitol. Upon entering the café Bert nodded familiarly to the two dispensers behind the counter. Great was my astonishment to recognize my old chums Torsch and Dorsey. Torsch told me he was now the proprietor of the hotel and Dorsey was his right-hand man. Torsch had started out in life by giving piano concerts and writing newspaper poetry and had soon become rich enough to secure a mortgage on this hotel, and ultimately to buy it. He was smooth-shaven, wore his flaxen hair in long curling clusters (*à la Paderewski*) and sported a huge diamond stud upon a mammoth shirt front more

or less immaculate. Dorsey was in fine fettle and talked over old times in Laboratory A. It seems that by constant practice in writing up experiments he had become a wonderful concocter and mixer of subtle fluids, had published a recipe book and bartenders guide, and Bert said that he was to-day the only man in America who could mix a cocktail.

Picking up an afternoon paper from a table, I read in large flaring leaders the words:

EXTRA.

INSANE OR NOT INSANE?—THAT IS THE QUESTION.

EDITOR MACHEN'S CASE GIVEN TO THE JURY.

THE REV. ALBERT GANTZ, THE PARKHURST
OF CHICAGO, BREAKS DOWN UNDER
CROSS-EXAMINATION.

"What does all this mean?" I inquired. "Well," said Bert, "it's a pretty long story, but a very interesting and dramatic one. Machen, you know, imbibed a deep and lasting taste for criticism during his service upon the Ninety-six 'Hullabaloo,' and soon after he took his A. B. accepted the chief editorship of a New York daily. For years he filled his editorial columns with radical criticisms on Church, State, Literature, Theatre and every thing in sight. The public after ten years of this became very uneasy at the mad monotonous strain and suspected that Machen must be a trifle unsoundly balanced. Proceedings were next started to put him in an asylum, and the case came up before a New York court. The sensation of the trial was the testimony of the Rev. A. D. Gantz, an itinerant clergyman, who had spent most of his time slumming in Chicago, *a la* Dr. Parkhurst, although in a more limited and enjoyable way. He testified that Machen had received money from the Goo Goos, was opposed to the principles which underlie city government, was an anarchist, and, in addition to all this, was mentally unsound, disap-

pearing for weeks at a time and going to unknown parts accompanied only by a large brown jug labelled hair oil. He would reappear as suddenly as he had disappeared, seeming somewhat the worse for wear and tear. Gantz's testimony was very damaging to the defendant, but Schmeckeier, who had the case in hand, planned a brilliant coup. Telegraphing to Dr. Howard Kelly, of Baltimore, he requested him to send the pictures he had kodaked on election day in November, 1895. Dr. Kelly sent them, and when Gantz finished his testimony 'Schmeck' showed the court a picture of the aforesaid witness in the act of taking a watch from the pocket of a slim, red-haired young man who wore a Reform League badge. Upon close examination the young man turned out to be Schmeckeier himself. The patrol-wagon was sent for, and officers Harriman and Hendrickson quickly hustled Gantz off to the lock-up, where he was put in a cell next to Kurrelmeyer, who had been incarcerated. The case was then given to the jury, who had not yet returned a verdict.

On another page, in the advertisements, I saw that Prof. C. Harwood Knight was to give a series of piano recitals at the Baltimore Music Hall, comprising, for the most part, original compositions. Between times Diehl's Famous Military Band was to render his latest and most popular two-step march, called "The Hullabaloo," and Clarence Carroll Clark, the "King of the Vaudeville," was to wind up the show with his wonderfully realistic impersonation of Trilby, in reference to whose life, deeds and feet he had, some years ago, taken a course in Latin Quarter French under A Minor French Professor at Johns Hopkins.

Bert now remarked that as he had the *cnnui* just at present, he would leave Washington and run over to Baltimore with me, and so our trio hastened to the station. I wanted to inquire about the trains, but there was a blockade around the window above which was the sign "Bureau of Information."

Turning to a man I asked him what the trouble was. He said that two fellows named Eldridge and Collier had been asking questions of the man at the window for the last two hours, and there appeared to be no promise of a respite. I caught a glimpse of them as I left. Collier, so my informant told me, was a Methodist preacher at Lakeside Park, Baltimore, and Eldridge had become a reporter on the *Baltimore Sun*. "Whose voice was that I heard in the office, behind the window?" I asked of the Devil. "That is Lacy," he

answered. "He speaks ten languages, knows more than any man on earth, is most willing to impart his information, and draws a salary of two dollars a week. I have my eye on him to serve at a later date as immigrant commissioner on my side of the River Styx."

We boarded the train a few minutes later and sped away from the city. Presently a voice that had lost its sweetness years ago bawled forth: "Tickets, please!" The owner of the voice was tall and very fat, had a slender, oily, black mustache, and appeared not to have been shaved for several weeks. As he collected the tickets he ogled all the girls in a most approved Bowery style. I was indeed astonished to see how little changed my old friend Powell was. Powell, you know, when a boy in the country, had become a commuter, and after reading "Brakeman Billy's Battle, or the Railroad Roisterer's Revenge," had taken to railroading for good. "By-the-way," he said, "Deutsch is brakeman on this train. He invented a patent ice-machine for railroad water-coolers, and the company gave him a job out of gratitude." Across the car sat a fellow in a blue uniform and brass buttons, who had a red-headed man in his custody. On his cap was inscribed "Keeley Institute Deputy." It turned out to be John West, who was now an under-chemist at one of the Keeley institutes, and was taking Lawyer J. Hanson Thomas to Baltimore to try the Keeley gold cure for thirst upon him. West observed that as Thomas had spent much gold in acquiring this habit of thirst and the way to break it, it was but homeopathic to treat him with gold to cure the same habit. Johnny, however, always was a joker, and I did not take him seriously. At the sight of Ritchie Hanson brightened up and told us that he had just heard that Nelson had been appointed superintendent of the North-Avenue Skating Rink, and instructor for all ladies who wished to skate. He had heard that Eddy was much pleased with his new job. Ray Stevens was his right-hand man, managed the rink, and gratified the desires of the ladies when Eddy was away. West said that the Hopkins University Faculty had made complaints to the city authorities of a company headed by Lanahan and Wallis which for a moderate sum furnished answers to all mathematical and physical problems. By the existence of this company nearly all the undergraduates got "Ones" and the University powers were much troubled.

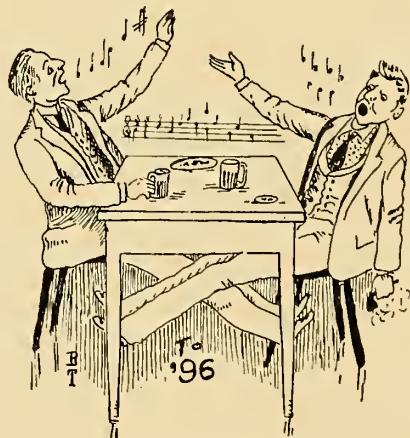
Town was soon reached. We took a cab, and drove up to my apartments. Supper was spread, and we ate and talked late into the

night—talked of old times, old escapades, old friends. "I must leave you now," said the Devil. "I cannot stay away from my kingdom for more than a day, or it would go wrong. But before I go let's have a toast." Bert opened a bottle and poured out the sparkling amber vintage of the sunniest fields of France. We stood up, our glasses clinked merrily, we all laughed heartily: "Here's to Ninety-six yesterday, to-day and forever!"

* * * * *

The Devil had gone as quickly as he came. I rubbed my eyes, found out I had been sleeping in a corner at the Gym, and that Ritchie was laughing boisterously at a joke "Kid" Harden was telling. I walked over to McCoy Hall, went upstairs and proceeded to write an essay for the Dean upon "Illusions."

"Our revels now are ended;
These our actors were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air."





Class of Ninety-Seven.

Colors:—Scarlet and Black.

CLASS YELL.

Hoo, Wah, Hoo!
Hoo, Wah, Hoo!
'97! '97
J. H. U.

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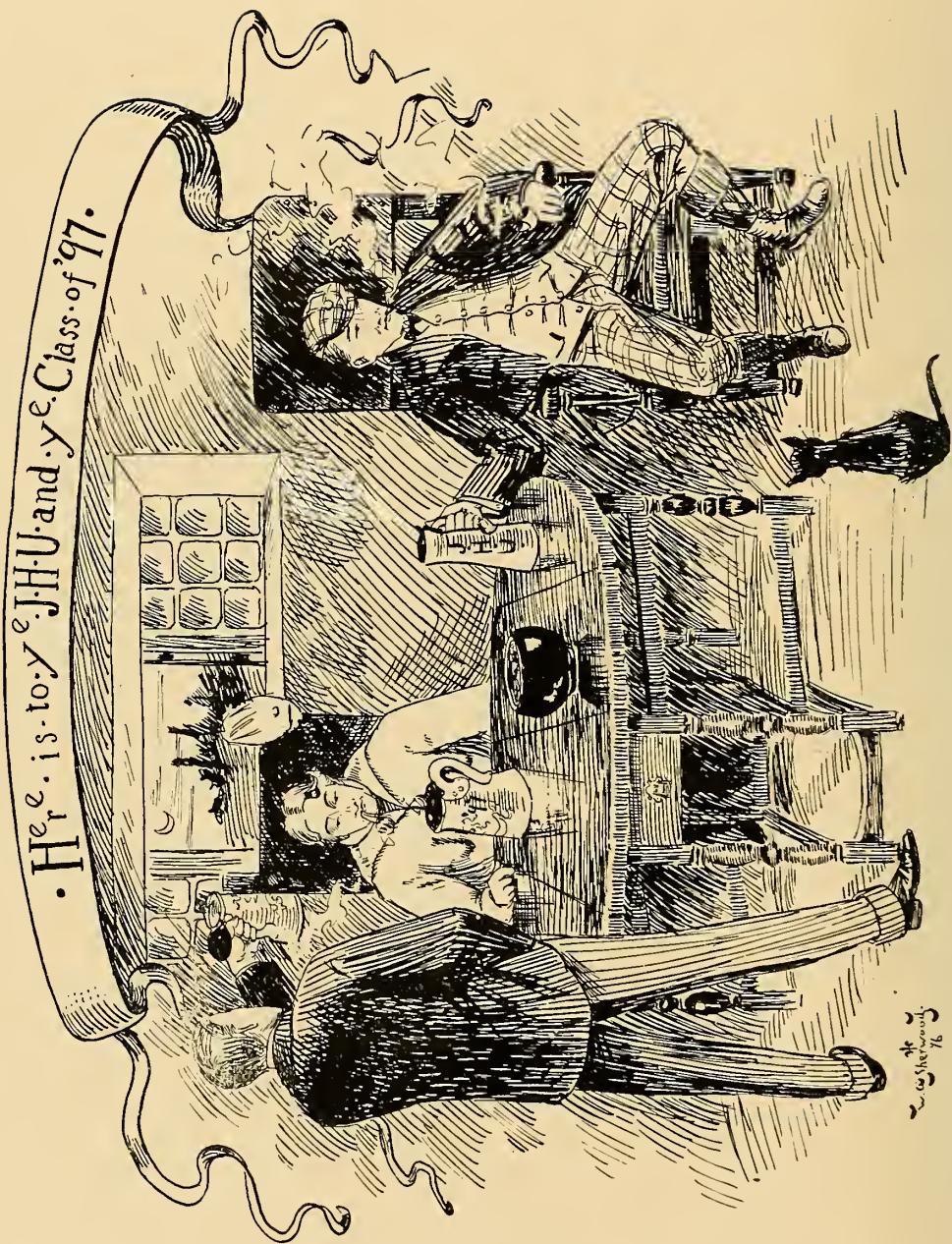
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• Here is to you JHU and Yale Class of '97.



History of Class of Ninety-Seven.



IN writing a history of the Class of '97 it is necessary to begin with a period a little prior to the formal debut of that famous band in the fall of 1894, for we can fully appreciate a glorious present only by understanding the darkness and misery of the past.

In October of 1893 the highly civilized and enlightened Empire of J. H. U. was invaded by a tribe known to history as '96. After a long struggle they became firmly rooted in the land, and prepared to give a warm reception to another tribe which threatened to invade the Empire and was expected to appear on the frontiers in the month of June following. In order to humiliate their prospective victims to the greatest possible degree, they bought a bottle of milk and other paraphernalia, and then, one day in balmy June, they set out to ambush the "Freshmen," as they contemptuously denominated the new invaders.

They did not have long to wait. A group of young men were soon seen to emerge from the examining-room, and walk quietly up toward Monument Street. Broad-shouldered, erect, they seemed the incarnation of manly vigor; but our rage-blinded adversaries did not notice this. They made a sudden swoop—biff!—thud!! and then the strangers walked calmly off, leaving '96 to recuperate.

Need we tell the names of these doughty warriors? Nay, every tongue has already formed the magic permutation—"Ninety-seven."

For a few months history is silent concerning this heroic race; but it is the silence of hope, of expectation. At last, in October of the year of Grace eighteen hundred and ninety-four, we see them again—this time, however, not a group of some four or five hardy pioneers, but seventy picked and chosen spirits, prepared to win for themselves a kingdom. And who was the leader of this valiant throng? One Ira Remsen, commonly known as "Buzfuz," learned in all the arts of alchemy, and withal a goodly full-back and cunning with a piece of charcoal. And who are those two stately youths, as like as two peas in a pod, and yet, it seems that one of them is distinguished by a certain martial air? Why, friend, do you not know the

famous Colonel Adams, and his noble brother the Doctor? And this young man with dark brown eyes, so captivating to the fair sex (so he thinks), do you not know him? You do, if you are a girl, we vow. His name is Dudley. Who is this doughty hero, as broad as he is long, with twinkling eyes and pie-shaped mouth? Ah! that man will some day be famous as Beckwith, the immortal successor of the renowned "Buzfuz." But here is one, not so tall as the others, nor so broad; but yet he has a twinkle in his eye which betokens mischief. Beware of him in a pot-social; for you will find him a Lyon in more senses than one, in spite of his smallness of stature.

But enough of this. A description of all these great men would fill a book. Is not current literature full of such names as Weary Wilson, Speedy Spencer, Wildwest Shooter, the lineal descendant of Esau, Carroll of Carrollton, James Le Dancey Ver Spanck, Waffles, and the famous "Sorrell Team?" We are to write only the deeds of these men—not their chest-measurements, or the color of their hair.

The appearance of these heroes was hailed with joy by all except a certain previously mentioned class. However, they nursed their wrath in secret, until one of them was seized with the brilliant idea of issuing a "proc." Accordingly the "proc" was printed and posted up in various conspicuous places. The authors then sat on the fence, and gazed in silent admiration at their work, well assured that their demands would be readily complied with. Their joy was short-lived, however; for the heroic sons of '97, on catching sight of those glaring posters, quickly removed them, and, with the help of the Faculty, '96 was enabled to take the leading role in the drama presented in last year's class-book.

Now, the Class of '96 decided to have a feast, and as '97 had no objections (provided they paid for it), that illustrious class determined to hold their banquet on the same night. Nevertheless, being in a playful mood, then kidnapped one of those defiant youths, and spent half the night trying to teach him billiards. Their hearts relenting, however, they let him go in time—as they thought—to get in on the last course. But alas! they had not counted on the ravenous voracity of '96. This un-Luch-y child ran to the place as fast as his legs could carry him, but found all the eatables (and drinkables) gone, owing to the unexpected arrival of one Ritchie. The whole crowd then, after a vain search for '97, went sadly home, weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth.

Next morning they went down to the Gym. very early, before it was yet light, so eager were they for revenge. While they were there, brooding over their troubles, there chanced to enter the Gym. an hero of the olden time, known as Sampson Sandow, who has since left us. May his soul rest in peace! This hero proceeded to harrow their injured feelings by many jokes, till they were ready for murder. At this point, one of our giants of '97 entered the room; whereupon they made a most terrific onslaught upon him, forcing him to withdraw. But vengeance was swift and sure. Ninety-seven came in swarms, a glorious pot-social was started—with the usual result.

For the rest of the year, the life of '97 was "one grand sweet song." There was but one thing to mar their happiness. They were about to separate for the summer—the last fond adieu had been said—when they were astonished, grieved, and insulted by the sight of several birds of the species "Jay," with the hayseed still clinging to their hair, entering the sacred walls of McCoy Hall. There was but one thing to do, and that was quickly done. The jays were captured, dressed backwards, and sent home neatly done up in brown paper bags; after which the heroes cheerfully separated for their respective homes.

At last the summer was over, and the heroes of '97 reassembled in this city of learning, leaving hundreds of broken hearts at various fashionable summer resorts. But the pleasure of reunion was not unalloyed, for the jays were back in ten-fold numbers. The heroes sighed. Was all their college life to be spent in kindergarten work? Nevertheless, there seemed no way out of it. The freshmen question, like the negro question, reminds us of an old fable about a snail which crawled into the home of a happy family of bees, where Heaven knows he had no business to go. The bees, in their just wrath and indignation, flew upon the intruder and stung him to death; but, before long, the stench arising from the carcass reminded them that they had reckoned without their undertaker. After a long debate, they resolved to cover the body with wax, since it could not be removed, and thus to avoid a pestilence. The Class of '97 did not need to kill the freshmen to find out that their Alma Mater had taken to her bosom a lot of vagabond infants, who should have been kept safe in Marston's nursery; but, like the bees, they saw that the only thing to do was to make the nuisance as little of a nuisance as possible. And this they did. The freshmen has been washed, dressed, and hung up

to dry; and now, after severe and repeated chastisements, there seems to be a shadow of a hope that these barbarous freaks will learn some manners. God knows they will never be a credit to our Alma Mater—we can only hope to make them as little of a discredit as possible. They have learned that they must not blow out the gas or stuff beans up their noses, that the Gym. is no place for them, and that whenever a pretty girl comes by they must notify their lords of '97, and then go and hide themselves. The heroes have found singular difficulty in keeping them away from the wheels of the electric cars.

And now, since in our capacity as historian our business ends with the past, we must bring this chronicle to a close. It requires no prophetic vision, however, to be certain that he who banks on '97 is sure of his money. Our only regret is that within eighteen months this glorious class must pass away into the graduate world, leaving the undergraduate department to be sustained by the puny efforts of those whom it is unnecessary to name. Perhaps in some future age, old Johnny Hop will be blessed with another class worthy of wearing the black and crimson. Indeed, it is rumored that there are already in the University a few youngsters "of excellent pith" under the unassuming title of "preps." Although we are not disposed to make any rash statements on such meagre information, we are inclined to expect much from this quarter.

We cannot close this chronicle in a more fitting way than with the terrible and awe-inspiring war cry of '97, which we accordingly subjoin:

Hoo, Wah, Hoo!
Hoo, Wah, Hoo!
'97! '97!
J. H. U.!

HISTORIAN.



Class of Ninety-Eight.

Colors:-Blue and White.

CLASS VELLS

Rah, Rah, White!
Rah, Rah, Blue!
Rah, Rah, '98!
J. H. U.

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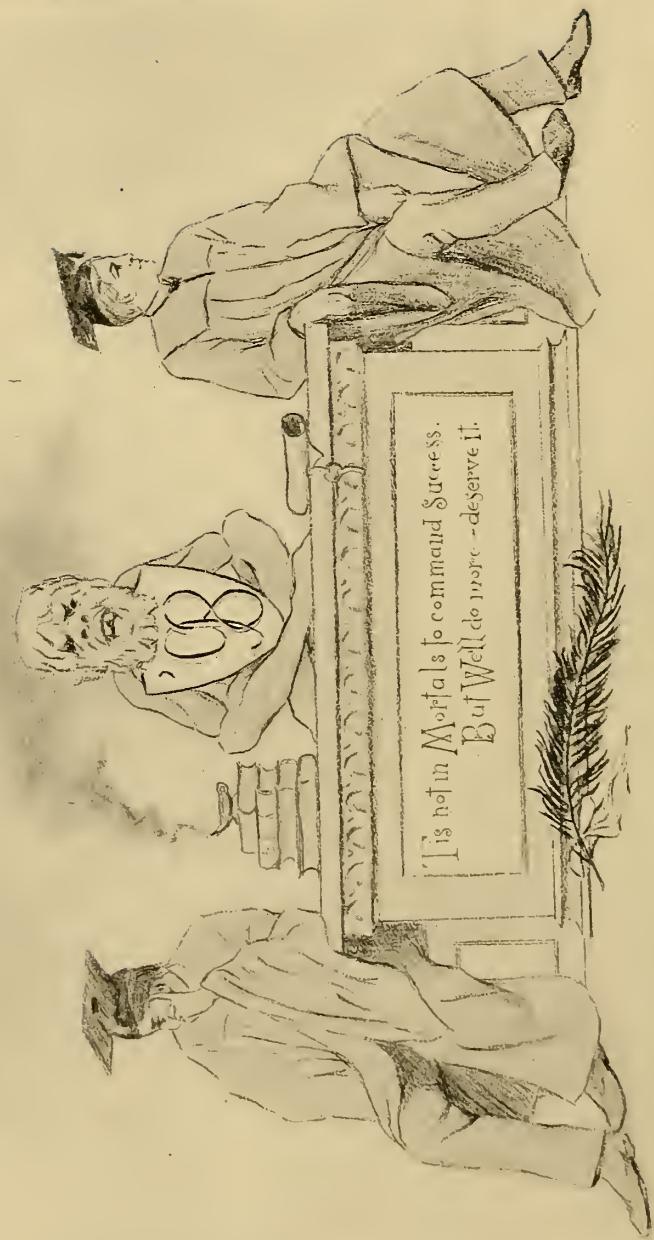
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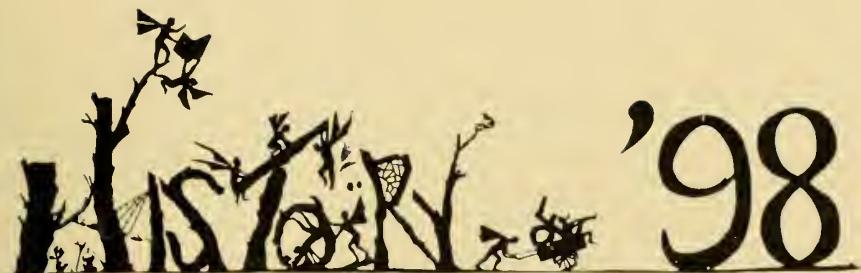
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William Trout Everett, " " Baltimore.
Arthur Carvil Howard, *Chemistry & Physics.* . . Belair.
John Henry Madison, *Mathematics & Phys.* . . Baltimore.
James Girvin Peters, *Chemistry & Physics.* . . Baltimore.
James William Swaine, *Mathematics & Phys.* . . Baltimore.
Samuel Woodson Venable, Jr., Ph. K. Psi., *Greek & Latin.* . . Petersburg, Va.
Herbert Winsey, *Mathematics & Phys.* . . Baltimore.

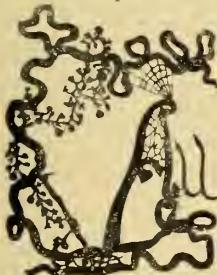


Effect of Pot Socials at the Home of '98.





THE following fragment, evidently part of a Latin History of the Johns Hopkins University, was found during an excavation at the great cave-in of the Belt Line Tunnel, near Monument Street. The name of the author could not be deciphered, but from the fact that the manuscript contains only such expressions as are found in Caesar or Cicero, there is strong reason for believing it to be the work of a "feller" named Wilson, or, perhaps, of one of his disciples. If so, the facts are thoroughly authentic and the manuscript becomes of incalculable value as a record.



HOPKINS is divided into three parts—Tommy Ball, the Faculty and the Class of '98. These all differ among themselves in language and customs. Thomas, himself, is separated from the Faculty by a doorway; from the Class of '98 by an impassable wooden railing and an impenetrable air of stony reserve. The toughest of these three is the Class of '98, because its members are farthest removed from the civilization and refinement of education, and because they are least subject to the visits and speeches of the Faculty, which tend to soften the brain. They are likewise of remarkable bravery (abl. of qual.), because they engage in almost daily battles with the Juniors, who live across Garden Street in the Gym., either defending themselves or making expeditions against the Juniors.

Of this class by far the most prominent member is—"

* * * * *

Unfortunately, the rest of the manuscript is illegible; but the value of the fragment was so apparent that the interest of the Historian was excited, and he determined to thoroughly investigate the

record of this remarkable class. After patient endeavor and carefully interviewing those members of the Faculty still living, he is able to submit these additional facts to the public.

Entering the University in October, 1895, it was immediately evident that better material than usual was in the make-up of the Class of '98. Genial Uncle Daniel saw it—the Faculty at once made arrangements for the bestowal of extra scholarships—Juniors paused before settling down to the customary hazing, and concluded not to post regulations for the conduct of Freshmen which they knew could not be enforced, and Seniors engaged front seats in the Gym.—on the washstands—and waited for the fun to begin.

The fun began during the entrance exams, when '98 was trying to write its papers and listen to the Dean's little speeches at the same time. But it was not in the Gym.; '97, jealous, and wishing to prove to the world that these were mere ordinary Freshmen, caught some of them straggling out from the exams, and applied green paint to their backs; but the greenness was all in the paint, and '98's shining reputation has yet to be sullied by a stain of any such color!

The Coal-cellar and Pot-social departments of the course were next passed, and passed with more glory to '98 than to anyone else concerned. Upper classmen often found themselves sliding down cellar stairs, and Pot-socials were turned into general scraps by the vigorous resistance of '98.

When the secretary of the class was lifted above his enemies in the Gym., daring men rushed in and brought him down. They only did

this because he was a modest man, not meaning to assert his claim to that higher place, which the Juniors, with unintentional honesty, acknowledged to be the right of any member of the Class of '98 —head and shoulders above all others. There is a tradition that the combat which ensued was broken up by a griffin, sent by Jupiter Hopkinsiensis, which clasped within its arms several of the '98 warriors, and breathing forth a fiery cloud of words, an hour and a half long by six cubits high, effectually ended the strife.

It was on this same eventful day



that P-t-rs pointed out the future path of '97 by remarking during a pause in the scrapping, "To —— with '97!" and that Dr. Renouf earned a gold medal for saving a valuable life and a genuine linen (?) collar.

Soon after this scrap, the class yell and pin were chosen. One of these pins is now in *Smithsonian* hands, and the Historian has seen it. Though injured by time, the design is exquisite, and the pins must have been of rare beauty when new. The lack of a "yell" had been felt all the fall, but '98's care in the choice was rewarded when they acquired the finest in the history of the Hopkins—

Rah, Rah, White!
Rah, Rah, Blue!
Rah, Rah! '98!
J. H. U.!

Mr. S-th (not Smith) pronounced the quantities of the syllables suitable for scansion, and therefore, of course, for yelling; and Mr. Str-s thought '98 would "feel Rah, Rah!" when they yelled it. A distinguished member, whose name we cannot give (he is no relation to the Hodges in '96 or in '97), proposed a Greek yell,

"Κάλλιστοι, κάλλιστοι πάντων ω
ένενήκοντα καὶ δόκτω !"

this being a dialect easily understood among themselves; but it was rejected through fear that non-members of the class might fail to appreciate the sentiment it contained.

The 'Varsity was now taken in hand, and some much-needed improvements were made by the men of '98. They reorganized the disbanded Mandolin and Banjo Clubs, furnishing the leaders and nearly all the players to both. They contributed largely to the Football, Hockey, Lacrosse and Baseball teams, which, in the coming year, were to shed lustre on Alma Mater. (The Historian found it impossible to learn whether this lustre was actually shed.)

With the fair sex, too, they seem to have been right in it. Their attractions were certainly unequalled, nor could it have been otherwise since such chivalry as theirs cannot be found in any *Ballard* ever sung by *Palmer*. For, when *Ever-ett* happened that some (nut) *Brownie* maid was forced to wade through the *Myers* of *Howard* or *Madison*

Streets, in a beating *Staum*, if she were anywhere near the massive *Pylk* of McCoy Hall, or the *Dohme*-crowned Physical Laboratory, by good *Lucke* there was always some *Young Swaine* of '98, with a *McIntosh* or *Scholl, Reddy* (with apologies to Mr. Cl—n—t) to come to her assistance, or even to carry her across, rather than let her so much as *Fowl'-er* little No. 7 (and upward) boots. And when it comes to popping the question, '98 can offer her very substantial inducements. She need never worry about a *Cook*, and there is a *Fischer* and a *Miller* to supply the table. "There are others!" Let us take at random: His Honor, Pres. R—b—ns—n; His Nibs, K—nn—rd, V. P.; Hard-riding Plunkett, S. F. D. M. S. J. H. U., and the *Sm—ths* (the only genuine), good, all-around athletes and mashers. Truly, the girl would be suspiciously eccentric who could not be satisfied with any one of them this leap year. But when she has chosen her *Hubby*, can she get him? "Ah, there's the rub!" For '98, in its hours of ease, is uncertain, coy and hard to please.

With absolute impartiality the Historian has done his work. But owing to the immense amount of material which the deeds of this class afford, the work cannot be compressed into less than three volumes, which will appear annually.

THE HISTORIAN.



Class of Ninety-Nine.

Colors:—Green and White.

CLASS YELL.

Rah, Green! Rah, White!
Rah, Loo! Rah, Loo!
'99! '99! J. H. U.!

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Class History, Ninety-Nine.



THE men of '99 enjoy the distinction of belonging to a brand-new class, and they have made that class a shining light in the University. They feel as did Mr. Turveydrop, that their duty is to "polish, polish, polish," not only their own class, but the whole University.

Before we held our first class-meeting, '98 implored our assistance against '97, and '97 in turn invited us to help boil the green out of '98.

At the first meeting, the officers for the ensuing year were chosen, and a committee went to work with energy to obtain a yell and class-pins; we have both now, and '98—ah, poor '98!—they have a yell (at least they say they have), but no pin. After all, there is nothing like energy and —'99.

Envious '98 men attempted to interrupt a meeting recently, but happily their evil designs were frustrated.

We have already become distinguished through the talents and graces of some of our members. Ninety-nine was well represented in foot-ball this season by the genial "Timmy" R——; rich-voiced Josh L—— upheld the standard for manly beauty, "Silent" Charlie looked after our pull with the Faculty, while popular Mr. Hirschberg enlivens the class on all occasions by his unctious smile.

It is very hard that this eminently respectable University should be obliged to put up with a class like '98. Not satisfied with flaunting their callow virility about the University, they decorate themselves with the greenest of green Christmas wreaths, as it were, and parade the streets. A few even go so far as to carry greenbacks.

Apropos of greenbacks, a kind-hearted man, whose pockets were as light as his fingers, saw a '98 youth burdened by a heavy watch, and pitying him, generously took on himself the ponderous load; instead, however, of being thankful, the youth murmured greatly and now carries a clock. It is not our place to chronicle '98's ups and downs, but we fear they may omit this interesting bit. But let '98 tell its own troubles and whoop it up for '99.

Glorious '99, with a beaming smile of welcome, Uncle Dan clasped you to his capacious bosom and bade you run the place.

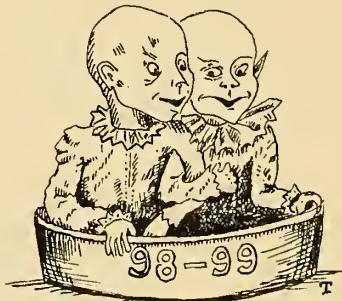
And you are the Heaven-born class of whom Virgil prophesied;

"Iam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto."

This summer the meadows will be strictly "snakeless," no matter how many "balls," a fellow has taken, and as for the "unlaborious earth," the earth will be so soft that you can flirt with it.

Glorious '99, no unseemly scuffles marked your entrance to this abode of learning; nay, you were besought by other classes—alas! how inferior—to aid them in their petty warfare.

Illustrious '99, eternal renown be yours; glory in the knowledge that there never has been a class so great, and earth will never see its like again.



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John S. Morris, S. B., A. M.	Horace S. Uhler, A. B.
Nathan A. Pattillo, S. B., A. M.	Robert F. Whitehead, Ph. B., A. B..
	A. M.
	William H. Wilhelm, A. B., B. S.
	Stephen C. Harry, A. B.

Physics and Electricity.

<i>Fellows</i>	Norman R. Carmichael, A. B.
<i>University Scholars</i>	William J. Humphreys, A. B., C. E.
	William T. Mather, A. B., A. M.
	George S. Maynard, S. B.

Frank L. Abbott, S. B.	Charles E. Mendenhall, S. B.
Horace H. Atkins, Jr., E. M.	Joseph F. Merrill, S. B.
Joseph H. Bowman, A. B.	John F. Mohler, A. B.
Byron B. Brackett, A. B., A. M.	Harvey Newcomer, A. B.
Lyman J. Briggs, S. B., M. S.	Jesse Pawling, Jr., A. B., A. M., S. B.
Matthew M. Corbin.	
William S. Day, A. B.	Thomas D. Penniman, A. B.
Noah E. Dorsey, A. B.	David S. Pindell, A. B.
John L. Douglas, A. B.	Edwards Rhoads, S. B.
Hugh M. Frazer, S. B.	J. J. Rothermell, A. B.
Edson F. Gallaudet, A. B.	Fred. A. Saunders, A. B.
James G. Hardy, A. B.	Charles C. Schenck, A. B.
Caleb N. Harrison, B. C. E.	John C. Sherman, S. B.
Edwin S. Johonnott, Jr., S. B.	J. M. S. Waring.
Francis Mallory, C. E.	

Chemistry.

Fellows by Courtesy

Walter Jones, A. B., Ph. D.

Fellows

William A. Smith, A. B., A. M.

University Scholars

Arthur D. Chambers, A. B.

John C. Adair, A. B.

Ebenezer Mackay, A. B.

Gellert Alleman, S. B.

Michael D. Sohon, A. C., M. S.

Howard B. Arbuckle, A. B., A. M.

Campbell E. Waters, A. B.

William Bromwell, A. B., Ph. D.

Stephen H. King, M. D.

Joseph S. Chamberlain, S. B., M. S.

John W. Lawson, S. B.

Hardee Chambliss.

Seth H. Linthicum, S. B.

Charles G. Cook, S. B., A. M.

Egbert W. Magruder, A. B.

Fred. Crane, A. B.

Raphael M. Mackenzie, S. B., M. S.

Daniel M. Frierson, A. B., A. M.

Robert S. Norris, S. B.

William E. Henderson, A. B.

Chas. D. Ragland, A. B., A. M.

Frederick S. Hollis, S. B.

Ebenezer E. Reid, A. M.

William A. Jones, A. B.

Garnett Ryland, A. M.

Benjamin W. Kilgore, S. B., M. S.

Edward S. Smith, A. B.

William B. Stoddard, S. B.

Clyde B. Stover, A. B.

Biology.

Fellows by Courtesy

George T. Kemp, A. B., Ph. D., M. D.

Bruce Fellows

Maynard M. Metcalf, A. B., Ph. D.

Henry McE. Knower, A. B.

George Lefevre, A. B.

<i>Fellow</i>	Franklin S. Conant, A. B.
<i>University Scholar</i>	Reid Hunt, A. B.
Herbert E. Barr, B. L.	Louis E. Livingood, A. B., M. D.
Edward M. Berger, A. B., Ph. B.	Hubert L. Clark, A. B.
Horace M. Britcher, B. C. E.	
Curtis F. Burnham, A. B.	Arthur L. Lamb, A. B.
James E. Cassidy, A. B., A. M.	Albert M. Reese, A. B.
Harvey J. Clements, S. B., M. S., M. D.	Roy S. Richardson, Ph. B.
Gilman A. Drew, S. B.	Philip H. Sheridan, A. B., A. M.
Caswell Grave, S. B.	Daniel N. Shoemaker, S. B.
Duncan Starr Johnson, S. B.	Mervin T. Sudler, S. B.
	John W. Sullivan, A. B., A. M.
	Charles B. Wilson, A. B., A. M.
	William P. Winter, A. B., A. M.
	Rev. Arsenius Boyer.

Geology.

<i>Fellow</i>	George O. Smith, A. B.
<i>University Scholar</i>	Arthur Coe Spencer, S. B.
Cleveland Abbe, Jr., A. B.	David E. Roberts, A. B.
Arthur Bibbins, Ph. B.	Rev. Elmer E. Schantz, A. B.
Cleophas C. O'Harra, A. B.	George B. Shattuck, S. B.
James A. Mitchell, Ph. D.	James B. Walker, S. B.

Medical Students.

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF M. D.

THIRD YEAR.

Charles Russell Bardeen, A. B.	Walter Cox, A. B.
Thomas Richardson Brown, A. B.	Lester Wiggins Day, Ph. B.
William Stevenson Baer, A. B.	Walter S. Davis, S. B.
Thomas Pumphrey Benson, A. B.	Percy Millard Dawson, A. B.
William Jephtha Calvert, A. B.	Arthur Wells Elting, A. B.
Patrick Joseph Cassidy, A. B.	William Weber Ford, A. B.
Cornelia Chapel Church, A. B.	Thomas Wood Hastings, A. B.
John Williams Coe, Jr., Ph. B.	Alfred Birch Herrick, A. B.

SECOND YEAR.

Louis Philip Hamburger, A. B.	Delia Maria O'Connell, A. B.
Guy Le Roy Hunner, S. B.	Eugene Lindsay Opie, A. B.
Mary Margaret Sewall Johnstone, A. B.	Mary Secord Packard, A. B.
James Hall Mason Knox, A. B. Ph. D.	Omar Borton Pancoast, S. B.
Millard Langfeld, A. B.	Clement Andarieuse Penrose, A. B.
Leona Lebus, S. B.	Roger Griswold Perkins, A. B.
Gertrude Light, S. B.	Katherine Porter, A. B.
Frank Allemong Lupton, S. B., M. S.	Joseph Hersey Pratt, Ph. B.
Irving Phillips Lyon, A. B.	Georgiana Sands, A. B.
James Daniel Madison, S. B.	Benjamin Robinson Schenck, A. B.
Frank Stevens Maltby, A. B.	Harry Merriman Steele, Ph. B.
Harry Taylor Marshall, A. B.	Walter Ralph Steiner, A. B., A. M.
Charles Neil McBryde, S. B., M. S.	Richard Pearson Strong, Ph.B.
William George MacCallum, A. B.	Emma Elizabeth Walker, A. B.
William Watson McCulloh, A. B.	Andrew Henderson Whitridge, S. B.
James Farmandis Mitchell, A. B.	Katherine Margaret Wolfe, B. L., S. B.
Joseph Longworth Nichols, A. B.	

FIRST YEAR.

University Scholars,

Edward Erle Brownell, Ph. B.
Humphrey Warren Buckler, A. B.
Frank Curtiss Davis, A. B.
John Staige Davis, Ph. B.
Charles Phillips Emerson, A. B.
Blanch N. Epler, S. B.
Joseph Erlanger, S. B.
Philip Saffery Evans, Jr., A. B.
Richard Holden Follis, Jr., Ph. B.
Frank Taylor Fulton, S. B., A. B.
James Daton Gallagher, A. B.
Henry Harris, A. B.
Charles Herrmann, S. B.
Henry Joseph Hoye, A. B.
Kate McClure Johnson, Ph. B.
Louis Williams Ladd, A. B.
Charles Sumner Little, A. B.

Lawrason Brown, A. B.
{ Edward S. Oliver, A. B.
J. Hall Pleasants, A. B.
John Arthur Luetscher, S. B.
Annie Galloway Lyle, A. B.
Frank Worthington Lynch, A. B.
Hugh Miller Moore, B. S., M. S.
Charles Williams Ottley, A. B.
Paul Octavius Owlesley, Ph. B.
Sylvan Rosenheim, A. B.
John Albertson Sampson, A. B.
Halbert Severin Steensland, S. B.
William Ridgely Stone, A. B.
Edgar Randolph Strobel, A. B.
Frederick Herman Verhoeff, Ph. B.
William Stuart Walcott, Jr., A. B.
William Whitridge Williams, A. B.
Charlotte Augusta Wolcott, A. B.
Sarah Delia Wyckoff, S. B.
Lawrence Yates, Ph. B., S. B.

Physicians Attending Special Courses.

L. F. Alvarez, M. D.
Michael T. Arslanides, M. D.
John S. Bishop, M. D.
Ethel Blackwell, M. D.
E. Bates Block, M. D.
George S. Brown, M. D.
George Carruthers, M. D.
Goode Cheatham, M. D.
Claribel Cone, M. D.
Edgar P. Cook, Jr., Ph. B., M. D.
Chandos B. Conner, M. D.
Isabella Cowan, M. D.
William S. Davidson, M. D.
Cornelius Deweese, M. D.
Louise Eaton, M. D.
Tom Firebaugh, M. D.
Walter W. Fullerton, M. D.
John L. Gilbert, M. D.
John W. Givens, M. D.
George L. Greenawalt, M. D.
Jose L. Hirsh, A. B., M. D.
Michael Hoke, M. D.
Harry Hurtt, M. D.
Harriet L. Knox, M. D.
Auguste L. J. Lartigan, M. D.
John L. Lewis, M. D.
William H. Merrill, M. D.
Mabel W. Moore, M. D.
George P. Peed, M. D.
Charles H. Potter.
Francis L. Roger, M. D.
Henry R. Slack, M. D.
Geo. N. J. Sommer, M. D.
Thomas K. Terrell, M. D.
Adelaide M. Underwood, M. D.
Charles A. Veith, M. D.



The Alumni Association.



ALBERT SHAW, PH. D., '84, *President.*

ALLAN McLANE, JR., A. B., '86, *Vice-President.*

GEORGE LEFEVRE, A. B., '91, *Secretary.*

HENRY O. THOMPSQN, A. B., '87, *Treasurer.*

Executive Committee.

THE OFFICERS AND

Elgin R. L. Gould, Ph. D., '86. George C. Morrison, A. B., '90.

Paul J. Dashiell, A. B., '87, Ph. D., William S. Hilles, A. B., '80.
'91. Ralph Robinson, A. B., '89.

Joseph S. Ames, A. B., '86, Ph. D., James F. Mitchell, A. B., '91.
'90. Harry T. Marshall, A. B., '94.

J. Hall Pleasants, Jr., A. B., '95.

HERE is good authority for the statement that youth belongs to that category of diseases which are cured with time. It cannot be denied that the Alumni Association of the Johns Hopkins University is still young, but then there is comfort in thinking that this is an evil which can surely be outgrown. Certain it is that no more serious charge can be made against it, and since it is now entering upon its twenty-first year, the time is not very far distant when even this accusation will be groundless. Hampered as it has hitherto been by its youthfulness, its career has nevertheless been such as to give promise of a most successful and useful future. Already it can boast of three large vigorous children, all well-organized bodies of enthusiastic Alumni, who have carried abroad that spirit of love and devotion for the Alma Mater inspired in them while yet within her fold.

The Johns Hopkins University Club of New England, with a membership of eighty; the Northwestern Association of Alumni, which has enrolled on its lists the names of ninety former students of

the University, and the New York Association, which also has a large membership, are firmly established, active organizations.

The regular annual reunion of these clubs afford substantial proof of that warm affection for the University and loyalty to her ideals which so characterize her graduates wherever they are to be found. Besides these meetings, a number of Alumni are accustomed to come together on Commemoration Day in San Francisco and in Tokio, Japan, to attest their devotion to the Alma Mater.

The development of the central Alumni Association in Baltimore is most encouraging, and as each year marks a period of increased growth and strength, we can confidently look forward to a steady progress.

Many changes in the constitution of the Association, which it is hoped will add to the usefulness of the organization, have recently been adopted. Among these are to be mentioned, admitting to membership all those who have received certificates in electrical engineering, and also, under certain restrictions, those who have been students at the University for at least one year, but who have not taken degrees. The latter must be elected by the Executive Committee, and are entitled to all the privileges of membership, with the exception of holding office.

The most successful and enjoyable reunion in the history of the Association was held on the 22nd of February, at which over seventy-five Alumni and members of the Faculty were present. The annual meeting is a most potent factor in fostering loyalty to the Alma Mater and friendships among her sons, and as such it cannot be held in too high esteem. A strong, organized body of Alumni is of incalculable value to a University, and as it is in its power to exercise an enormous influence for good, it should receive the heartiest encouragement. The stability of a University depends largely on the material and moral support of its Alumni. No man who has the welfare of the Johns Hopkins University at heart, and who cherishes for her love and respect, should delay to identify himself with the Alumni Association. It is his duty, as well as his privilege.

To the Class of '96, which is so soon to pass out from undergraduate life, the Alumni Association stretches forth the hand of fellowship in welcoming them into her ranks, feeling well assured that they will never be found wanting in zeal and devotion for their Alma Mater.

New York Alumni OF THE Johns Hopkins University.



WALTER H. PAGE, *President.*

PROF. J. H. HYSLOP,

PROF. DANIEL W. HERING,

CHAS. A. BOSTON,

BENJAMIN TUSKA, *Secretary.*

CHAS. H. LEVERMORE, *Chronicler.*

MORRIS P. STEVENS, *Treasurer.*

DURING the year 1888 an attempt was made to organize an Alumni Association in the City of New York, and several meetings for that purpose were held at Columbia College, but the differences of opinion as to the nature of the society being too wide, the matter was suffered to drop.

The present Association was formed April 7, 1891, pursuant to a call signed by the following former students:

Richard Harding Davis,
Fulton McMahon,
Allan Marquand,
C. Walter Artz,

Bernard F. O'Connor,
Benjamin Tuska,
Edmund B. Wilson,
Woodrow Wilson.

The objects of our Alumni Association are to promote the interests of the University, to revive the memories of student days, to stimulate good fellowship, to follow the progress of our Alma Mater, and to cultivate healthy criticism of her aims and methods.

Inasmuch as all persons residing in the vicinity of New York, who have at any time been connected with the University, are eligible to membership, we have upon our rolls upward of one hundred and fifty names. Since the organization, our society has held five meetings and given three dinners. Last March a reception was tendered

by us to President Gilman, to which were invited a number of gentlemen prominent in educational circles. The speakers were President Gilman and Professor Nicholas Murray Butler.

The New York Association believes in simplicity, even in matters of organization. Nothing could be briefer than its comprehensive constitution which is here set forth: "The New York Alumni of Johns Hopkins University shall have a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Chronicler, who, together, shall be the Executive Committee, to meet at the call of the President for the transaction of business, and the reception, through the Secretary, of applications for membership. The annual meeting shall be on the second Friday of February, and other meetings may be called by the Committee. The annual dues shall be two dollars."



The Northwestern Association of Johns Hopkins Alumni.

THE plan of forming a Northwestern Association of Johns Hopkins Alumni was conceived early in 1892, and on the 22nd of February of that year, at a meeting held by some graduates of the University residing at Madison, Wisconsin, in one of the lecture rooms of the University of Wisconsin, the initial steps were taken for the formation of such an organization. At that conference the subject was discussed and it was thought desirable and profitable that the Alumni of the Johns Hopkins University living in the Northwestern States have an association of their own as a sort of an auxiliary body to the general Association of Alumni.

The general Johns Hopkins Alumni Association meets at Baltimore every year. Very few, indeed, of the graduates of the University living in the Northwest are able to attend its meetings. The distance is too great, and the time and money consumed in traveling to Baltimore too much. That these Alumni ought to come together, however, at least once a year, and renew old acquaintances, discuss common interests, revive former associations, keep alive the love for their Alma Mater, and look to her welfare and prosperity, is clear. These considerations prompted the formation of the Northwestern Association. The first regular meeting was called by the committee that had been appointed to formulate plans, at Science Hall, of the University of Wisconsin, at Madison. A constitution was adopted. Membership in the Association was confined to residents of the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota. All persons who have taken a degree or held a fellowship at the Johns Hopkins University were made eligible to active membership, while such as had merely pursued graduate studies at the University might become associate members. Former instructors in the University might be elected honorary members.

At the meeting held in Chicago on February 22, 1895, the membership of the Association was extended to residents of the States of

Michigan and Indiana. The roll now includes about one hundred and twenty-five members, active and associate, and three honorary members.

Four annual meetings of the Associations have been held since the first regular one, all on the 22nd day of February, and in Chicago. Prof. Charles H. Haskins (A. B. 1887, Ph. D. 1890,) was the first President of the Association, and was again elected as such at the last meeting. The other Presidents have been: Prof. H. H. Donaldson, of the University of Chicago, 1893-94; Prof. A. V. E. Young, of the Northwestern University, 1894-95, and Prof. J. H. T. Main, of Iowa College, 1895-96. The governing board of the Association is an executive committee, consisting of the President, the Vice-President, the Secretary, and Treasurer, and two other members appointed by the President. The present Secretary of the Association is Mr. Henry W. Price, of Chicago.

The annual meetings have been a source of pleasure to the members attending. The last meeting was the most successful and interesting one yet held by the Association. We met in Chicago at 12 o'clock noon to transact our business, and at 1 o'clock sat down to luncheon. There were over thirty-two members present. The guests of our Association were the eloquent speaker Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, of Chicago, and the learned historian Prof. H. von Holst. Both addressed us. The former chose as his theme "The Scholar and the Politician," and the latter "What We Owe to the Johns Hopkins." Von Holst paid a glowing tribute to our University and its President, and the magnificent work it had accomplished. He dwelt especially on what the Johns Hopkins had done for the cause of higher education in this country. Both addresses were listened to with much interest and were warmly applauded. An entertaining letter from President Gilman was also read and greeted with enthusiasm, and several toasts were responded to by members.

Although the career of the Northwestern Association of Johns Hopkins Alumni has been short, it has already won for itself a name. It has banded together in close union a large number of the graduates of the University, its meetings attract public attention, and it serves to bring into greater prominence the Johns Hopkins University, its work, its achievements and its Alumni.

The Johns Hopkins University Club of New England.

BY THEODORE HOUGH, A.B., '86; PH.D., '93.
Secretary of the Club.

DURING the Thanksgiving recess of 1893, an informal preliminary meeting of Johns Hopkins Alumni, former instructors and students residing in New England, was held at the St. Botolph Club, Boston, to consider the question of organizing a New England Association of Hopkins men. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the presence of President Gilman, who happened to be in town, and made an address which contributed to the marked enthusiasm on the part of those present. A provisional committee was appointed to take the necessary steps toward permanent organization.

The committee soon after issued a call for the first annual meeting and dinner, which took place at the Parker House, Boston, on the evening of May 4, 1894. By vote of the executive committee, to whom were given "full powers in furtherance of the objects of the association," membership in the club was made to consist in "former connection with the Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, and residence in New England." We thus have on our list of members about fifty who have taken one or both degrees at the University, while thirty others have studied there. Our club, therefore, is not strictly an Alumni Association, but an association of former Hopkins instructors and students.

We have had three meetings. The first, at the Parker House, in Boston, has already been mentioned. There were thirty-six members present. President Gilman was the guest of honor, and the other guests were: President Eliot, of Harvard; President Walker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Professor Brewer, of Yale. Our toast-master of the evening was Professor Josiah Royce, who had entered the University as a graduate student at its very commencement in 1876, and was a member of the first class receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (1878). It was deemed especially fitting that our first President should be one who had been a student in the early days when the work of the University was a bold experi-

ment in education, and who has since proved himself one of its most distinguished graduates.

If any justification were needed for the existence of a Johns Hopkins Club of New England, it would have been found in the hearty appreciation of the work of the University to which utterance was given by our guests on this occasion. It is not too much to say that every Hopkins man present was more than ever proud of his connection with the University. Those who were present will never forget the remarkable testimony which all of our guests, but especially President Eliot, bore to the high functions and achievements of the Johns Hopkins University.

Since then we have had two equally successful meetings. The second one, February 22, 1895, was held at the Hotel Thorndike, Boston. There were no invited guests, but the meeting was the occasion of a thoroughly good time among ourselves, and this was in great measure due to its President, Professor Charles R. Lanman, of Harvard.

The third meeting occurred at the University Club, Boston, February 22, 1896. Thirty-four members were present. It is really remarkable that we should be able to gather together each year almost one-half of the Hopkins men in New England. I think that a remark made to me by one who was at our last meeting will at least partly explain this. This gentleman is an A. B. of J. H. U., and has since his graduation taught in one of our oldest New England colleges. He said to me after the dinner: "I tell you what it is, there certainly is in the Hopkins a living conviction that you are not so conscious of elsewhere, that the advancement of learning is the very best thing in life." The spirit expressed by these words becomes most evident in our gatherings. Our members are mostly engaged in the work of college instruction and investigation, and know from experience how essential is the Hopkins ideal of investigation in all successful education. It is an aid to us in our work to meet a company of Hopkins men again, and not only renew our fidelity to the ideals of our University, but also to obtain the encouragement which comes of communion with those working in the same field with ourselves.

This explains the aim of the association; all that we pretend to do is to have our annual reunions, and to publish each year a list of Hopkins men resident in New England; but we believe that even by this simple means we can aid in extending the work and influence of our beloved University to whom all of us personally owe so much.

An Alumni Banquet.



THE following article is an extract from a letter received by a member of the Board of Editors from a prominent alumnus now living in Massachusetts. After dwelling upon the numbers and prominence of Hopkins Alumni in that section of the country, he goes on to describe the recent banquet given by the Johns Hopkins Club of New England. At this point we take up his narrative:

" It is always a treat to hear Mr. Gildersleeve speak before friends. And the toast-master, Prof. William T. Councilman, was just the man to bring out those after-dinner-speech qualifications which Mr. Gildersleeve is known to possess. His subject was 'The University: Its Growth and Development—Particularly Its Early Days.' Dr. Councilman eulogized the rum punch (it *was* good), showing that to its chief component New England owed her greatness. Hannah Dustin, the famous Hannah, who killed eight Indians, more or less—because her rum had been abducted during her abduction—and then sold their scalps for rum, was an illustration of his point. Here someone quoted from Lowell lines showing that Holland's gin had been considered the typical New England beverage by that distinguished son of the soil, and while Mr. Gildersleeve was showing his sympathy with the first speaker by re-filling his glass (we were all sympathetic) another gentleman rose and spoke feelingly of the typical Maryland drink whose strength he had felt, but which, he said, in this august company he would forbear to name. There was great applause from the Maryland contingent, who never doubted that the speaker referred to the juice of the rye, and I was conscious of some disappointment, coupled with the feeling that injustice had been done an old friend, when the speaker finally stated that he referred to apple-jack, and then bowing gave way gracefully to Mr. Gildersleeve, whom he introduced as 'a product of that beverage.' Mr. Gildersleeve was not an after-dinner speaker, he said. In fact, he would not have been present if the attractive secretary (Mr. Hough) had not gone all the way to Baltimore to secure him. Then, too, he was of New England ancestry. He had attended so many institutions, he continued, that the only figure representing

to his mind his Alma Mater was the Diana of Ephesus, whose peculiarity he proceeded to explain. He had been asked to speak of the early days of the University. Unlike that shameless Tristram Shandy, he would not begin with pre-natal days. He met the University (Mr. Gilman) in Washington and then established himself as a 'radiator' in a room in Baltimore. There were other radiators—among them Sylvester—but no radiatees. Three young men finally consented, in view of considerable pecuniary compensation, to be radiated on, and the fellowship system was inaugurated. Then he outlined the career of the University, being frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause. (There were some stories.) Many others spoke briefly and yet impressively of what they owed to the University at Baltimore—Royce, Sedgwick and Lanman among the number. One, an invited guest, told sadly how he had longed to join the band of earnest seekers after truth, and congratulated those whose years had permitted them to share that inspiration that came with the close companionship of teacher and pupil. Dr. Councilman sketched briefly the wonderful influence of the Hospital. Mr. Gildersleeve, repeatedly urged, produced a story which satisfied the most sanguine expectations of those who knew him best, was vociferously applauded and gave way to Mr. Douglas Thomas, 'a rising young architect' (I should suggest 'risen'), who closed the speech-making very gracefully, although he felt, he said, when about to take his seat, like that man who, holding a bear by the tail, and pursuing him rapidly round a tree (stubby though the tail was he had enough of it), was only troubled by inability to decide when to let go."



Ninety-One Alumni Association.



CHARLES MCH. HOWARD, *President.*

CHARLES W. L. JOHNSON, *Vice-President.*

JACOB H. HOLLANDER, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

THE completion of the first *lustrum* in the institutional life of a graduated class offers strong temptations for sage reflection. But the tribulations of class-book editors are to be respected, and accordingly the impulse is promptly tucked behind. Of course the quinquennial anniversary comes upon '91 with the startling force of the first grey hair. Here and there visible traces are to be seen of the actual passage of time. A few of our number have forsaken the straight and narrow path of celibacy, and piping voices give assurance that not even unto the second generation will the glories of '91 remain unsung.

The most interesting event in the life of our class alumni organization during the past year was the reunion dinner, held on January 10, 1896. Year by year it is with greater difficulty that many of us, located in widely removed parts of the country, leave formal duties and are present at these festive occasions. But the saving remnant show more and more appreciation of the responsibility thus devolved upon them. This year, when the gallant group of survivors trooped slowly out, with the last strains of "Auld Lang Syne" still in their ears, the hours had long ceased to be either "wee" or "sma'," and even our sturdy Boniface was prepared to admit that the occasion had surpassed his most sanguine expectations. It is hoped to issue a more enduring memorial of our fifth anniversary in the form of a brochure, or class bulletin, containing details of each member's activities since graduation.

This, then, is '91's brief report of progress. Our experience establishes, it may safely be said, the possibility and the desirability of a firm class alumni organization, and with the hearty congratulations that '91 extends to her five years younger sister, is the cordial hope that she may go and do likewise.

Ninety-Two Alumni.



AS the University grows dimmer and dimmer in perspective to the men of '92, the memories of the dear old days become fonder and fonder, and our desire for the welfare of our Alma Mater grows greater and greater. Some still fail to respond to the overtures annually made them by the class, but the rest look forward with more and eager anticipation to our annual reunions. The fourth of these enjoyable affairs, held at Ganzhorn's Hotel, was graced by the largest attendance we have yet had, even distinguished gentlemen from Washington honoring us with their presence.

Nearly all of our class are now firmly fixed in careers of some sort, paying or otherwise. Most of them have ignored in the most bull-headed manner the forecast of worthy Prophet Baker, but then his own actions have but recently demonstrated his inability to know what was in store. The wildest hopes of his meanest enemy never pictured our West Virginia colleague as private secretary to the Postmaster-General, but he is there all the same and writes letters to '92 on official paper with the same style as of yore. Many of us have fulfilled our own predictions and become lawyers, doctors, journalists and electrical engineers, but there are surprises there, too. Who ever thought that "Jack" Abercrombie would be made a city's coroner before his professional sheepskin had enabled him to send a dozen souls to eternity?

"'92 and Reform" is a topic on which we must touch gently. Some of our briefless barristers plunged madly into the local vortex which turned out "ringsters" and put in "spoils-men," but the plums did not come their way. Charley Baldwin, despite his football record, got ingloriously smashed in the eye by a Marsh Market "tough." Chestnut, sweet Chestnut, used his childlike spirit with no effect in bull-dozing witnesses twice as big as himself; while Stevens's career never even got noticed in the papers. He has his own story, though.

There is a suspicious feature in the willingness with which the class re-elects its faithful officers. It must be admitted that they are faithful, though Thomas R. Brown, as President, has absolutely nothing to do, and he is aided in splendid style by Charles Weathers Bump, Secretary, and Lester L. Stevens, Treasurer. There is no useless Executive Committee.

Ninety-Three Alumni Association.



(ELECTED IN 1894.)

CLAYLAND MULLIKIN, *President.*

DOUGLASS H. THOMAS, *Vice-President.*

J. L. G. LEE, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

(No meetings have been held since 1894.)

Notice of Ninety-Four.



L. WARDLAW MILES, *President.*

WILLIAM S. BAER, *Vice-President.*

NATHANIEL E. GRIFFIN, *Secretary.*

PERCY M. DAWSON, *Treasurer.*

THE Class of '94 is proud to state that a large number of its members still frequent the thoroughfares of Maryland's metropolis, famed for its terrapin and University. We are glad to learn from three of our number, who have resisted these combined attractions, that each has found a recompense for his loss.

One of our foremost members, whom we remember as a student at Harvard University last year, has recently favored our Alma Mater with a public announcement of his remarkable fortune in obtaining the professorship of English at Kenyon College. Another, a highly respected member of our class, who, during his college days was chiefly in evidence as the industrious guardian of the treasures of our Modern Language Library, has long since escaped the trammels of necessity. He has won the distinguished post of private instructor to the sons of the Vanderbilt family. Not many months after gradu-

tion he surprised our unsuspecting secretary, who ventured to notify him of plans for a banquet, by a telegram to say he would leave New York City, attend the banquet, and return on the night train.

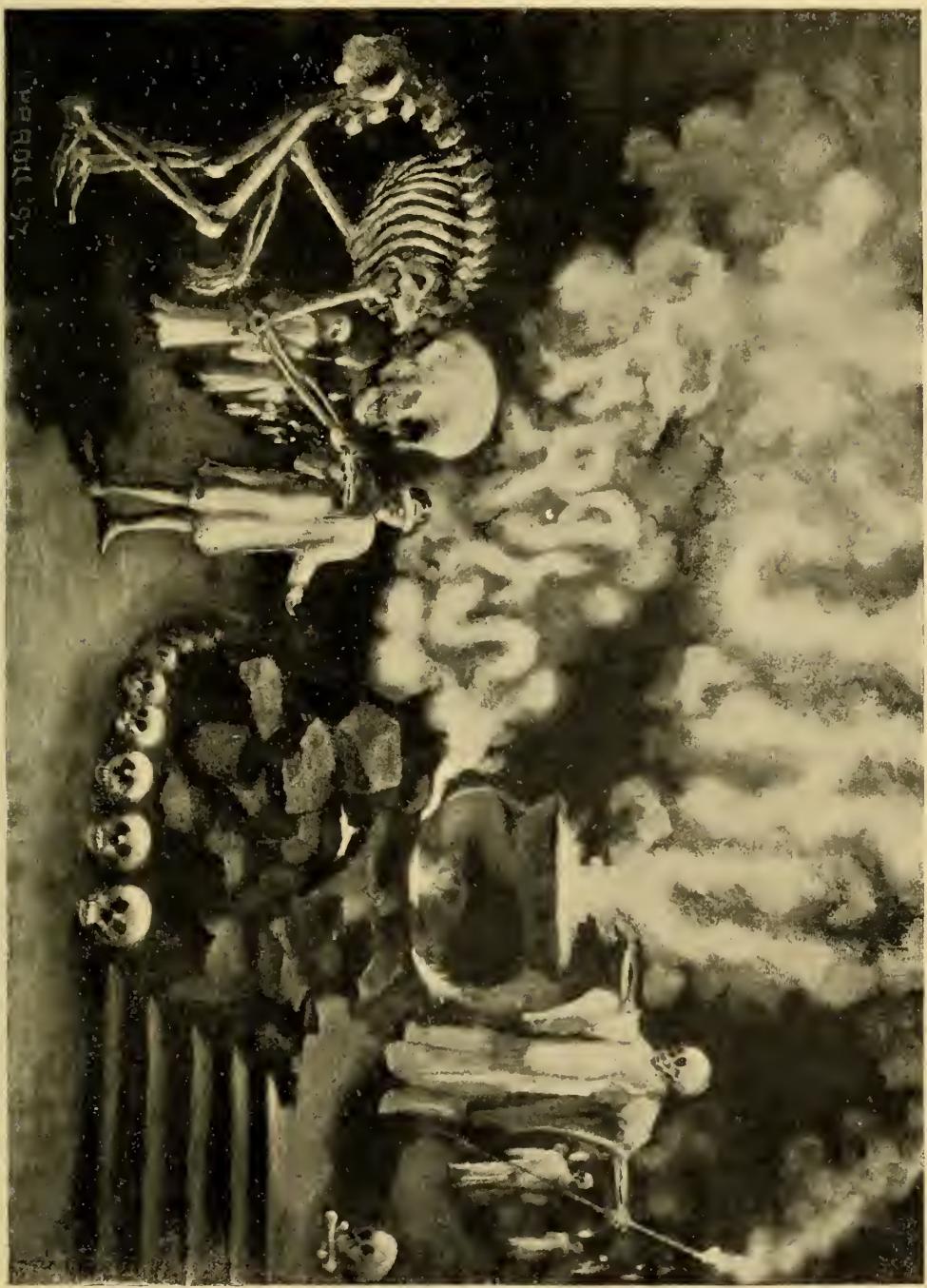
The third, conspicuous for his personal charm and numerous accomplishments, is at present seeking inspiration from the sunny climes of Italy. We have no doubt that he is now instructing the Italian youth in the art of driving the "four-in-hand." The less fortunate remainder of our band are willing to patiently serve their respective apprenticeships, hoping in the future to attain these radiant pinnacles of glory to which fortune has so early exalted our more fortunate brethren.

Of those of us who still remain in Baltimore, the most celebrated is the author of the rhyming chronicle of our class, who now holds the office of President of '94. We hope his divine madness may soon return to pay a second tribute to his worthy theme.

Ninety-Five Alumni.



Up to the time of going to press no meetings have been held, or officers elected; but it is intended to hold a reunion at some time in the spring, and next year's "Hullabaloo" will see Ninety-five adequately represented by an Alumni Association.



1908. 1908.

Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.



Chapter Roll.

Harvard	<i>Eta.</i>	University of Cincinnati	<i>Beta Nu.</i>
Brown	<i>Kappa.</i>	Ohio	<i>Beta Kappa.</i>
Boston	<i>Upsilon.</i>	Western Reserve	<i>Beta.</i>
Maine State	<i>Beta Eta.</i>	Washington-Jefferson . .	<i>Gamma.</i>
Amherst	<i>Beta Iota.</i>	Ohio Wesleyan	<i>Theta.</i>
Dartmouth	<i>Alpha Omega.</i>	Bethany	<i>Psi.</i>
Wesleyan	<i>Mu Epsilon.</i>	Wittenburg	<i>Alpha Gamma.</i>
Yale	<i>Phi Chi.</i>	Denison	<i>Alpha Eta.</i>
Rutgers	<i>Beta Gamma.</i>	Wooster	<i>Alpha Lambda.</i>
Cornell	<i>Beta Delta.</i>	Kenyon	<i>Beta Alpha.</i>
Stevens	<i>Sigma.</i>	Ohio State	<i>Theta Delta.</i>
St. Lawrence . . .	<i>Beta Zeta.</i>	De Pauw	<i>Delta.</i>
Colgate	<i>Beta Theta.</i>	Indiana	<i>Pi.</i>
Union	<i>Nu.</i>	Michigan	<i>Lambda.</i>
Columbia	<i>Alpha Alpha.</i>	Wabash	<i>Tau.</i>
Syracuse	<i>Beta Epsilon.</i>	Hanover	<i>Iota.</i>
Dickinson	<i>Alpha Sigma.</i>	Knox	<i>Alpha Xi.</i>
Johns Hopkins . .	<i>Alpha Chi.</i>	Beloit	<i>Chi.</i>
Pa. State College	<i>Alpha Upsilon.</i>	University of Iowa .	<i>Alpha Beta.</i>
Lehigh	<i>Beta Chi.</i>	Chicago	<i>Lambda Rho.</i>
Hampton-Sidney .	<i>Zeta.</i>	Iowa Wesleyan .	<i>Alpha Epsilon.</i>
North Carolina . .	<i>Eta Beta.</i>	Wisconsin	<i>Alpha Pi.</i>
Virginia	<i>Omicron.</i>	Northwestern	<i>Rho.</i>
Davidson	<i>Phi Alpha.</i>	Minnesota	<i>Beta Pi.</i>
Richmond	<i>Alpha Kappa.</i>	Westminster	<i>Alpha Delta.</i>
Centre	<i>Epsilon.</i>	Kansas	<i>Alpha Nu.</i>
Cumberland	<i>Mu.</i>	California	<i>Omega.</i>
Vanderbilt	<i>Beta Lambda.</i>	Denver	<i>Alpha Zeta.</i>
Texas	<i>Beta Omicron.</i>	Nebraska	<i>Alpha Tau.</i>
Miami	<i>Alpha.</i>	Missouri	<i>Zeta Phi.</i>



Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.

Alpha Chi Chapter.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1839.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1878.

CHAPTER HOUSE—1015 LINDEN AVENUE.

Fratres in Facultate.

Thos. S. Baker.

A. P. Faust.

John G. Clark.

J. Elbright Gilpin.

Charles P. Sigerfoos.

Fratres in Universitate.

George Cox.

Ernest A. Smith.

Clyde B. Furst.

Charles F. Woods, Jr.

Arthur L. Lamb.

Frank M. Fulton.

C. W. Prettyman.

William W. McCulloh.

Albert M. Reese. *Medic' Sci.*

Clement A. Penrose.

George Shipley.

Henry R. Slack.

Joseph H. Howard.

Philip S. Evans, Jr.

Active Members.

GRADUATES.

George Melville Bolling.

George Lefevre.

Reid Hunt.

Braniz M. Roszel.

UNDERGRADUATES.

Alfred Dearing Harden, '96.

Charles K. Winne, Jr., '97.

James Eustace Shaw, '96.

James M. Thompson, '97.

A. Raymond Stevens, '96.

Edward L. Palmer, Jr., '98.

Russell R. Burt, '97.

John Howard Palmer, '98.

Theodore M. Leary, '97.

Vincent Adams Renouf, '98.

George B. Scholl, '98.

Fratres in Urbe.

Dr. Delano Ames.

Randolph Barton, Jr.

Dr. E. C. Applegarth.

Dr. W. Bolgiano.

L. F. Appold.

Philip Bethel Boude.

Alfred Bagby.

Daniel L. Brinton.

Charles G. Baldwin.

Frank R. Butler.

Dr. Powhatan Clarke.	John P. Fleming.
Robert C. Cole, Jr.	A. Gibbony.
T. R. Larus.	Edgar Goodman.
Dr. F. W. Latham.	Hon. William A. Hanaway.
John Loney.	Randolph Isaacs.
John D. Lord, Jr.	J. Hemsley Johnson.
John H. Lour.	Bayley K. Kirkland.
William L. Marbury.	Dr. E. S. Lambdin.
Dr. J. N. McKenzie.	Benjamin B. Shreeves.
Waldo Newcomer.	Charles E. Simon, M. D.
Dr. T. R. Page.	Willoughby M. Smith.
Charles B. Penrose.	Charles D. Smoot.
William H. Perkins, Jr.	Lester L. Stevens.
James Reaney, Jr.	Rev. Dr. H. Allen Tupper.
Rev. George Scholl.	G. B. Walde.
Samuel H. Sessions.	Dr. W. F. Watson.
Henry Shirk, Jr.	Rev. Edward E. Weaver.
Vernon Cook.	Henry H. Wiegand.
W. W. Cotton.	Rev. T. M. Wilbur.
John W. Detrick.	Henry W. Williams.
Dr. A. R. L. Dohme.	Dr. John R. Winslow.
T. I. Elliott.	Rev. L. B. Wilson.

Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity.

Chapter Roll.

Pennsylvania Alpha,
Virginia Alpha,
Virginia Beta,
Pennsylvania Beta,
Pennsylvania Gamma,
Pennsylvania Epsilon,
Virginia Gamma,
Mississippi Alpha,
Pennsylvania Zeta,
Pennsylvania Eta,
Ohio Alpha,
Illinois Alpha,
Indiana Alpha,
Ohio Beta,
District of Columbia Alpha,
New York Alpha,
Pennsylvania Theta,
Indiana Beta,
Indiana Gamma,
Kansas Alpha,
Michigan Alpha,
Pennsylvania Iota,
Maryland Alpha,
Ohio Delta,
Wisconsin Gamma,
New York Beta,
Minnesota Beta,
New York Epsilon,
Pennsylvania Kappa,
West Virginia Alpha,
New York Gamma,
Iowa Alpha,
California Beta,
New York Zeta,
Illinois Beta,
Nebraska Alpha,
Massachusetts Alpha,

Washington and Jefferson College, 1852
University of Virginia, 1853
Washington and Lee University, 1855
Allegheny College, 1855
Bucknell University, 1855
Pennsylvania College, 1855
Hampden-Sidney College, 1855
University of Mississippi, 1857
Dickinson College, 1859
Franklin and Marshall College, 1860
Ohio Wesleyan University, 1861
Northwestern University, 1864
De Pauw University, 1865
Wittenberg College, 1866
Columbian University, 1868
Cornell University, 1869
Lafayette College, 1869
Indiana University, 1869
Wabash College, 1870
University of Kansas, 1876
University of Michigan, 1876
University of Pennsylvania, 1877
Johns Hopkins University, 1879
Ohio State University, 1880
Beloit College, 1881
Syracuse University, 1884
University of Minnesota, 1887
Colgate University, 1888
Swarthmore College, 1889
University of West Virginia, 1890
Columbia College, 1891
Iowa University, 1891
Leland Stanford University, 1892
Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, 1893
University of Chicago, 1893
University of Nebraska, 1894
Amherst College, 1895

Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity.



Maryland Alpha Chapter.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1852.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1879.

CHAPTER HOUSE—919 N. CHARLES STREET.

Members in Academic Staff.

J. W. Bright.

W. W. Randall.

E. R. L. Gould.

Woodrow Wilson.

Active Members.

GRADUATES.

George S. Maynard.

Thomas Dobbin Penniman.

William Alexander Eckles.

MEDICAL STUDENTS.

William S. Baer.

Thomas Wood Hastings.

Percy M. Dawson.

James F. Mitchell.

Lawrason Brown.

Edward Spiller Oliver.

Eugene L. Opie.

CLASS OF NINETY-SIX.

C. Harwood Knight.

Arthur Webster Machen, Jr.

Robert Lacy.

Jasper A. McCaskell.

CLASS OF NINETY-SEVEN.

F. Harry Baetjer.

Warfield Theobald Longcope.

Robert Ernest Belknap.

Andrew D. Jones, Jr.

CLASS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

Samuel Woodson Venable, Jr.

Fratres in Urbe.

*EXCLUSIVE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE PHI KAPPA PSI ALUMNI ASSOCIATION,
TO BE FOUND ON ANOTHER PAGE.*

William Baker.

J. Edward Bird.

B. F. Ball.

J. S. Bridges.

Lewis M. Barron.

J. B. Brockenbrough.



W. B. Brooks.	Jesse W. Lazear.
William McC. Busey.	J. L. G. Lee.
Edward C. Carrington.	William D. Lilly.
Charles B. Clark.	Francis H. Long.
Rev. Lucien Clark.	Isaac McCurley.
William Cline, Jr.	J. W. Morris.
Warren H. Crampton.	R. H. Murphy, Jr.
J. T. Crane.	J. G. Pitts.
J. M. Cummings.	Albert Ritchie.
J. A. Fisher.	W. S. Roose.
Dr. S. J. Fork.	A. Rowland.
D. H. Gardner.	J. W. Sanders.
George Gott.	Abraham Sharp.
Basil B. Gordon.	F. G. Shufelt.
Douglas H. Gordon.	S. D. Schmucker.
William J. Guard.	J. C. Stewart.
J. L. Hall.	J. M. Thomas.
R. J. Hastings.	R. M. Venable.
William S. Hilles.	William Whipp.
Chas. C. Henshen.	J. F. Williams.
H. S. Johnson.	J. H. Wilmer.
Julian S. Jones.	C. R. Winterson.
William Knox.	A. H. Zimmerman.

Phi Kappa Psi Alumni Association.



Members.

C. J. Armstrong.	P. M. Leakin.
William H. Bayless.	Lloyd Lowndes.
W. H. Bosley.	John T. Mason of R.
H. J. D. Bowdoin.	Alan McLane, Jr.
Alexander Brown.	Robert M. McLane.
T. Morris Brown.	George D. Penniman.
Herbert M. Brune.	William B. Penniman.
Rev. J. C. Burke.	John Pleasants.
Horace Burrough, Jr.	Richard H. Pleasants.
George Carey.	S. Johnson Poe.
Nielson P. Carey.	Rev. P. M. Prescott.
J. Howell Carroll.	Dr. George J. Preston.
Harry M. Clabaugh.	Daniel R. Randall.
W. K. Cromwell.	Ralph Robinson.
Paul J. Dashiell.	Robert C. Reuling.
William A. Dixon.	Alan P. Smith, Jr.
E. J. Farber.	Nathan Ryno Smith.
H. J. Farber.	Frank S. Thomas.
Charles Frick.	J. Ridgeway Trimble.
D. Sterret Gittings.	R. W. Tunstall.
W. L. Glenn.	W. B. Tunstall.
D. Dorsey Guy.	G. Frank Turner.
R. M. Haxall.	A. C. Watkins.
C. M. Howard.	W. Wallace Whitelock.
William S. Hilles.	John F. Williams.
B. H. James.	Hiram Woods.
Benjamin Kurtz.	T. K. Worthington.
F. Albert Kurtz.	

Delta Phi Fraternity.



Chapter Roll.

Alpha,	Union College.
Beta,	Brown University.
Gamma,	University of New York.
Delta,	Columbia College.
Epsilon,	Rutgers College.
Zeta,	Harvard College.
Eta,	University of Pennsylvania.
Lambda,	Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.
Nu,	Lehigh University.
Xi,	Johns Hopkins University.
Omicron,	Sheffield Scientific School.
Pi,	Cornell University.

Delta Phi Fraternity.



FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1827.

CHAPTER FOUNDED AT JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, 1885.

CHAPTER HOUSE—720 N. HOWARD STREET.

Members.

GRADUATES.

Samuel V. Hoffman.

Stuart Symington Janney.

CLASS OF NINETY-SIX.

George H. Hodges.

Henry Pickering Parker.

Albert Cabell Ritchie.

CLASS OF NINETY-SEVEN.

William L. Hodges.

CLASS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

Laurence Hall Fowler.

Stephen Paul Harwood.

James Alfred Kennard.



Delta Phi Club.



HENRY OLIVER THOMPSON, *President.*

J. PEMBROKE THOM, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Fratres in Urbe.

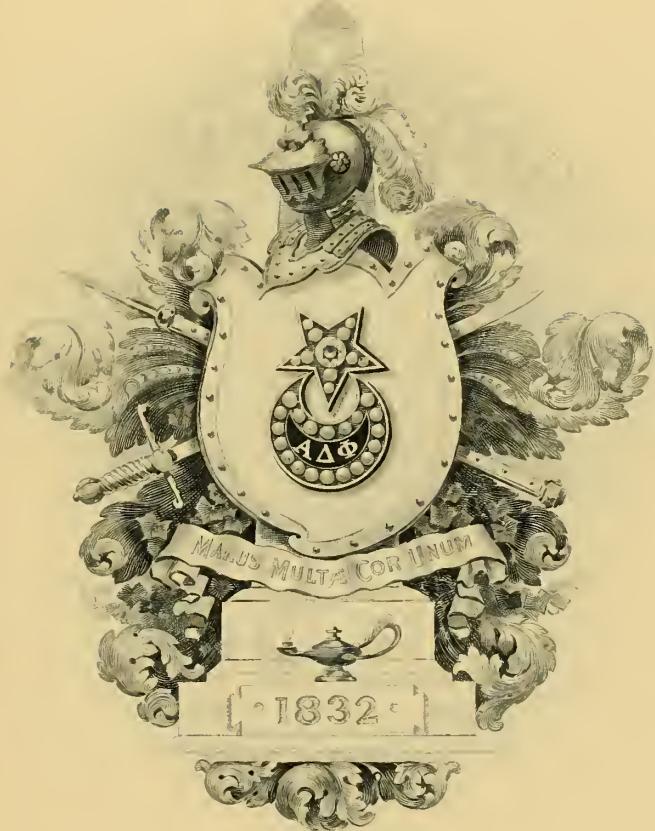
A. Duvall Atkinson, M. D.	William B. Paca.
J. J. Blandin.	John Donaldson Parker.
James Page Brown.	Robert Bogardus Parker.
Arthur L. Browne.	Edward B. Passano.
William H. Browne, Jr.	James Piper.
Sidney H. Browne.	Alfred W. Pleasants.
Lawrence W. Clark.	Harry B. Price.
Albert N. Connell.	William Reed.
Lewis Warrington Cottman.	Arnold K. Reese.
Frank Daves.	Edward Rust.
George W. Dobbin, M. D.	James Ernest Stokes, M. D.
Robert Archibald Dobbin.	William Royal Stokes, M. D.
Edward McCulloh Fisher.	John F. Symington.
Thomas B. Harrison.	R. T. Taylor, M. D.
Roland B. Harvey.	Joseph Pembroke Thom, Jr.
Benjamin C. Howard.	Douglas C. Turnbull.
Thomas C. Jenkins.	E. McE. Van Ness, M. D.
Irvine Keyser.	Ross W. Whistler.
Henry Waters Kennard.	Thomas D. Whistler.
Osmun Latrobe, Jr.	William Whitridge.
Eugene Levering, Jr.	Pere L. Wickes, Jr.
H. C. Nitze.	R. Gordon Williams.
J. Harry O'Donovan, M. D.	J. Whitridge Williams, M. D.

Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity.



Chapter Roll.

Hamilton,	Hamilton College,	1832
Columbia,	Columbia College,	1837
Yale,	Yale University,	1837
Amherst,	Amherst College,	1837
Brunonian,	Brown University,	1837
Harvard,	Harvard University,	1837
Hudson,	Adelbert College,	1841
Bowdoin,	Bowdoin College,	1841
Dartmouth	Dartmouth College,	1845
Peninsular,	University of Michigan,	1846
Rochester,	University of Rochester,	1850
Williams,	Williams College,	1851
Manhattan,	College of the City of New York,	1855
Middletown,	Wesleyan University,	1856
Kenyon,	Kenyon College,	1858
Union,	Union College,	1859
Cornell,	Cornell University,	1869
Phi Kappa,	Trinity College,	1878
Johns Hopkins,	Johns Hopkins University,	1889
Minnesota,	University of Minnesota,	1892
Toronto,	University of Toronto,	1893



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Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity.



Johns Hopkins Chapter.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1832.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1889.

CHAPTER HOUSE—1002 CATHEDRAL STREET.

Fratres in Universitate.

FRATRES IN FACULATE.

Daniel C. Gilman.	Charles L. Poor.	Bernard C. Steiner.
Wm. B. Clark.	Joseph S. Ames.	W. J. A. Bliss.

GRADUATES.

Arthur Henry Baxter, J. H. U., '94.	Gordon Jennings Laing, Uni-
Matthew Maury Corbin, V. M. I., '94.	versity of Toronto, '91.

Medical School.

Humphrey Warren Buckler, J. H. U., '95.	Jacob Hall Pleasants, Jr., J. H. U., '95.
Henry Taylor Marshall, J. H. U., '94.	Wm. Whitridge Williams, J. H. U., '95.

UNDERGRADUATES.

Class of Ninety-Six.

Edwin Delaplaine Nelson.	John Hanson Thomas.
--------------------------	---------------------

Class of Ninety-Seven.

Edward Maguire Adams.	Ira Mallory Remsen.
Herbert Henry Adams.	Louis Marshall Warfield, Jr.
Michael Ernest Jenkins.	Dudley Williams.
Louis Charles Lehr.	

Class of Ninety-Eight.

Duncan Kenner Brent.	Frederick Williamson Smith.
Conway Shaler Hodges.	Robert Marsden Smith.
David Gregg McIntosh.	Victor Edgeworth Smith.
Edward Ayrault Robinson.	William Plunkett Stewart.

Class of Ninety-Nine.

Karl Jungbluth.	Charles Mallory Remsen.
Marion Jungbluth.	George Canby Robinson.
Joshua Eugene Levering.	

Fratres in Urbe.

Adolph H. Ahrens.	E. Parkin Keech.
Theo. G. Ahrens.	William Keyser, Jr.
W. H. Anderson.	H. McElderry Knower.
Walter H. Baldwin.	Richard H. Lawrence.
William S. Blackford.	Rev. Dwight E. Lyman.
Leigh Bonsal.	Ellis B. Long.
Jeffrey R. Brackett.	John D. McDonald.
George S. Brown.	Henry R. Micks.
Shellman R. Brown.	Louis W. Miles.
Carter Bowie.	Wm. R. Molinard.
Rev. Jno. P. Campbell.	George C. Morrison.
Samuel S. Carroll.	Edwin F. Northrup.
Bernard M. Carter.	J. E. H. Post.
Charles H. Carter.	J. Alex. Preston.
Rev. Geo. C. Carter.	Howard B. Shipley.
Shirley Carter.	J. D. Smith.
Charles A. Conrad.	C. Bohn Slingluff.
Samuel C. Donaldson.	R. Clinton Smith.
William L. Devries.	Edgar S. Smith.
Miles Farrow.	Charles M. Stewart, Jr.
LeRoy Gresham.	Gustav L. Stewart.
Benjamin H. Griswold.	John Stewart, Jr.
Benjamin H. Griswold, Jr.	Redmond C. Stewart.
G. Blayden Hazelhurst.	Felix R. Sullivan.
Charles E. Hill.	Samuel Theobald, Jr.
J. S. Hodges.	James Thompson.
Rowland W. Hodges.	Douglas H. Thomas, Jr.
G. G. Hooper.	J. A. Tompkins, Jr.
Hugh J. Jewett, Jr.	Edwin L. Turnbull.
C. W. L. Johnson.	Rev. W. F. Watkins, Jr.
Rev. Franklin Wilson.	Julian LeRoy White.

Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.



Chapter Roll.

Alleghany College.	Pennsylvania State College.
Bethel College.	Pennsylvania College.
Bucknell University.	Richmond College.
Colgate University.	Roanoke College.
College City of New York.	Trinity College.
Columbia College.	Union College.
Cornell University.	University of California.
Denison University.	University City of New York.
DePauw University.	University of Kansas.
Hampden-Sidney College.	University of Michigan.
Hanover College.	University of Minnesota.
Illinois Wesleyan University.	University of North Carolina.
Indiana State University.	University of Pennsylvania.
Johns Hopkins University.	University of Tennessee.
Knox College.	University of Virginia.
Lafayette College.	University of Wisconsin.
Lehigh University.	Wabash College.
Leland Stanford University.	Washington and Lee University.
Marietta College.	Washington and Jefferson College.
Massachusetts Inst. Technology.	Wittenburg College.
Muhlenburg College.	William Sewell College.
Ohio State University.	Wooster University.
Ohio Wesleyan University.	Worcester Polytechnic Institute.
	Yale University.

Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.



Beta Mu Chapter.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1848.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1891.

CHAPTER HOUSE—914 McCULLOH STREET.

Fratres in Universitate.

GRADUATES.

Charles Benton Cannaday.

William Albert Nitze.

James Graham Hardy.

Guy Carleton Lee.

George Philip Krapp.

Garnett Ryland.

Campbell Easter Waters.

Class of Ninety-Six.

Malcolm Wescott Hill.

Frederick Howard Warfield.

Class of Ninety-Seven.

Charles Keyser Edmunds.

Josiah Morris Slemmons.

Lawrence Alexander Naylor.

Samuel Hamilton Spragins.

Frank Hart Phelps.

George William Warren.

Henry Merriman Wilson.

Class of Ninety-Eight.

William Randle Hubner.

Jacob Forney Young.

Fratres in Urbe.

Rev. Chas. S. Albert

Nathan D. Hynson.

W. Scott Amoss.

George E. Ijams.

Robert F. Brent.

Lloyd L. Jackson, Jr.

Howard Cassard.

Rev. B. F. Jones.

F. Henry Copper.

Clement Marsh.

Charles H. Dickey.

W. Goldsborough Maxwell.

James Swann Frick.

Frank V. Rhodes.

Rev. D. Frank Garland.

M. A. Sherretts.

James H. Giese.

J. Chambers Weeks.

Alfred B. Giles, M. D.

Otto B. Weik.

Stephen C. Harry.

Frank West, M. D.



Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.



Beta Mu Alumni Association.

W. CALVIN CHESTNUT, *President.*

CHARLES E. PHELPS, JR., *Vice-President.*

HARRY HARKEN HUBNER, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Members.

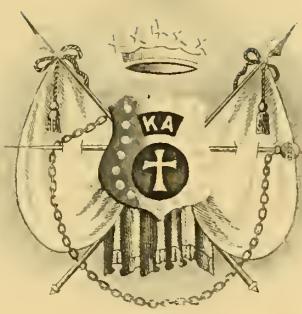
Newton D. Baker.	William H. Mulliken.
E. Chauncey Baugher	John Phelps.
James E. Carr, Jr.	Charles E. Phelps, Jr.
W. Calvin Chestnut.	J. Hurst Purnell.
John W. Corning.	B. Howard Richards.
J. Hooper Edmondson.	William K. Robinson, M. D.
William W. Edmondson, Jr.	John Andrew Robinson.
Arthur D. Foster.	Norman Rogers.
R. Carll Foster.	Frank S. Taylor.
Harry H. Hubner.	J. Ogle Warfield.
James E. Ingram, Jr.	Franklin G. Upshur.

Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

(SOUTHERN.)

Chapter Roll.

Alpha,	Southern University,	1882
Beta,	Vanderbilt University,	1883
Gamma,	Tulane University,	1883
Delta,	Centre College,	1883
Epsilon,	University of the South,	1884
Zeta,	University of Alabama,	1885
Eta,	Lousiana State University,	1886
Theta,	William Jewell College,	1887
Iota,	Southwestern Presbyterian University,	1887
Kappa,	William and Mary,	1890
Lambda,	Westminster College,	1890
Nu,	<i>Sub Rosa</i> ,	1891
Xi,	Centenary College,	1891
Omicron,	Missouri State University,	1891
Pi,	Johns Hopkins University,	1891
Rho,	Millsaps College,	1893
Sigma,	Columbian University,	1894
Upsilon,	University of California,	1895
Phi,	Arkansas Industrial University,	1895
Chi,	Leland Stanford, Jr., University,	1895
Psi,	<i>Sub Rosa</i> ,	1868
Omega,	University of Georgia,	1868
Alpha-Alpha,	Wofford College,	1869
Alpha-Beta,	Emory College,	1869
Alpha-Gamma,	Randolph-Macon College,	1869
Alpha-Delta,	Richmond College,	1870
Alpha-Epsilon,	State College of Kentucky,	1871
Alpha-Zeta,	Furman University,	1872
Alpha-Eta,	Mercer University,	1873
Alpha-Theta,	University of Virginia,	1873
Alpha-Iota,	Alabama A. and M. College,	1883
Alpha-Kappa,	Southwestern University,	1883
Alpha-Lambda,	University of Texas,	1883
Alpha-Mu,	South Carolina College,	1881
Alpha-Nu,	University of Tennessee,	1883
Alpha-Xi,	Davidson College,	1880
Alpha-Omicron,	University of North Carolina,	1881
Alphi-Pi,	Washington and Lee University,	1865



Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

(SOUTHERN.)



Alpha Lambda Chapters.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1865.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1891.

CHAPTER HOUSE—1119 BOLTON STREET.

Fratres in Universitate.

FRATRES IN FACULATE.

G. Fonger DeHaan.

Hugo Paul Thieme.

GRADUATES.

T. F. P. Cameron.

Daniel A. Penick.

J. A. C. Chandier.

James W. Reid.

Francis Mallory.

J. M. S. Waring.

Henry S. West.

UNDERGRADUATES.

Class of Ninety-Six.

John M. West.

Class of Ninety-Seven.

George L. P. Radcliffe.

A. F. Sellhausen.

J. Albert Underhill.

Class of Ninety-Eight.

Frank Jaclard Clunet.

Fratres in Urbe.

Dr. S. Z. Ammen.

G. W. Hodgson,

G. L. Andres.

W. H. Kilpatrick.

Edward B. Anderson.

John C. Patrick.

Julius Blume.

W. M. Redwood.

W. S. Brown.

W. A. Montgomery.

Edwin Burgess.

F. G. Wilson.

W. Zemp.

Members of Fraternities not Represented by Chapters at the University.



A. T. Ω.

Julian Huguenin.

Nathan Allen Pattillo.

Δ. K. E.

Roy S. Richardson.

C. A. Savage.

Arthur S. Haggett.

George Otis Smith.

C. A. Adams.

George B. Shattuck.

Δ. T. Δ.

David H. Holmes.

Δ. Y.

Robert J. Hughes.

S. S. Kingsbury.

John Carleton Sherman.

Z. Ψ.

Charles B. Wilson.

Π. K. A.

Howard B. Arbuckle.

K. A.

(NORTHERN.)

Nathaniel E. Griffin.

Roger Griswold Perkins.

Σ. A. E.

Morris L. Barr.

Hardee Chambliss.

Σ. N.

F. S. Conant.

C. N. McBryde.

J. M. McBryde, Jr.

Σ. X.

James Holdsworth Gordon.

T. B. II.

Lyman J. Briggs.

Φ. Δ. Θ.

E. C. Armstrong.
R. M. Bagg.

G. L. Hunner.
E. L. Findley.

Φ. Θ. Ψ.

Glanville Y. Rusk.

Frank R. Rutter.
E. Emmet Reid.

Φ. K. E.

J. B. Walker.

X. Ψ.

Reginald H. Griffith.

Ψ. Y.

G. Briggs Lynes.

Roll of Chapters.

A	of Maine, Bowdoin College	1829
B	of Maine, Colby University	1895
A	of New Hampshire, Dartmouth College	1787
A	of Vermont, University of Vermont	—
B	of Vermont, Middlebury College	—
A	of Massachusetts, Harvard University	1781
B	of Massachusetts, Amherst College	1853
Γ	of Massachusetts, Williams College	1864
Δ	of Massachusetts, Tufts College	—
A	of Rhode Island, Brown University	1829
A	of Connecticut, Yale University	1780
B	of Connecticut, Trinity College	1845
Γ	of Connecticut, Wesleyan University	1845
A	of New York, Union College	1819
B	of New York, University of the City of New York	—
Γ	of New York, College of the City of New York	—
Δ	of New York, Columbia University	—
E	of New York, Hamilton College	—
Z	of New York, Hobart College	—
H	of New York, Colgate University	—
Θ	of New York, Cornell University	1882
I	of New York, Rochester University	1883
K	of New York, Syracuse University	1895
A	of New Jersey, Rutgers College	—
A	of Pennsylvania, Dickinson College	1883
B	of Pennsylvania, Lehigh University	1886
Γ	of Pennsylvania, University of Pennsylvania	1892
Δ	of Pennsylvania, Lafayette College	1889
E	of Pennsylvania, Swarthmore College	1895
A	of Maryland, Johns Hopkins University	1895
A	of Virginia, William and Mary College	1776
A	of Ohio, Western Reserve University	—
B	of Ohio, Kenyon College	1858
Γ	of Ohio, Marietta College	—
A	of Indiana, De Pauw University	1889
A	of Illinois, Northwestern University	1889
A	of Iowa, University of Iowa	1895
A	of Kansas, University of Kansas	1889
A	of Nebraska, University of Nebraska	1895
A	of Minnesota, University of Minnesota	1892

Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Founded at William and Mary College, December 5, 1776.



Alpha Chapter of Maryland at the Johns Hopkins University Chartered September, 1895.

DANIEL C. GILMAN, *President.*

JAMES W. BRIGHT, *Vice-President.*

BERNARD C. STEINER, *Secretary.*

CHARLES LANE POOR, *Treasurer.*

Fratres in Facultate.

Daniel C. Gilman.	W. H. Howell.
J. S. Ames.	L. S. Hulbert.
T. S. Baker.	C. C. Marden.
Melvin Brandow.	E. B. Matthews.
James W. Bright.	C. W. E. Miller.
W. K. Brooks.	Charles Lane Poor.
W. B. Clarke.	Ira Remsen.
A. Cohen.	Sidney Sherwood.
Thomas Craig.	Kirby F. Smith.
A. B. Faust.	Edward H. Spieker.
J. E. Gilpin.	Bernard C. Steiner.
Edward H. Griffin.	J. M. Vincent.
E. R. L. Gould.	B. J. Vos.
	Minton Warren.

Fratres in Universitate.

C. A. Adams.	N. E. Dorsey.
E. J. Becker.	A. W. Elting.
L. Brown.	C. P. Emerson.
F. S. Conant.	P. S. Evans.
W. S. Davis.	W. W. Ford.
P. M. Dawson.	C. B. Furst.
W. D. Day.	L. P. Hamburger.

J. G. Hardy.	J. W. M. Knox, Jr.
G. O. James.	G. C. Lee.
M. Reizenstein.	G. B. Lynes.
F. R. Rutter.	J. P. Lyon.
C. C. Schenck.	J. F. Mohler.
G. O. Smith.	W. T. Matthews.
H. P. Theime.	W. A. Nitze.
E. L. White.	B. Newhall.
S. S. Janney.	Philip Ogden.
C. W. L. Johnson.	E. S. Oliver.
S. S. Kingsbury.	E. L. Opie.
H. McE. Knower.	C. W. Peppler.
	R. J. Perkins.

Fratres in Urbe.

R. J. Bayard.	S. H. Lauchheimer.
Charles J. Bonaparte.	W. H. Maltbie.
C. W. Bump.	M. M. Metcalf.
W. C. Chestnut.	J. M. Moses.
Josheph M. Cushing.	Joseph Packard, Jr.
W. W. Davis.	W. M. Pierce.
H. B. Dowell.	William Reynolds.
E. Frank.	E. T. Root.
Fabian Franklin.	A. J. Shriver.
T. P. Frost.	M. A. Soper.
H. Friedenwald.	S. H. Stein.
E. D. Freeman.	R. T. Taylor.
Samuel Hough.	H. S. Uhler.
J. Helmesley Johnson.	Nathan Thompson.

Societies Connected with the J. H. W.



Young Men's Christian Association.

Dr. Bernard C. Steiner, *President.*

G. O. Smith, *First Vice-President.*

J. Morris Slemmons, *Second Vice-President.*

William McClain, Jr., *Treasurer.*

J. A. Kalb, *Recording Secretary.*

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Dr. George H. Emmott, E. A. Smith,

M. L. Barr, J. E. Knipp,

Clyde B. Furst, *General Secretary.*

Naturalists' Field Club.

C. P. Sigerfoos, *President.* Dr. Bolling W. Barton, *Vice-President.*

Campbell E. Waters, *Secretary.*

Scientific Association.

Professor Ira Remsen, *President.*

Dr. Charles Lane Poor, *Secretary.*

Philological Association.

Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve, *President.*

Dr. Edw. H. Spieker, *Secretary.*

Archaeological Institute of America.

BALTIMORE BRANCH.

Daniel C. Gilman, *President.*

Basil L. Gildersleeve,

William W. Spence,

Arthur L. Frothingham, Jr.,

Kirby Flower Smith, *Secretary.*

Henry F. Thompson, *Treasurer.*

} *Vice-Presidents.*

University Club.

Basil L. Gildersleeve, *President.* Skipwith Wilmer, *Vice-President.*

Herbert B. Adams, *Secretary.*

William B. Wilson, *Treasurer.*

Johns Hopkins Hospital Societies.

Hospital Medical Society.

Simon Flexner, *President.*

Dr. J. G. Clark, *Secretary.*

Hospital Historical Club.

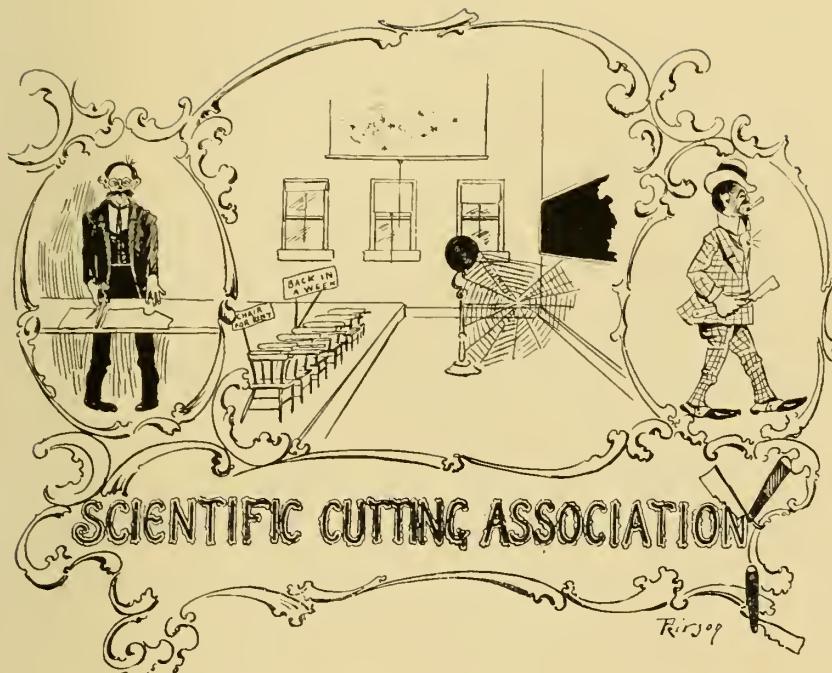
Dr. William Osler, *President.*

Dr. J. M. T. Finney, *Secretary.*

Hospital Journal Club.

Dr. L. F. Barker, *President.*





SCIENTIFIC CUTTING ASSOCIATION

Razor

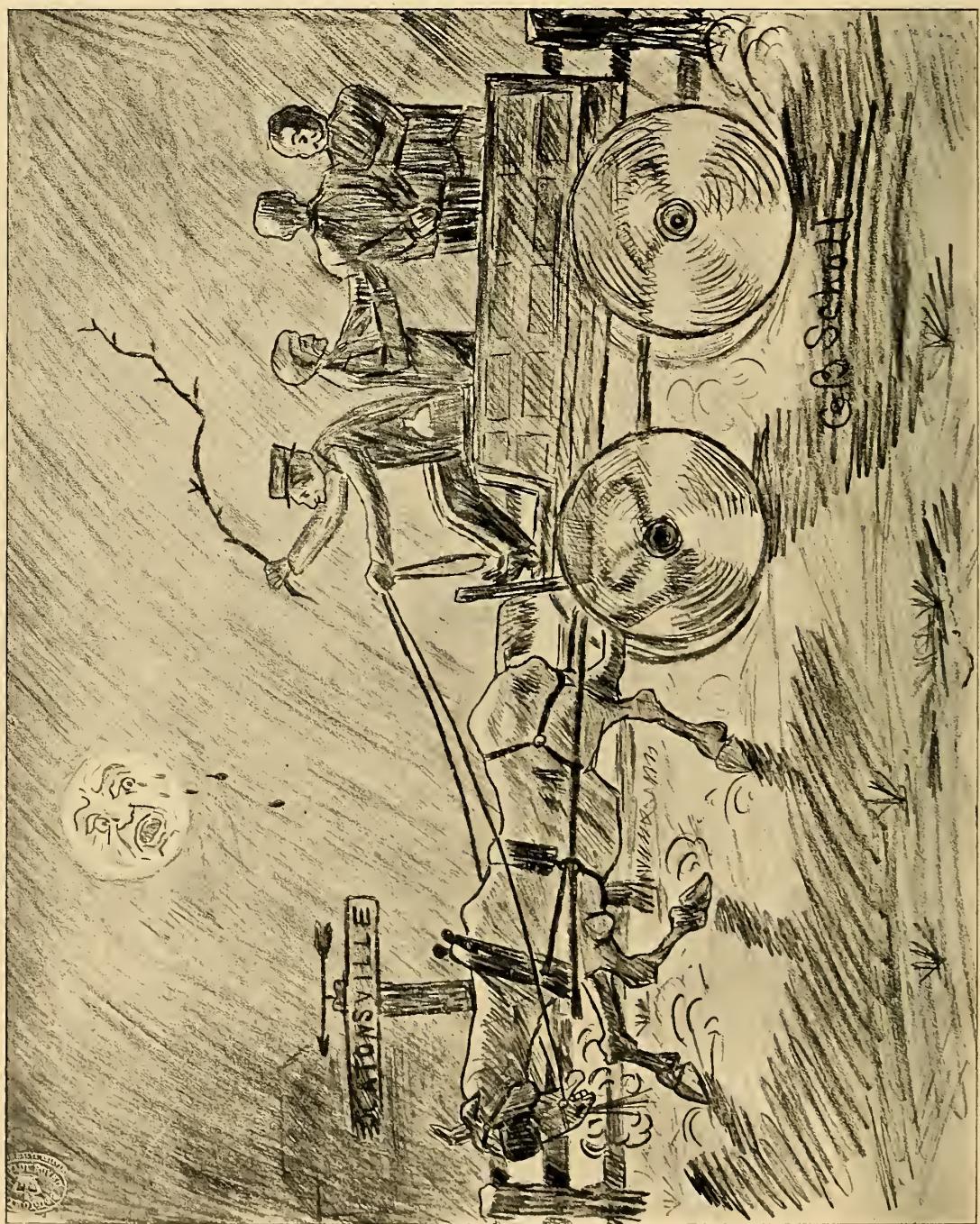
Honorary Member (*in active service*),

DR. C. L. P——R.



Members.

<i>Perpetual Cutter</i>	J. M. WEST.
<i>Editorial Clipper</i>	A. W. MACHEN, JR.
<i>Quizzing Cutter</i>	F. W. COLLIER.
<i>Wood Carver</i>	ROBT. LACY.
<i>Frog Dissector</i>	G. D. ELDREDGE.
<i>Ear Splitter</i>	C. E. DIEHL.
<i>Chief Grinder</i>	H. M. GASSMAN.
<i>Whiskers Trimmer</i>	L. F. SCHMECKEBIER.
<i>Razor Sharpener</i>	W. R. DORSEY.
<i>Carver of Greek Roots</i>	J. W. R. SUMWALT.



Katonsville Kidnapping Klub.

Motto:

NON ROGO SED CAPIO.

COLORS:—First, Brown; Last, Blue of Deepest Die.

MEMBERS.

“WILDE” “Osc.” LACKEY *Chief Cook and Fire Furnisher.*
LATE O. F. ALLEN *The Man With the Cuffs.*
“BOBBY” WARE *Chief Motorman and Ballast.*

KIDS WHO NAPPED.

“LITTLE BILLEE” LILLY *Gas Man and Growler-Getter.*
“LUCIUS” *Coal and Sigh Heaver.*

THE DEAR DEPARTED VICTIM
AND
MEMBER BY COURTESY,

“LAWRIE.”

He who's caught and runs away,
May yet be caught another day.

PROPERTIES.

1 Bow-Legged White Horse.	1 Empty Bird Cage.
1 Move Wagon.	1 Empty Pint (Thermometer 32°.)
3 Pair Handcuffs.	1 Moonlight Walk with Lawrie.
1 Moonlight Walk without Lawrie.	
Smiles—Mustaches—Frowns—Broken Hearts—Broken Bottles.	

ROUTE OF PROCESSION.

Mosher Street to Towson, thence by Frederick Road to Catonsville, resting at Calvert Station on return.

“SUPES.”

“HOO-RAY” STEVENS *Who Saws Wood.*
“HARD-UP” HARDEN *A Hot-Headed Henchman.*
“ANDSOME” ‘ODGES *A Wicious Willian.*

The biggest fish we ever caught,
Was the first that got away.

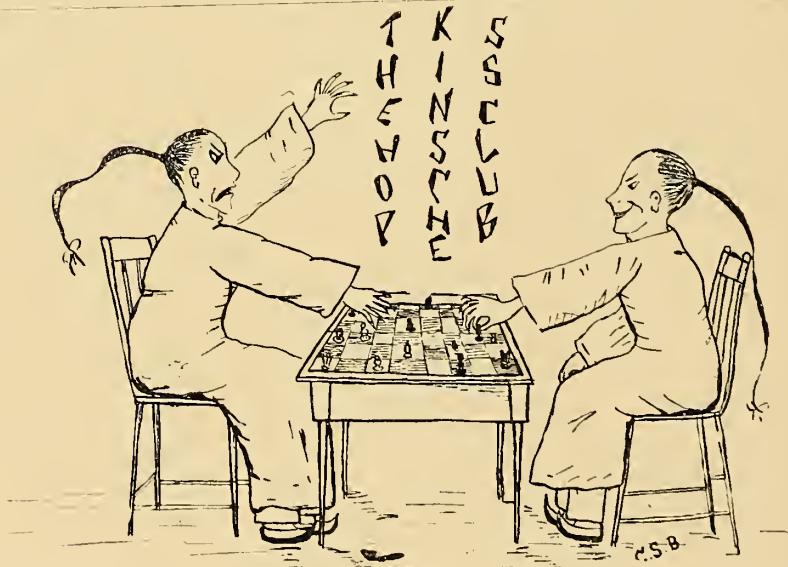


Johns Hopkins Church Club.



Archbishop J. A. WELBOURN.
Bishop A. D. GANTZ.
Deacon J. W. R. S. T. U. V. SUMWALT.
Sub-Deacon C. B. TORSCH.

Candidates on Probation, { F. W. COLLIER.
 } A. C. RITCHIE.
 } A. D. HARDEN.
 } F. A. KILLMON.

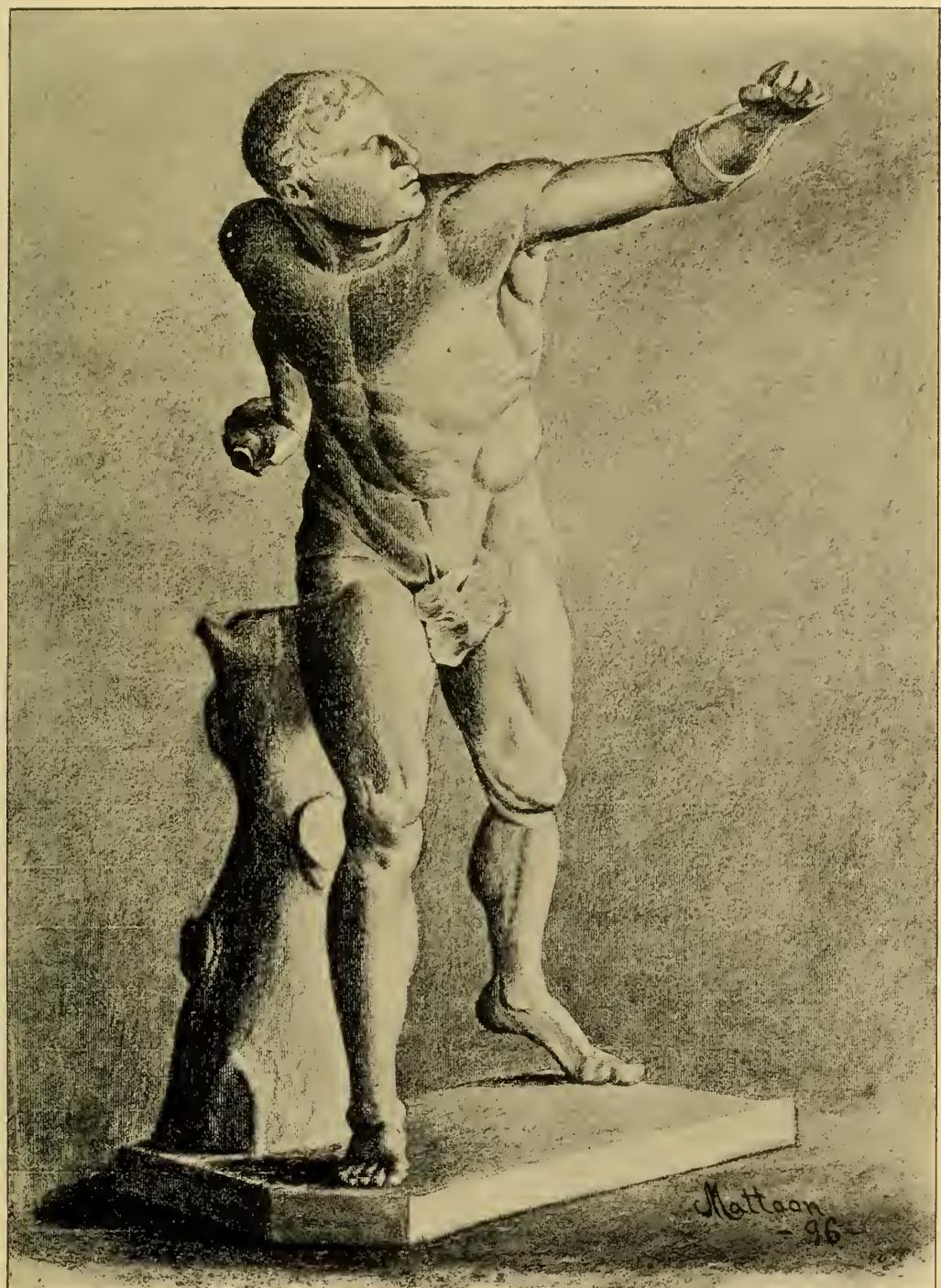


Officers.

President, A. D. HARDEN.

Secretary, C. B. TORSCH.

Treasurer, F. H. WARFIELD.



Matteoni
- 96

The General Athletic Association.



PROF. EDWARD RENOUF, *President.*

DR. J. BASCOM CRENSHAW, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

DELEGATES.

George C. Morrison, *Delegate from Alumni Association.*

Lawrason Brown, } *Delegate from Graduate Students.*
Brantz M. Roszel, }
Robert Lacy, '96.
J. Holdsworth Gordon, '96.
Alfred D. Harden, '96.
Wm. L. Hodges, '97.
Theodore M. Leary, '97.
George B. Scholl, '98.



INCE the organization of football, baseball and lacrosse into separate associations, the active work of the General Athletic Association has been especially concerned with the management of the annual in-door athletic exhibition, the spring tennis tournament, and track athletics. The annual indoor exhibition was held on the evening of March 28. It was in every respect a consummate success, due to the incessant faithful training of the participants, and to the tug-of-war, which was exciting and reminded one—although the Freshmen lost—how '96 won a Freshman inter-class contest.

Hopkins expects to be ably represented in the inter-collegiate relay races gotten up by the University of Pennsylvania. This is in the highest degree encouraging, and indicates an athletic revival whose results shall be far-reaching.

Hopkins athletics have reached a revivified and solid basis this Spring, and the most sure and pleasing result of this is to be found in the score of the first baseball game of the season—just played as we were going to press:

J. H. U.	13	Yale Law School	5
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The J. H. S. Football Association.



ALFRED D. HARDEN, *Manager.*

WILLIAM DIXON LILLY, *Treasurer.*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

George C. Morrison, *Chairman.*

S. S. Janney, '95.

J. Hanson Thomas, '95.

George H. Hodges, '96.

Wm. D. Lilly, '96.

The 'Varsity Foot Ball Team of 1895.

A. F. Sellhausen, *Center.*

G. H. Hodges, '96, *Right Guard.*

J. A. McCaskell, '96, *Right Tackle.*

Isador Deutsch, '96, *Right End.*

G. C. Robinson, '99, *Right End.*

A. Kennard, '98, *Left Guard.*

Fred. Smith, '98, *Left Guard.*

H. P. Shuter, '97, *Left Guard.*

S. S. Janney, '95, *Left Tackle.*

Lawrason Brown, '95, *Left Tackle.*

J. R. C. Armstrong, '97, *Left End.*

H. Todd Powell, '96, *Quarter Back.*

Henry M. Wilson, '97, *Right Half Back.*

S. S. Janney, '95, *Right Half Back.*

M. W. Hill (Capt.), '96, *Left Half Back.*

Ernest Du Brul, '96, *Full Back.*

A. R. Stevens, '96, *Full Back.*

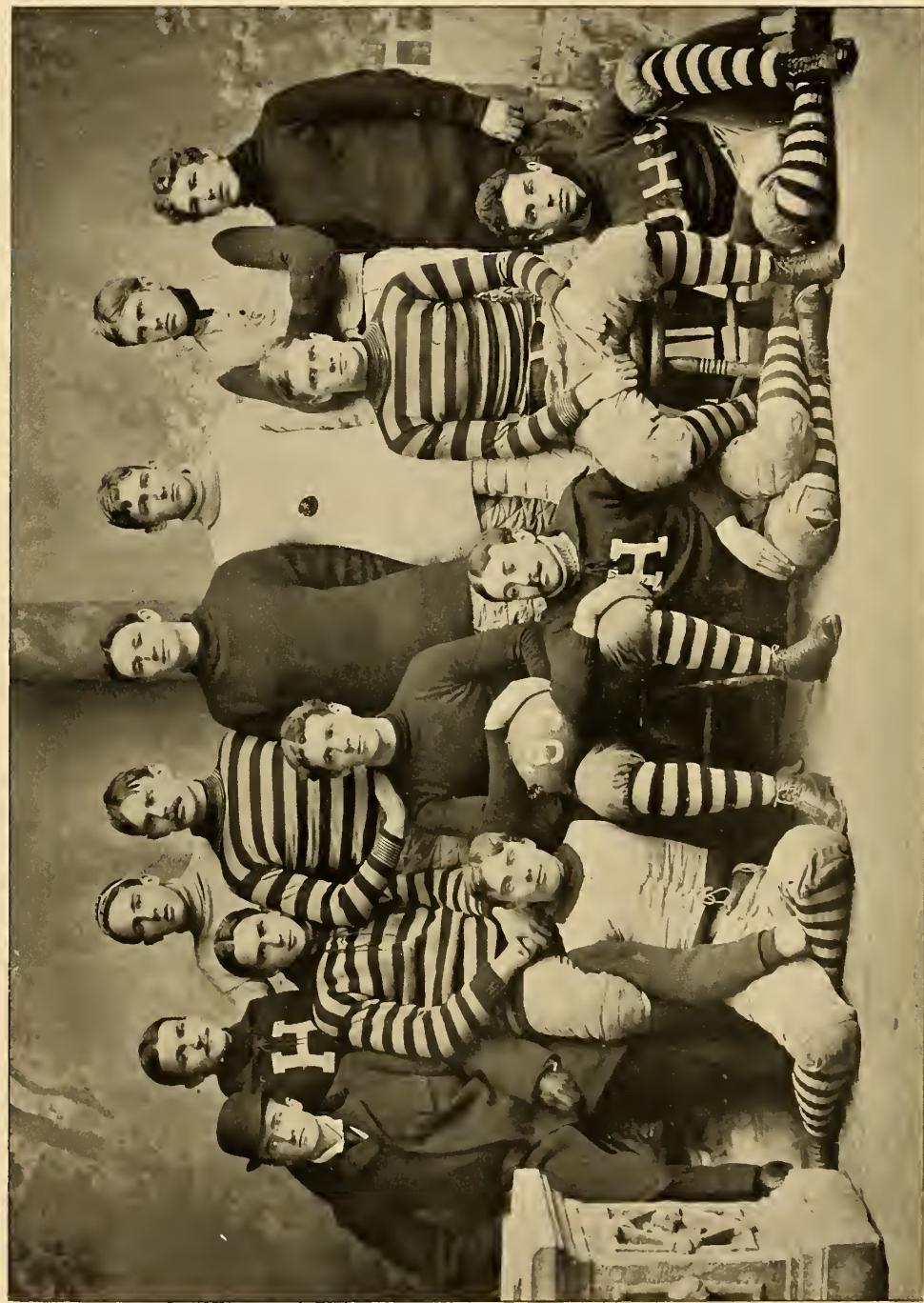
SUBSTITUTES.

E. D. Nelson, '96.

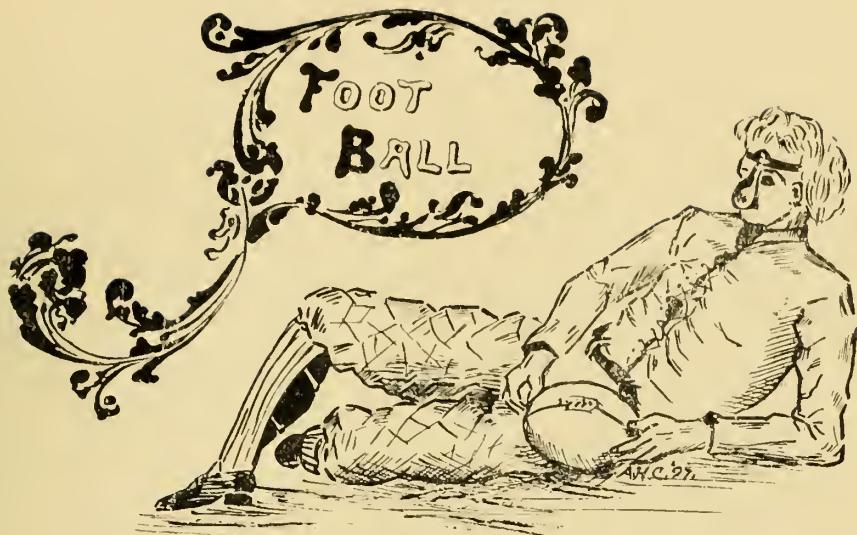
W. E. Strauss, '98.

Games Played.

Nov. 2—Hopkins vs. Haverford	14 to 4
Nov. 9—Hopkins vs. Swarthmore	14 to 28
Nov. 16—Hopkins vs. St. Johns	4 to 22
Nov. 23—Hopkins vs. St. Johns	0 to 18



HARDEN. NELSON. ARMSTRONG. HODGES. MCCASKELL. SMITH. KENNARD. ROBINSON.
DEUTSCH. WILSON. HILL. POWELL. STEVENS. STRAUSS.



THE season of 1895 opened under unfavorable auspices. The Board of Trustees had provided no athletic field, and the team of '94 had failed to elect a captain for the ensuing year, while but six games could be scheduled owing to the forced shortness of the season.

Early in the Fall, with the assistance of Mr. Allan McLane, President of the Alumni Association, the Football Association made strenuous efforts to secure a field for practice, and much time was lost in fruitless negotiations. At last, however, the Association joined with the Baltimore Athletic Club and succeeded in leasing Union Park. A meeting was immediately called, Malcolm W. Hill was elected Captain of the team, and it was decided to hold a mass-meeting of the students to raise money for the services of a coach, and to stimulate athletic interest generally.

The meeting was held October 19, and was a great success. Among the speakers were President Gilman, Edgar Allan Poe of Princeton, M. W. Hill and A. D. Harden. Great enthusiasm prevailed, subscriptions were liberal; and, much encouraged, the team settled down to hard work—more than a month behind the teams of other colleges. Under Captain Hill and Mr. Burlingame, of the University of Virginia, good offensive work was developed, but unfortunately, as it was with extreme difficulty and rarely that a scrub could be induced to come out, the defensive play suffered sadly.



Notwithstanding this, the strong Haverford team was defeated on November 2, and on November 9 the team went to Swarthmore to meet defeat at the hands of the umpire. Time and time again by magnificent work the ball was rushed to the Swarthmore ten and five-yard lines, and then given to Swarthmore for almost any reason, even those suggested from the side lines. A greater misfortune than the loss of such a game was the accident to Stevens, who received an injury which laid him off for the remainder of the season.

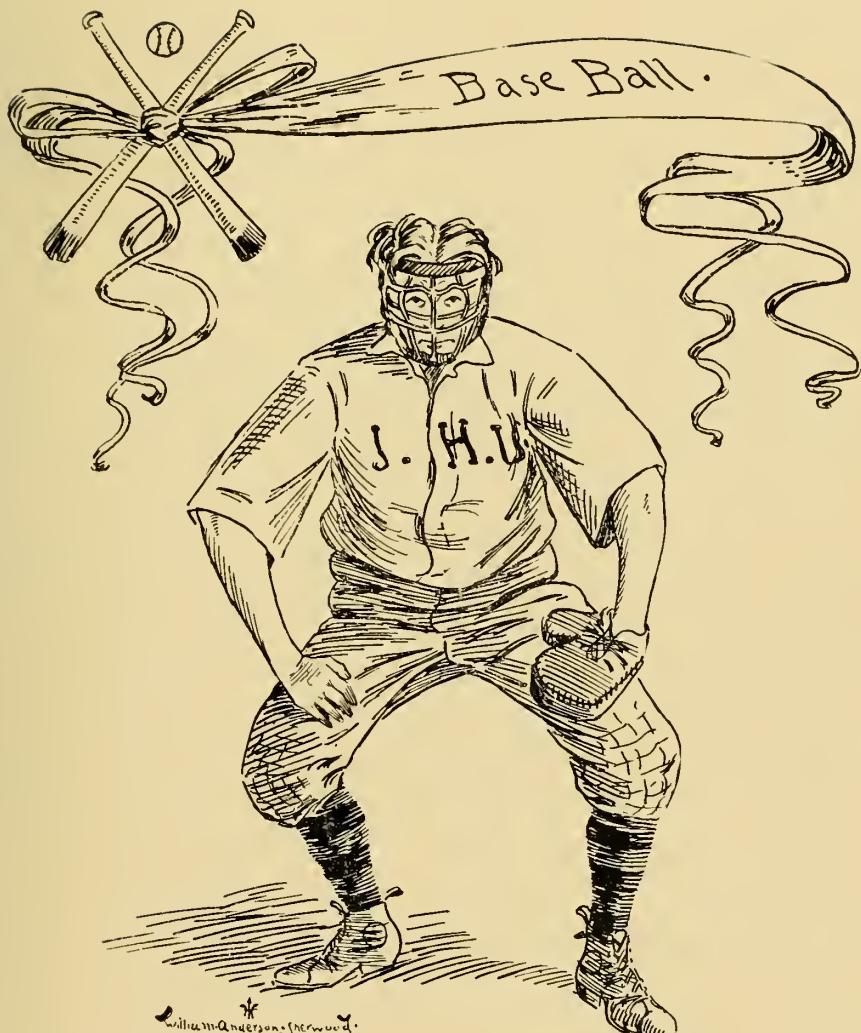
The team went into the St. Johns game handicapped by a substitute full-back and left-guard and with its team work crippled. It was only by the brilliant work of individual men and the stern, unyielding Hopkins spirit that the score was kept as low as it was.

The season was practically over after this game, although the schedule was finished by a return game with St. Johns, played by a hastily patched-up team, two men of which did not even know the signals.

In spite of this series of accidents and disasters, the year '95 should be a memorable one in the history of football at the J. H. U., for it showed clearly that the students, unaided, self-reliant, can, under favorable conditions, send out thoroughly coached and trained teams, and moreover, that whenever, or if ever, they have proper athletic facilities, the only bar to success in all branches of athletics will be their own sluggishness and failure to give practice to their teams.

The members of the team of '95 deserve the highest praise and warmest gratitude of the University. They have successfully lived over a serious crisis in Hopkins athletics, and undaunted by obstacles and defeats, struggling now with that grim determination that compels success, they have paved the way for the further advancement of the Black and Blue, in that by their true and earnest work they have proved a bright example for all who follow after.





William Anderson Sherman
1876



... Base Ball ...

1895.

THE 'VARSITY TEAM.

HENRY PICKERING PARKER, '96, *Manager.*

WILLIS SYLVESTER McCORNICK, '96, *Captain.*

L. Brown, *Catcher.*

W. L. Hodges, *Third Base.*

W. S. McCornick, }
A. B. Herrick, } *Pitchers.*

C. F. Beckwith, }
W. W. Williams, } *Short Stop.*

J. A. McCaskell, *First Base.*
O. F. Lackey, *Second Base.*

D. S. Pindell, *Left Field.*
E. D. Nelson, *Centre Field.*

W. W. Williams, }
A. B. Herrick, } *Right Field.*

SUBSTITUTES.

J. D. Parker. H. P. Parker. W. H. Forsythe. H. M. Wilson.

Games.

March 23—Johns Hopkins vs. Dobbin's Financial Team	16	to	9
April 3—Johns Hopkins vs. St. Johns	1	to	6
April 6—Johns Hopkins vs. University of Penna.	2	to	14
April 10—Johns Hopkins vs. Johns Hopkins Med. School	19	to	2
April 11—Johns Hopkins vs. Western Maryland College	15	to	7
April 17—Johns Hopkins vs. Washington College	6	to	7
April 26—Johns Hopkins vs. Dickinson College	5	to	11
May 4—Johns Hopkins vs. U. S. Naval Academy	6	to	12
May 8—Johns Hopkins vs. Georgetown	6	to	12
May 15—Johns Hopkins vs. Georgetown	3	to	26
Games Played			10
Games Won			3
Games Lost			7



THE baseball season opened very auspiciously, with considerable interest manifested by the dozen or more candidates, and it was thought that the enthusiasm of the players would be able to pull the team successfully through the season, so no coach was gotten for the team. But the zeal of the players was by no means contagious, and the students did not cheer them on in their practice work early in the Spring or in the match games of the season. Of course, this lack of support by the student-body was quite embarrassing to the manager, who was unable to arrange many desirable games owing to the lack of funds, and was not even able to provide many of the necessary articles for the team.

But enough of this "hard luck" story, and let us hope that the '96 Varsity will find many loyal supporters who will root faithfully for it, and by their interest help the team to fight till the last hand is out in the ninth, and then show their appreciation of good work in some other way than trying to find some excuse why the Hopkins won some isolated game.

The Baseball Association drew up a constitution in the Spring which created an executive committee composed as follows: President of the Athletic Association, ex-officio; two delegates from graduate students, and two delegates each from the Senior and Junior

classes, together with the Captain and Manager, who are elected by the executive committee, thus forming a governing board of nine members.

On November 14, 1895, the committee met and the following members were present of the Executive Committee of the Johns Hopkins Baseball Association:

President Athletic Association—Edward Renouf, Ph. D.
Graduate Delegates—Lawrason Brown, Wm. Whitridge Williams.
Delegates from Class '96—Robert Lacy, Henry Pickering Parker.
Delegates from Class '97—Henry M. Wilson, Ormin F. Selhausen.

These elected on that day the following officers for year 1895-96:

President—Wm. Whitridge Williams.

Vice-President—Lawrason Brown.

Secretary and Treasurer—William L. Hodges.

The formation of this Association marks a new era in the history of baseball at the Hopkins, and now the game is no longer entirely dependent on the allowance given by the Athletic Association for its financial support, but on the support of the students, every one of whom, if he has the slightest feeling for the national game at his honored Alma Mater, should become enrolled in its list.

After waiting quite awhile it was thought well by the executive committee to have the manager a member of the collegiate department, and the Captain of the '96 'Varsity a member of the Medical School, so on December 19, Alfred Dearing Harden, '96, the successful manager of the '95 'Varsity Football Team, was elected manager of the Baseball Club, but owing to the amount of work required in the Senior year he felt that it would be impossible for him to accept the position, and so resigned. Wm. L. Hodges, '97, was elected to fill the vacancy, and Wm. Whitridge Williams was elected Captain.

It is hoped that Captain Williams, being a medical student, will be able to get some of the excellent material which is in the Medical School to play regularly on the 'Varsity, thereby making the '96 'Varsity a very creditable team, if only some grounds can be secured to practice on in place of our old \$710,000.00 campus.

Johns Hopkins Lacrosse Team, 1895.



T. F. P. CAMERON, *Captain.* J. HALL PLEASANTS, JR., *Manager.*
DUDLEY WILLIAMS, *Assistant Manager.*

Team.

J. F. Mitchell, <i>Goal.</i>	S. S. Janney, <i>Centre.</i>
S. M. Cone, <i>Point.</i>	H. M. Wilson, } <i>3rd Attack.</i>
P. M. Dawson, <i>Cover Point.</i>	J. E. Shaw, } <i>2nd Attack.</i>
J. B. Crenshaw, <i>1st Defense.</i>	T. F. P. Cameron, <i>2nd Attack.</i>
A. K. Stevens, <i>2nd Defense.</i>	H. W. Kennard, <i>1st Attack.</i>
F. A. Lupton, <i>3rd Defense.</i>	M. B. Hill, <i>On-Home.</i>
G. H. Hodges, <i>In-Home.</i>	

Substitutes.

A. C. Bryan.	R. E. Belknap.	L. M. Warfield.
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Championship Games.

May 11—Johns Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Stevens	6 to 3
May 18—Johns Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Lehigh	0 to 5

Practice Game.

May 1—Johns Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Maryland Athletic Club . . .	10 to 0
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Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association.

(JOHNS HOPKINS, LEHIGH AND STEVENS)

B. M. McDonald (*Lehigh*), *President.*

Dudley Williams (*Johns Hopkins*), *Vice-President.*

W. H. Jennings, Jr. (*Stevens*), *Secretary and Treasurer.*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

M. W. Hill (<i>Johns Hopkins</i>).	O. G. MacKnight (<i>Lehigh</i>).
W. E. Mallalieu (<i>Stevens</i>).	



STEVENS, CRENSHAW,
DAWSON,

JANNEY,
TUFTON,
MITCHELL.

KENNARD,
CAMERON,

HODGES,
WILLIAMS,
WILSON,

HILL,

SHAW.

Lacrosse.



IT may be well to give a short account of the Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse Association before speaking of the Johns Hopkins Team.

This Association originally consisted of Harvard, Yale and Princeton. After a few years Harvard, being, as usual, a losing team, withdrew, and Yale soon after abandoned lacrosse, owing to the weak support given by the college. As the league now consisted of but one team (Princeton), Johns Hopkins, Stevens and Lehigh sent delegates to the convention to ask admission into the Association. Lehigh was turned down, and Stevens got in by a very close vote; but Johns Hopkins was unanimously admitted, which fact is naturally a source of pride to all Hopkins men. This was the University's first victory. When Princeton withdrew in the following year, Lehigh was admitted and the Association as present consists of Johns Hopkins, Stevens and Lehigh.

Since Hopkins has been in the League it has once held the championship, and in the other seasons has held second place.

There has recently been a marked revival of interest in the game, so that, besides the colleges in the Association, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Swarthmore and the Universities of New York and Maryland maintain teams.

The Hopkins team of '95 was, on the whole, good. The men began to practice and train about the 1st of April, and continued until after the last game in May. As a rule, the men make merely a pretense at training, to which cause are due the majority of defeats in other branches of athletics. The lacrosse men, however, with few exceptions, went into training on pledges, so that when the championship season came the men were in first-rate physical condition, and thus enabled to make a creditable showing. It is to be regretted that there was but one practice game, otherwise we should have had a much better chance for the championship.

We made a good beginning by an overwhelming defeat of the Maryland Athletic Club—score, 10—0. Our first championship game was with Stevens at Union Park; the fine condition of the team did the

work, and we defeated them in a beautifully-played game by a score of 6—3. Each man did his best, playing skilfully and hard. There were jolly times in Baltimore that night.

Next came our fatal trip to South Bethlehem. Several of our men were still in an injured condition after the hard-fought contest with Stevens, and the man who was the main stay of our attack was so seriously hurt that he was using a cane until just before the game. The team, realizing their disadvantages, went into the game expecting defeat, and they were not disappointed. We consoled ourselves, however, by thinking that we had beaten Stevens, the champions of '94, and that we held second place in the Association. This season has not yet opened, but judging from the number of promising men who have procured sticks, and are practising whenever the weather permits, the prospect seems particularly bright. We hope for the championship this year, and shall be satisfied with nothing less.



Our Hockey Team.



NE of the greatest drawbacks to hockey has been the inconvenience of the practice hours. After a man has studied until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, it is no slight matter to get out to the rink by 7 A. M. on two or three days in the week, and the only other hours for practice are from 10.30 to 12 o'clock at night, which is almost as inconvenient as the morning hours. Some more convenient time for practice should be arranged before another season.

Another thing which should be changed before another season is the attitude of the press toward the Hopkins team. Why the accounts of all the games should be so strongly in favor of the B. A. C. is something which should be explained. For example, one of the Baltimore papers had an account of a game in which B. A. C. defeated Hopkins by a score of 13 to 0. The defeated team happened to be that of the University of Maryland, instead of Hopkins, but it was all the same as far as the paper was concerned.

In nearly all of the accounts of the games the weak points of Hopkins' play have been contrasted as much as possible with the strong points of the opposing teams. That sort of thing *must* have an injurious effect upon Hopkins athletics. Let us see that Hopkins receives fair treatment by the press, both when playing against local teams and teams from a distance.

The same old trouble that has almost always been seen in Hopkins teams has not been entirely absent in the case of the Hockey team; that is, the lack of team work. In one game, however—the second Yale game—there was better team work shown than has been seen in Hopkins for some time, and the game was won by Yale (by one goal) purely and solely by the wonderful dodging of Capt. Malcolm Chace. Too much cannot be said in praise of our "scrubs." It is hard enough for a man who is sure of "making" the team to come out to practice twice a week at the unearthly hour of 7 A. M., but when a man comes out morning after morning, knowing that he has practically no chance, this year, of getting on the team, it shows that he has the right feeling toward athletics, and it is to be greatly hoped that this feeling may continue in other lines. As hockey is a good deal like lacrosse in principle, the latter team should be considerably strengthened by the practice many of the men have had through the winter.

The scores below indicate that even when defeated the Hockey team played a stubborn game and died hard:



1 MITCHELL. WILLIAMS.
NELSON.

BAGG.

LEARY.

SCHOOL. REESE. HILL.

The J. H. L. Hockey Team.

Dec. 12, '95—Johns Hopkins University <i>vs.</i> B. A. C. . .	0 to 0
Jan. 16, '96—Johns Hopkins University <i>vs.</i> B. A. C. . .	3 to 2
Feb. 1, '96—Johns Hopkins University <i>vs.</i> Yale . . .	2 to 2
Feb. 4, '96—Johns Hopkins University <i>vs.</i> B. A. C. . .	0 to 3
Feb. 12, '96—Johns Hopkins University <i>vs.</i> B. A. C. . .	1 to 1
Feb. 14, '96—Johns Hopkins University <i>vs.</i> Yale . . .	1 to 2
Feb. 21, '96—Johns Hopkins University <i>vs.</i> All Washington	8 to 0
Feb. 26, '96—Johns Hopkins University <i>vs.</i> B. A. C. . .	3 to 4
Mar. 4, '96—Johns Hopkins University <i>vs.</i> B. A. C. . .	

Team.

R. M. Bagg, *Left Wing.*
M. W. Hill, *Right Wing.*
A. M. Reese, *Point.*

E. D. Nelson, *1st Defense.*
S. A. Mitchell, *2nd Defense.*
W. W. Williams, *Cover Point.*
G. B. Scholl, *Goal.*

SUBSTITUTES.

H. M. Wilson.

M. M. Corbin.

MITCHELL, *Captain.*

SCHOLL, *Manager and Treasurer.*





THE resurrection of the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs from the ruins due to '94's graduation has supplied the lack of musical harmony so deeply felt in '95. The troubles of that year are too recent and well known to need anything but a passing reference, and a sigh of relief that they are all over; even now the ravages made by law and medicine upon the time of our would-be leaders dwell in the memories of us all.

But "every cloud has its silver lining," and this year an awakening came in the form of—shall we name it?—Freshmen! Well-trained even before their matriculation, these sons of '98 united with the older men to form two of the largest clubs that have ever represented Johns Hopkins, and what greater praise could be said of their work than that they fairly rival the old crowd of '94?

When we come to speak of trips—but let better tongues than mine relate. Who can describe an Easter tour—Old Point with its women and their money, and Norfolk with its women and their—well—good looks? Or who can do justice to quaint old Eastern Shore, with the hospitality of its drug stores? Even Annapolis, the "one-eyed city," has her officers' club.

These times are the jolliest of our college days, when we cast aside all our old troubles and forget the Dean's lectures and chemistry quizzes, and think only of the brighter sides of life, to the merry ring of banjo and guitar.



HILL,
RITCHIE.

F. W. SMITH. G. C. ROBINSON. V. E. SMITH. R. M. SMITH.
WARFIELD. MCINTOSH. FOWLER.

E. A. ROBINSON.
WILLIAMS.
PETERS.

REMSEN.
HUBNER.
BRENT.
CLUNET.

Johns Hopkins Banjo Club.



BANJEURINES.

R. M. Smith, *Leader of Banjo Club.*
J. G. Peters.
G. C. Robinson.
J. F. Young.

1ST BANJOS.

D. K. Brent. · Joshua Levering, Jr.

2ND BANJOS.

A. C. Ritchie. · D. G. McIntosh.

GUITARS.

E. A. Robinson, Jr. · F. W. Smith.
L. M. Warfield. · C. M. Remsen.
M. B. Hill.

MANDOLIN.

L. H. Fowler.

VIOLIN.

F. J. Clunet.



TAYLOR. HILL.
S. C. ROBINSON. V. E. SMITH.

WARFIELD.
HUBNER.

WILLIAMS.
PETERS.

E. A. ROBINSON.
WELBOURN.

REMSSEN.
FOWLER.

CLUNET.

Johns Hopkins Mandolin Club.



MANDOLINS.

J. G. Peters, *Leader of Mandolin Club.*
L. H. Fowler.
J. A. Welbourn.
J. F. Young.
G. C. Robinson.

GUITARS.

E. A. Robinson, Jr. L. M. Warfield.
F. W. Smith. C. M. Remsen.

FLUTE:

M. B. Hill.

MANDOLA.

P. L. Wickes, Jr.

VIOLIN.

F. J. Clunet.

SOLOISTS.

Frank J. Taylor. Clay A. Templeman.

ACCOMPANIST.

L. M. Warfield.



THE MATERICULATE SOCIETY.

ENTRANCE

OFFICERS.

Albert Cabell Ritchie	President.
George Harwood Hodges	Vice-President.
James Holdsworth Gordon	Secretary.
Henry Merriman Wilson	Delegate-at-Large.
Frederick Howard Warfield	Delegate from '96.
Thom Dudley Williams	Delegate from '97.
William Plunkett Stewart	Delegate from '98.

PATRONESSES.

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Mrs. Edward H. Griffin.	Mrs. C. Morton Stewart.
Mrs. Minton Warren.	Mrs. Neilson Poe.
Mrs. Kirby F. Smith.	Mrs. Warfield.
Mrs. Albert Ritchie.	Mrs. Wilson.

THE soft strains of music, and the last good-night in the vestibule have not yet faded from my mind as I close the door of my room to reflect upon the pleasures of the evening.

The best as well as the worst of us have our failings, and however varying they may be, there is one common to us all; it has ruled unconquered for ages, and who could expect us in college life to be free from it? But just as this weakness—if it is to be called by that name—

causes the more romantic of us to drift toward places beyond the gaze of a curious public, so it often brings us together again, and makes the student lay aside his books, and the athlete his record-breaking, to mingle in the easy mazes of a waltz.

And suppose we do sometimes weary of dancing? I have heard those uninitiated into the mysteries of McCoy Hall bewail the want of tete-a-tetes, and non-dancers have been seen to walk sorrowfully around the room, seeking a place for a cosy talk; but, as I slowly light the last cigarette of my pack, I cannot help wondering if after all I enjoyed the time spent in dancing most. Surely those few hurried moments in the lecture-rooms upstairs compensated for many a troublesome hour that I had toiled away there in class, and made me love the surroundings which at *lighter* times could have recalled nothing but commonplace quizzes to my mind.

But my light burns low, and, unless I desist, my musings will carry me to class-hour to-morrow. So let us resign the Matriculate Dances into the hands of '97, with the sincere hope that with them their popularity will be zealously guarded and maintained.



- C. T. V. WHITE -



The Queen of the Black and Blue.

She's a maiden tall and queenly
Who laughs gaily, or serenely
Scoffs at young Dan Cupid's harmless darts;
When at all the Hopkins dances
She wins every fellow's fancies,
As the merry queen most absolute of hearts.

For her dainty silken tresses,
Which the night-wind soft caresses,
Are the deepest, purest raven black of hue;
And her eyes which flash and brighten,
Like the heavens seem to lighten
With the crystalline quintessence of their blue.

Let others sing most proudly
In lyrics long, and loudly
Chant the praise of many beauties old and new;
But the queen by right, divinely
Ruling Hopkins' sons benignly
Is this merry laughing maid of black and blue.

Extract from a “History of the United States, for Children,”

PUBLISHED IN HOPKINSTOWN, MARYLAND,
IN THE YEAR 2096.

* * * * *

In 1895 began

This fuss with Venezuela,
Just recollect it if you can,
It rhymes with “Lobenguela.”

The Dagos wanted English lives,
Such thieves, they said, appalled them,
And so they sharpened up their knives,
And very bad names called them.

The English said they didn’t care,
It was “All tommy rot! sir,”
It surely was not their affair,
If foreigners got hot, sir!

But Mr. Cleveland saw with spite
This instance of aggression,
And said “My boys, we’ll have to fight,
If they should get possession!”

And so in haste he sent a note
To his lordship, the Prime Minister—
“You’d better arbitrate,” he wrote,
“To avoid effects so sinister.”

But when the Marquis got the note,
He flew into a passion,
And then an answer back he wrote,
In this unpleasant fashion.

“Me friend, if that is what you’re at,
No man will call me ‘liar,’
If I should warn you plainly that
You’re playing with the fire.”

"The Monroe doctrine is all wrong,
This plainly you must see, sir,
Because it fights us all along,
And that's enough for me, sir."

"And, secondly, you can't apply
It to this case at all, sir,
If you don't think so, you just try—
We'll see what will befall, sir."

Grover was sitting in his chair,
Dictating to his quill-man,
He called a boy, "Wake up! you there!
And ride for Daniel Gilman."

A man there lived in Hopkinstown,
A half-mile from the station,
And great, indeed, was his renown,
Throughout this glorious nation.

For pouring oil on troubled seas
You could not find his equal,
To every door he'd find the keys,
As you'll see from the sequel.

'Twas "easy fruit" for him to pile
Mt. Ossa on Mt. Pelion,
And change his color all the while,
Like Doctor Brooks' chameleon.

None e'er reviled him, no indeed,
At least so history tells us,
His sentiments always agreed
With everybody else's.

His classic lines, his kindly smile,
To draw we dare not risk us,
But where we want to pause awhile
Is on his glorious whiskers.

And gently trickling through and through,
The words came soft and mellow,
As rain-drops through a hair-sieve do,
As says our poet Longfellow.

Now when 'twas known he was the man
Of Peace or War controller,
In haste each peace-upholder ran,
And bet his bottom dollar.

As soon 'twas seen that they were right.
Their heads they were dead level,
For Gilman could have stopped a fight
'Twixt Michael and the Devil.

And now when we, in times of peace,
Think of those days of terror,
To sing his praise let us not cease,
Who saved us from that error.

For if it had not been for him
And for his coaxing manner,
We'd fighting be for life and limb,
From New York to Savannah.

And then would dear old Hopkinstown
Deserted be by all,
And all the profs. and students flown
From grim McCoy Hall.

And wild canaries, sparrows, crows,
And other birds of prey,
In Uncle Daniel's cage, who knows?
Might while away the day.

And little dogs, unkicked, uncursed,
Would laugh and mock the Dean,
Yet push each other, "You go first
Inside of Room 13."

When Hopkins boys received the news
 Of his appointment, true,
Seniors and Freshmen, Gentiles, Jews,
 Their pride could not subdue.

Nothing but death could have been found
 His heart from theirs to sever,
And until then he trotted round
 As puss-footed as ever.

And when at last came his reward,
 He died by no one hated,
And all who loved him loved him hard,
 And he reciprocated.

They buried him, with eye-sight dim,
 Wrapped in his country's banner,
And all the nation wept for him
 In the most woeful manner.

And on his tomb, in black and blue,
 His mem'ry they preserved
With this inscription clear and true,
 Full well by him deserved:

“ Here lies our prophet, priest and king,
 Whose word each man relies on,
Because it may mean anything
 That ever you set eyes on.”

Story of a Pot-Social Briefly Told.



The Gym, a throng;
A waiting leng:
An all-expectant hush.
The stove is hot,
So is the pot—
At last an entering rush.
The Seniors clap,
The Juniors scrap,
The Freshmen fiercely fight;
Torn hats and ties,
And angry cries
Express the vanquished's plight.
At last a pause
From hideous wars,
And all the scrap seems done.
Recuperation,
Exultation
Fast follow on the fun.
The Juniors yell
Right loud and well,
The Freshmen they yell, too.
Another rush,
An awful crush,
And all begins anew.
And always twice,
And sometimes thrice,
This history doth repeat:
And then at last,
While fighting fast—
The tread of well-known feet.
The Colonel's voice
Doth then rejoice,
Those lying on the floor;
For then they know
That they can go
And slink outside the door.

The Colonel scolds
The victors bold
And stands as sentinel there;
And then 'tis sure
The scrap is o'er
For *He* doth so declare.
The floor is strewn
With broken bones
And other relies now,
For thus you see,
'Twill ever be,
After a merry row.

To Verdant Green.



Green is the apple which ne'er fails in killing;
Green those who ever to eat it are willing;
Green is the Freshman from "prep." school in college;
Green those who seek for political knowledge;
Green is the Dago on dynamite standing;
Green are the Irish upon their first landing;
Green those who long ago tried to say "shibboleth";
Greenest of all though is our Herbeth Eveleth.



The Retort Chemical.



Break, break, break,
O beakers and bottles and flasks,
 In the weary grind
 Of matter and mind
That marks all our chemical tasks.

For its twenty-four dollars for "Lab."
And a "fiver" or "tenner" to boot;
 For filters and tubes
 To buy the young "Rubes"
In a "confidence," "bunco"-like loot.

She sits with a smile sardonic--
And her word has the force at law--
 Does this wife of "Bill"
 With her iron will,
And her hopelessly sentencing jaw.

The boys come and go like beggars,
By the spot where she holds her fort,
 And try to give back
 What they've borrowed, alack!
But this is her pointed retort:

" That flask is speckled and spotted
With grams and grams of dirt,
 And there's H_2O
 In that bulb I know,
Your retort beyond hope is hurt.

So take them back to your stands, sirs,
And polish and wash through and through
 With HNO_3
 In plenty you see,
And then I'll attend to you.

Then they grumble and scowl and mutter,
In a way beyond all compare,
At this merciless dame
Of an antique fame,
Who ever sits sphinx-like there.

A curse on this miserly system
Of limitless, burdensome fees,
For acids and stinks
And ever-clogged sinks,
Must we pay such extortions as these?

O heavens that bend above us,
List to the "Lab's" retort,
And moneyed trustees,
Just do, if you please,
Give us all relief of some sort.

For it's twenty-four dollars for "Lab."
And a "fiver" or "tenner" to boot,
For filters and tubes
To buy the young "Rubes,"
'Tis a "confidence," "bunco"-like loot.



An Unofficial Report.



**T**WUZ jess as I say; two weeks ago, come Chuesday, I war er settin' on de po'ch er studyin' ober in ma min', w'en 'long come Burr Til'man, an' he stop at de gait, an' holler out, "Howdy, Unc' Davy?" an' I tells him, "Howdy." An' he say, "Unc' Davy, how you fin' yerse'f?" An' I say toler'bul. An' he say, "How Aunt Judy?" An' I say she feelin' pol'y, 'case she got de rheumatiz in 'er lef' laig, and pears laik she cyarn' git no res' f'um de misery. An' Burr, he holler out, dar gwine be er meetin' in de collidge up at de Ferry to 'lect de c'mittee fo' to go down to Baltimo' an' 'vestigate de met'ods (dat's jess laik he say hit) in de big collidge down dar. An' Burr sais, fur me to be on han' an' he'p 'lec' de c'mittee. But, I tole 'im, I ain' know nuttin' 'bout sech goin's on; an' he 'low dey need ma' vote, so I ups an' went

An' wen I goes in de buildin', dar sot Parson Davis, presidin' ober de bisiness, an' he mek er long speech 'bout de 'cess er de pres'nt insti-toot'n, but dat de time hav' arrove wen deir met'ods worl', dat de onliest way war ter pint de c'mittee ter fin' needed purifyin' an' improvin', an' he 'low, de bes' in de Misser Gilmer an' heah his 'pinyuns on de subjic.

An' den he spressify who he tink ort ter be on dat c'mittee, an' blame ma' skin ef he ain' name me in wid de res'. I ups an' sais: "Hol' on dar, Brer Davis! 'Scuse me, but---yo' got de wrong niggah dish yer time. I ain' know nuttin' 'bout sech doin's. Me'n Judy nebber had no schoolin', an' ain' had no call fur much spellin' an' readin', sides, I ain' no publick pusson 'cepin' t'wuz in de chu'ch, wen I jess natchully taiks ma' pa'rt in de meetin's." But Parson Davis, he say hit's fix in his min' rite stiddy dat de county folks ort ter hav' er representer on de c'mittee, an' dat I wuz de proper pusson on 'count er ma' long sperience wid de folks in dese pa'rts, an' he say, I mus' go.

I dunno' how cum dey 'lected *me* on de

c'mittee, *ouless* 'twuz dat I bin a elder in de chu'ch 'sence long befo' de war, an' jess natchully lead de prar meetins at de Fork. But dey did, an' say, I spec' I better go 'long an' do de bes' I kin!

Wen I come home de same nite, I tole Judy all erbout hit, an' I ax 'er, wa't *she* tink, an' Judy say " how *she* know? dat *she* doan't tek on no airs, *she* doan' an' wat I know 'bout eddicashun?" I tole 'er dat ain' de pint, dat I gwine ter Baltimoo' ter fin' out 'bout hit—"bout de way dey eddicates down dar. An' Judy say she ain' see no ha'm in dat, *but* she doan' laik dem Ferry niggahs, no how, w'at wid deir teken on mo' airs dan a ole hen wid one chicken, an' a spressifyin' deir pinyuns on ebbery subjic onder de sun, dey wuz de triflines', low-downes', no-countes' niggahs she ebber seed. An' dat las' harves' timie, wen Mars Jeems's gal war tookeen down wid de hives, an' Mars Jeems rid, hisself, clar t'de Ferry *an'* back agin, he couldn't git nary one er 'em ter come do de cookin' fur de fiel' han's, do' *she do* 'low, he fa'rly begged 'um, an' Miss Sally hed ter wirl in an' do de cookin' fur de han's herse'f! An' ain' dey stole all ma' milyuns outen de crick patch? An' she say she 'spec I better go see Mars Jeems, an' ax 'im w'at he tink. I tole Judy I was alreddy 'lected on de c'mittee, but she say I bleeged ter see Mars Jeems, an' I 'lowed I'd lay off de nex' mornin' an' step ober ter Mars Jeems's, 'case I hed ter go by de blacksmif's ter hav' a harrer-toot fix, ennyway, an' yo' know de shop am rite at Mars Jeems's pahistur war de crick crossis de road. Well, I seed Mars Jeems an' tole 'im erbout hit, an' ax his pinyun. Mars Jeems larf t'well I tink he gwine bus', but he up an' say:

"Davy, I tink yo' better go; but Davy, yo' keep quiet an' let de 'urrs do de talkin', an' yo' jess go 'long an' keep dem boys outer misch'ef." An' I say, "Mars Jeems, I do hit sho!"

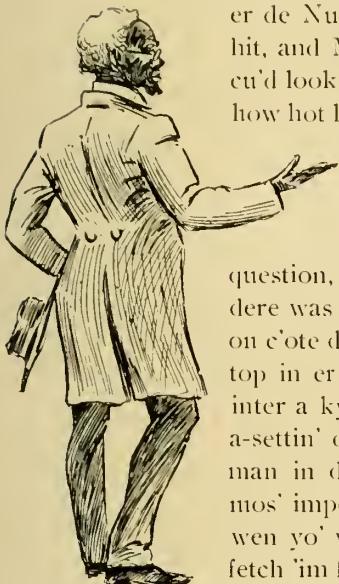
De c'mittee wuz ter sta't frum de Ferry nex' day, an' I hed Judy fix me up er snack er fried chicken an' bread an' ham, an' some er de big ginger caiks, an' I put on ma' clean shut an' nex' mawnin' fo' lite I got to de Ferry. Doan' yo' know dat dat dad blame c'mittee kep' me er waitin' dar t'well spang up ter 8 o'clock! An' I wuz ez hongry ez a ole houn' dorg wa't nobody owns by de time we tuik de cyars. Parson Davis hed all de tickets, an' I ain' hed no call ter



bodder ma'sef wid nuttin' arter I got ti'ud lookin' out er de winders an' goin' t'ro de tunnils. Dem tunnils suttelen is sprisin' plaices, ain' dey now? An' bimeby I tuk out ma' snack f'm de han'cher Judy done put hit in, an' I med er *good* meal. De 'urr niggahs was too perlite ter eat trabellin', but I ain' raise dat way an' I passify ma' stummick.

An' wen I git mos' t'ro, I heah sompin' dat soun' pow'ful laik a houn' dorg er lickin' 'is chops, an' I look down atween ma' feets an', fo' Gord! ef dar ain' ole Daish, wha' foller'd me in de cyars un' sot dar on ma' feets, an' me dat 'stracted wid de cyars an' de noise an' all de fo'k's er talkin' dat I ain' notice 'im. Mon! I wuz in er pickle! Wha' I gwine do wid de houn'? I cyarn' tek *him* on de c'mitte, tain' case he ain' 'lected do; an' dat blame dorg cos' me twen'y-five cen's ter hab 'im tied up at de deppo, t'well I got t'ro wid de 'vestigatin', wen de c'mittee got to Baltimo'. Well, sur! wen we got outen de cyars an' I hed 'ranged 'bout de houn' wid one er de po'ters at de deppo, de c'mittee got on de 'lectric cyar an' went er buzzin' t'ro de streets up to de collidge. Dat collidge was er rite sma't site ter see, wid buildins all 'roun', an' rite neah de plaice dey calls de pos-offis de c'mittee run up ergin a litt'l fat man, what walk wid a limp—laik a ole ox-eyart wid one flat w'eel—an' dat man 'peared ter know ebberyting. He tole us to go in de big do' an' tu'n to de rite, an' we foun' ourse'fs in Misser Gilmer's orfis. Den a'nurr litt'l man, wha' look laik he jess come f'um er burryin', tuk us in han' an' cyar'd us in de funnies' room I ebber sot eyes on—one-ha'f was nuttin' in de wide worl' 'cep' glass. An' rite dar we foun' Misser Gilmer. Mon, suh! he ar' suttelen a nice man, an' he kin smile pow'ful sweet, an' he hed on de parties' pa'r er pan's I ebber seed. Dey wuz jess criss-cross in black an' w'ite, an' look laik er snaike fence wid de fros' on de groun', an' dey fit 'im onaccount-abul; dey mus er cos' er site er money. I suttelen did yearn fur dem britches. An' Brer Davis he interjuice de c'mittee, an' Misser Gilmer 'low'd he wuz rite sma't glad ter see us, an' he say er heap 'urr t'ings, but I doan' rickollec' much now, 'case hit 'pear laik I ain' heah 'im good—I jess natchully taiken up wid de britches. An' Misser Gilmer say he show de c'mittee 'roun' de collidge, an' splain de met'ods, an' I jess foller 'long wid de crowd.

We come outen de do' in er big hall wha' hed one side all glass, laik Misser Gilmer's room an' look laik a sto' winder, 'cepin' dey ain' no goods er hangin' up, an' on de walls war de mos' curies picters I ebber seed, an' Misser Gilmer tole de c'mittee all erbout 'em. I ain' tek much



notice er de picters, 'case none er 'em 'pealed ter me laik dem britches er Misser Gilmer's, an' I jess watch *dem*. Bimeby we come to er map er de Nunitated States, wha' hed litt'l arrers er stickin' all ober hit, and Misser Gilmer he say dishyer a gre't country; dat he cu'd look at dat map ebberry mornin' an' tell, quick ez er wink, how hot hit war in New Or-leáns an' ef hit war snowin' in Kennedy. An' den I forgit wha' Mars Jeems tote me 'bout keepin' ma' mout' shet, an' I ax 'im wha' he wan' know dat fur? An' he say hit show de pgresshun er sci'nce. I doan' see how dat ansur ma' question, but den I rickollec' Mars Jeems, an' I shet up. Mon! dere was mo' ter see in dat buildin' dan dere is in Stumptown on c'ote day. De c'mittee went all ober hit, an' we rid up to de top in er elevater wid Misser Gilmer, an' he tuk de c'mittee inter a kyind er sky-parlor, all fix up wid books, an' studlnts a-settin' on cheers er readin' de books wha' dey gits f'um de man in de middle, wha' Misser Gilmer say war neaully de mos' importan'es' man in de collidge. Dat all yo' hed ter do wen yo' wan' ary book, war jess ter ax Misser Miller an' he fetch 'im fo' yo' kin say Jack Robinson. De c'mittee 'spressed deirselves pleased wid de met'ods in de buildin', an' wan' ter see some mo'. An' den Misser Gilmer 'vited de c'mittee in de fissical labumerry.

I cyarn' jess rickollec' all de contrapshuns Misser Gilmer splained to de c'mittee in heah, but de rooms in dis buildin' wan' neah ez putty ez de rooms in de firs' buildin' de c'mittee got in, and de black-bo'des was all full er figgers laik somebody been er cipherin' on 'em. Parson Davis, he kep er writin' in er litt'l book he cyar'd, but he doan' fool *me*. I knowed *he* ain' know nuttin' 'bout 'stronomy an' sich, ef he kin preach fa'rly good, 'case I hev knowed 'im sence he war knee high to er duck. But, Mon! de man wha' neaully skeered me outen sebbens-yealhs' growt' war Misser Po'. He war jess natchully de coldes'-lookin' man you ebber seed. An' he kep' er sayin', "Yis, Misser Presiden'," an' er bowin' an' er scrapin' to Misser Gilmer laik he er king. An' he acted laik ef he war ter larf he hev er duck fit. Misser Gilmer ain' skeer de c'mittee wuth er cent, he ain'! Dey jess natchully tuk to one 'nurr laik er duck to water, an' 'sides, de britches jess natchully warm de c'mittee's ha'rt.

Arter de c'mittee done seed de big spy glass dat show de moon an' de stars wen yo' look t'ro hit, we lef' dat buildin' an' Misser Po',

wha' war bossin' de 'stronomy job 'case his boss ovalhwucked, an' we come erlong er littl' piece t'ro de streets in anurr buildin'. Sich er stinkin' hole I ain' nebber got in *befo'* or sence. Dere war hole lines er bottles wid chemicalers in 'em, an' er gang er studints er mixin' an' er shakin' an' er cookin', an' de hole bisinis stinkin' fit ter bus. Misser Gilmer 'gan ter spressify, but I up an' say: "'Scuse *me*, boss, I cyarn' stan' dis; I'll jess step outside de do' an set on de steps t'well yo' gits t'ro wid dis buildin'; an' 'sides, ma co'n's is hurtin' onaccountabul dis mawnin' an' I reckon hit mus' be f'um so much standin' an' trompin' 'roun' on de bricks." Misser Gilmer smile an' say suttenly, an' he call de littl' limpin' man, wha' knowed so much wha' war empyin' de slops, ter git me er cheer, an' I sot in de do'

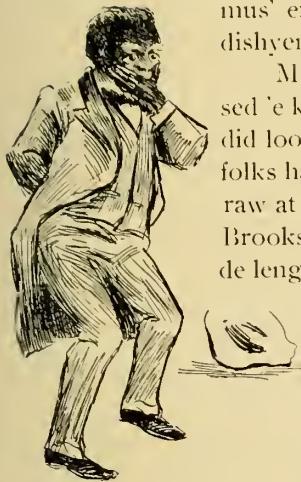
an' waited fur de c'mittee ter larn 'bout de stinks. Lordy! er swill bar'l in dorg days cyarn hol' er cannel ter dat buildin'. An de boss er dat buildin' mns' er bin er pow'ful smat man, 'case he hed sich er knowin' man ter em'ty 'is slops.



I hed jess drapt off ter sleep, wen de c'mittee comed out an' Misser Gilmer say he tek us in see de students at wuk in de bierlogicum labumiterry. Mon! I laik dat plaise sho'! Dem studints war jess er hackin' an' er slicin'. An one er 'em hed 'is nose stuck down in er rottin' ole frog. Misser Gilmer say he studyin' how de frog wuck his stummick wen 'e ketched er bug. Pears laik I ain' got much sense ter ricollec' wha' Mars Jeems tole me erbout keepin' quiet, fur I tu'n'd ma'sef loose wen I seed dat frog reddy ter drap ter pieces wid ole aige, an' him daid at dat, an' I jess 'lowed ter Misser Gilmer dat I knowed er plaice on Mars Jeems's fa'm, behine de stabul, wha' I ketched 'leven er dem bull frogs las' spring, an' I c'u'd git him ten er dozen mos' enny time ef he sen' fur 'em, an' dat dose po' boys didn't hev ter be stickin' deir noses inter sich onpleasant bad smellin' critters.

Deir wuz er sort er quiet, black-lookin' man standin' by, wha' larf rite out in ma' face wen I say dat, an' I shet *him* up rite quick, *you* bet. I tole him *he* c'u'dn't teach Davy Lewis nuttin' 'bout frogs fur I reckon I ketched 'um 'fore he war bo'n, an' de easies' way ter ketch 'em war wid a red flannen rag on er bass hook. He tu'n' rite 'roun' on is heel an' walk off, an' hit show his sence, 'case I knowed wha' 'twuz I war talkin' 'bout.

Up sta'rs in dis buildin' de c'mittee foun' er room full er stuffed animuls, an' all kyinds er critters in bottles, an' er big wale er hangin' sum de ceilin' on i'on hooks. Ef er wale laik dat swoller'd Jonah he mus' er grow'd er pow'ful site bigger'n dis one, but I reckon dishyer wale wuz er young wale.



Misser Gilmer name de c'mittee ter Misser Brooks an' he sed 'e know'd more 'bout 'ysters en 'ary urr man livin'. I 'low 'e did look laik 'e hole er peck—'tis onaccountabul, de likin' some folks has fur 'ysters. I know'd er niggah once wha' et fo' dozen raw at er settin' an' den ended up wid er stew. Dishur Misser Brooks war er funny lookin' man, wid 'is galluses too short fur de lengt' er 'is britches, an' he put me in min' er ole Parson Dunn wha' nebber c'u'd dress hisself 'ceptin' his wife button'd his collard an' fix 'is necktie fur 'im. But he war er nice, quiet-talkin' man fur all dat, an' he say he tek de c'mittee 'roun' de plaice, an' 'fore he know hit he lite on er crowd er studints pairin' 'taters wha' war fix' in littl' i'on stan's, an' dey jess a smokin' deir pipes fur who split de rails. Dis war agin de rules ez fur ez I c'u'd mek out. An, mon! yo' sh'u'd er seed dem studints drap deir hods wen Misser Gilmer stuck 'is haid in de do' an' grin. An' I 'low dey 'tend ter pear laik dey ain' laik terbacker wuth er cent, but I war jess bow-laigged fur er smoke ma'sef an' breathin' in de air in dat room done me er pow'ful site er good.

Lordy! I cyarn' begin to tell w'at we *ain'* see in *dat* buildin'. Dem studints war pow'ful handy wid a razzer, an' dey hed er lot er ole torm cats er tied up by de hails an' hine laigs an' dey kep er pumpin' win' t'ro de cat, an' a'nurr studint finger'd 'is innards, an' kep er lookin' at er long piece er wite paper, wid littl' ma'ks on hit, wha' Misser Gilmer say tole 'im how de ole cat's h'art er beatin'. Dat Misser Gilmer suttenly did know er heap er tings; an' he let me look in de littl' spy glasses at de insides er hoss-flies an' ants, an' hit look jess laik de back o' de ole sow w'at war neaully et up wid fleas las' summer. An' one oder studint hed er whole batch er 'skeeter aigs. An' I ax 'im how long de ole she 'skeeter got ter set on dem aigs fo' dey gwine ter hatch. An' he 'peared laik he 'sprised an' he say he doan' know, but he reckon she woan' git tir'd a settin'—dat he kinder holp her 'long hisse'f.

Wen de c'mittee got t'ro wid de 'vesigatin' in dis buildin' Misser Gilmer 'lowed dey done seed mos' ebberyting now, *but* he wan' show

us de plaice war de studints had deir pra'r meetin's, an' I 'low dat peal ter me. An' we come cross ober de street an' pass by de litt'l lame man, wha' one er de studints say was lookin' fur a yearthquake.

an' he 'spec' he gwine fin' one, *ef* he wait 'long nuff. Dis buildin' war name Leverin' Hall, and de man wha' put de coffee in de wite baigs wid de grains on de outside, done giv' hit to de collidge fur 'ligious pu'poses.

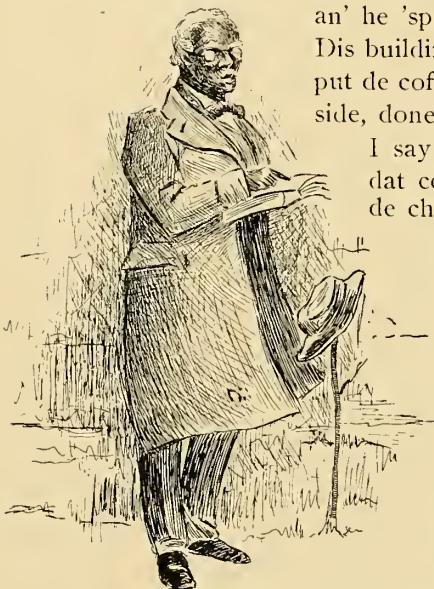
I say I knowed dat man, fur ain' me'n Judy use dat corfee fur nigh on 'leven yeahs, an' dat hit's de cheapes' corfee in de sto' at de Ferry. An' in de firs' room war settin' a passel er studints er readin' de papers, an' I look ober de shoulder er one er 'em, an', I hope I may die, ef he ain' er readin' er spo'tin' paper 'stid er gospel tract'!

Misser Gilmer seed wha' I war at an' he jess grin, an' I cuts ma' eye at 'im. Dat's de way wid wite folks, dere's er heap er spo'tin' blood, wher' yo' leas' 'spec' ter fin' hit, an' Misser Gilmer ain' look laik dat kyind er man, neider.

But in de nex' room—Lordy! Lordy! Sich er prayin' *an'* er 'zortin' wid de meetin' in full blas'! an' I clar' t' grashus, hit put me in min' er de time I jined up at de Fork.

Wile de c'mittee war 'vestigatin' dat room, Misser Gilmer wen' out, an' putty soon 'e come back wid er pious-lookin' litt'l man wha hed side bodes, laik Misser Gilmer, an' 'e say 'e wan' interjuice Misser Dean ter de c'mittee, dat Misser Dean his able lefthenan', an' I suddenly did feel sorry fur de pious-lookin' man, for wen Misser Dean 'e say dat, 'e smile, an' Misser Dean he jess kep' er swallerin' *an'* er swallerin', laik ole Daish wen 'e try ter stuff hisself wid hen bones an' gets one ketched in his t'roat. An' Misser Dean kep' er wuckin' his naick t'well I sho'ly 'gan to b'leeve he 'bleeged ter choke wid de wrastlin', an' I say, "Name er Gord, Misser Dean, ef you any kin ter Hennery Dean in ma' parts, he war 'flicted de same way las' June, an' I know w'at good fur dat ailment! Jess yo' swaller er litt'l lard ile, an' het her up rite good er she gwine ter stick in yer mout' *an'* tas'e onaccountable."

But, mon! I clar miss de mark dat time. Misser Dean, he jess stick 'is fingers togedder in front er 'is wais' ban' *an'* kin'er hole 'is chin



up in de air, an' t'un up 'is lip an' smile sorter sorft, an' say he 'bleeged ter me, but hit's only de way he hey er showin' de feelin' wen 'e meets up wid fo'ks 'e ain' know berry well. Him an' Misser Gilmer war pow'ful neighbo'ly, an' dey went er long togedder jess laik Miss Sally's pa'r er nick-tail fillies, wid deir heds up er pacin' an' er keepin' step, an' de c'mittee follerin' long behine.

An' dem two, dey tuck de c'mittee up in de top a'nurr buildin', war dey say de studints larn 'bout polities, an' I ax Misser Dean, ef dat mean dey larn how ter vote in dat room. An' he wuck hisse'f fur er spell, an' den he say: "Not 'zackly, but dey larn how ter vote f'um wat dey larns in dat room." An' I ax 'im ef dat ain' wat I say? An' he say, "Not 'zackly." He war en oncomfutabul sort er man, an' he ain' satisfy me yit; so 'e say he han me ober ter MisserAdums, wha' jess come in de room, wile me'n Misser Dean war swappin' wo'ds, an' dat Misser Adums holler *an' beller* so dat I doan' ketch 'is meanun nohow. An' wile I er listenin' ter him, anurr man come wha' Misser Gilmer say, war jess de man dis c'mittee wan' see. Dat he name Misser Steiner an' dat he done writ mos' a hun'er books on eddicashun. But, mon! he ain' look laik dat sort er man. He



got er faice laik de yaller-haided aingels in de sto' at Crismus times, an' wen 'e walk he flop up an' down jess 'zackly laik a ole tukky buzzard we 'e jump orf er fence an' start ter fly wen yo' skeer'um, an' lie jess stuffed hisself wid a ole daid sheep. He talk 'bout de eddicashun er de colo'd race, an' I look out er de winder at de litt'l lame man er talkin' in de street, 'case I cyarn on'erstan' 'im, an' I seed Parson Davis war tekkin' hit all down in de book an' I knowed 'twuz all rite.

Wile Brer Davis war writin', er nice, quiet-lookin' ole feller come in de room er blushin' an' wid 'is mout' drawed down, laik Bill Jones's

younges' gal at de pay party, an' I laik his faice firs' rate. He war er gentleum, I know'd dat jess ez soon ez ebber I sot eyes on 'im, fur he hed de countersin' sho's yo' bo'n. But I nebberr seen a co'n fiel' niggah wha' cu'd beat *him* on laigs, an' he step 'roun' de room, wile Misser Steiner is er talkin' an' he fling 'is feets laik a bline man walkin' tr'o er piece er new grown'. An' I *know* I ain' ez bow-legged ez him, ef Judy do say I tek up de hole baid wen I lays on ma back.

Wen Misser Steiner got done, Brer Davis 'low de c'mittee hed ter go er miss de train. An' Misser Gilmer and Misser Dean sta't down de steps wid de c'mittee follerin' in behine, an' wen dey come in de littl' glass caige er Misser Gilmer's, dar sot er pow'ful wicked-lookin' pusson, an' he got red in de faice wen he seed Misser Gilmer, an' he tried ter talk, but he cyarn' mek de wo'ds come fur stutterin'. Clar' I med sho' he gwine ter spit 'is teet' out on de flo' an' he splitteder an' spluttered t'well I med out dat he mad 'case a hitch in de 'periments in de fissical labumerry dat only Misser Gilmer kin ontie. An' Misser Gilmer smile an' sort er passify dishyer man, an' den he t'un to'des de c'mittee an' say he hope he hev been a he'p to de c'mittee an' dat he hope he be able ter he'p de c'mittee agen in de futur' an' cf so den he hab much pleasur' ter do w'at 'e kin. An' 'e say Misser Dean hev yo' anyting ter say t' de c'mittee. An' Misser Dean wuck hisself er spell an' den he 'low dat he cyarn t'ink er nuttin' new ter add, *unless* it be ter wish de c'mittee er safe ride home on de cyars.

An' den dey shuk han's all 'roun'. An' wen I come ter Misser Gilmer I sed kinder sortf: "Befo' I say good-bye, boss, w'u'd yo' favor me by tellin' me war yo' got dem pants?" An' he 'pear 'sprised, but he seed I warn't foolin', an' he say dey come all de way fum Germany. An' den I know I ain' nebberr gwine ter get a pa'r laik dem. How-ebber, I seed de littl' lame man at de deppo wha' came down ter see de c'mittee tek de cyars an' fin out who we is, an' he 'lowed dat he gwine ax Misser Gilmer fur dem britches an' dat he'd sen' 'em ter me at de Ferry.

“Sir Oracle.”



What “incog” genius most unique
Fills up our chair of history,
Like merry monk at goodly port
Whose love is much a mystery?

Who smiles sardonic on the boys
And deems a little task, a—
From “When I was in Heidelberg”—
Long ramble to Alaska?

In lectures long he flits afar
From Beersheba to “Uncle Dan;”
Reads lengthy tomes ere breakfast hour,
This funny story-telling man.

But when are writ Mosaic codes,
O prince of wits as well as shams;
We travel by well-beaten roads
And to your name we all add damns.

A Logical Lyric.



The Dean a talk is giving,
Never mind!
That's the way he makes his living;
You will find
That his lecture is mere chatter—
Tho' he speaketh, 'tis no matter—
Never mind!
For truly mind “no matter”
Is defined;
And some thinker says that “matter's
Never mind.”
Ergo: Neither mind nor matter
Is all his verbose clatter;
So when you hear him chatter
Be resigned.



A Reverie.

Still and silent was the Gym.,
The Colonel's ire was down,
Peace and quiet reigned in him
To soothe his angry frown.

The old guitar hung on the wall,
The foils were on the floor,
The Colonel did not read at all
Those books he loved before.

A peaceful hush was near and far,
And sacredness supreme,
No slightest sound was there to jar
The spirit of his dream.

Hark! a noise of savage strife!
A sound of threats and dares!
It brings the Colonel back to life
And down two flights of stairs.

Let better pens than mine relate
The aspect of the room;
A Freshman who had met his fate,
Stood swearing at his doom.

A rush of water, fast and wild,
Flowed o'er him foot to head,
And bore away for the luckless child
The dismal tears he shed.

A well-aimed pass at a Junior's pants,
The Colonel then begun,
Another pass, a savage glance,
The Colonel's work was done.

Still and silent is the Gym.,
The Colonel's ire is down,
Peace and quiet reign in him
To soothe his angry frown.

The Board of Editors at the Photographers.



[*Chorus of Editors—“Where’s Bert?”*]

First Editor.—St——rt J——nn——y’s got him.

Business Manager.—He’s fixed.

Third Editor.—I wonder where J——nn——y took him?

Fourth Editor.—The Y. M. C. A., of course.

Editor-in-Chief.—Now this is all wrong. Bert ought never to have done this.

Kid.—I’ll hunt him up.

[Exit the Kid.]

[Various remarks.]

[Enter Bert.] *Bert.*—Ain’t we all here?

Fifth Editor.—No; Kid ain’t here.

Bert.—That’s rotten.

Sixth Editor.—Good for you, Bert. Give him — when he comes.

Bert.—Chertainly.

[Enter the Kid.] *Bert.*—Say, Kid, this is the deuce of a way to treat the Editors.

Kid.—Well, why didn’t you come on time?

Bert.—I am on time; been waiting for you. What’s the matter with you?

[Adjourn to Studio.]

The Sixth Editor finds a paper chrysanthemum; other editors become interested in a movable platform, the backgrounds, and other paraphernalia, and disport themselves variously till everything that

moves needs oiling. The mechanical drop-shutter in the big camera is the centre of attraction, and the editors do various things to it.

[Enter Photographer.]

Photographer.—Now, gentlemen, will you please arrange yourselves—

Chorus.—We must have a table.

[Spider-leg table, utilized by Boards of Editors for the last quarter-century, is brought.]

Photographer.—Now, will one of you please occupy this chair on the right.

[Editor-in-chief is seated.]

Editor-in-Chief.—This chair feels awfully stiff.

First Editor.—Oh, just look pleased.

Editor-in-Chief.—Well, I ain't pleased.

Photographer.—Will you please not cross your legs? (To the Prince:) Will this tall gentleman please be seated in the chair on the left?

[His Business the Prince is seated; great difficulty in arranging the Prince's left thumb and finger; finally adjusted.]

Photographer.—Will the gentleman please move his posterior further back on the chair?

[The Prince moves his posterior with scrupulous care, lest he disturb the thumb and finger.]

Photographer.—Now, will you other gentlemen arrange yourselves behind the table? Ah, the gentleman on the right has crossed his legs again!

Editor-in-Chief.—Oh, bother! I don't know where to put my feet.

Photographer.—Allow me to place them—ah! that will do nicely. And your left hand—should be—so. Now please keep that position.

[Mutual criticisms exchanged, and sundry efforts made to look natural.]

Photographer.—Oh, the gentleman at the right has moved his right foot—no, no; *please* don't cross your legs—yes, but you have moved your hand again.

[Meanwhile the other editors adjust themselves to a smiling attitude.]

Photographer.—Ah, now you have all changed your positions. Gentlemen, won't you please remain as I arrange you? Now, gentlemen, just a moment—just *one* moment. Oh, the gentleman has crossed his legs—yes, that is good. Now, if the gentleman with the high collar will kindly smile—just a little—and if the other gentlemen will not compress their lips so much—there—now gentlemen—just a moment—

* * * * *

[The camera was afterward examined by the manufacturer, who was of the opinion that the oblique fracture of the lens, and also the peculiar conduct of the shutter, was caused by a heavy brunette mustache.]



Venezuelan Dan.



I come from dens of savage men,
Where warriors bold run wild,
I lift my hand and torch and brand
Descend on man and child.
Dynasties fall and Church and all
While monarchs hold their breath,
My eagle eye means do or die,
My very look means death.

All disorders about the borders
Of kingdoms I dictate,
From night to morn I treat with scorn
The very laws of Fate.
And if the nations, in vexation,
Cry out, "Who is this man?"
Rah, Black! Rah, Blue! Rah, J. H. U.!
I'm Venezuelan Dan!

Storms and rains and boundary claims,
I rule with an iron rod;
At home and abroad, I'm sovereign lord,
The nineteenth century god.
Not long ago, in time of woe,
Old fat John Bull turned pale,
When I was asked to attempt the task
Of twisting the lion's tail.

My pass-word "death," in bated breath,
Brings terror where'er I go;
The most unlawful of beings awful,
I hate both friend and foe.
The mighty pull of old John Bull
Cuts no ice where I am,
I'm warring, fighting, grasping, biting
Venezuelan Dan.

The Social Side of Chemistry.



PROBABLY the most agreeable functions of the social year of '96 at Johns Hopkins were the series of pleasant receptions held in Dalton Hall (vulgarily known as the "Lab."), under the chaperonage of Mrs. Stuart, by whom were sent out the following invitations:

*Mr. & Mrs. William Stuart
request the pleasure of your company at their
suite of apartments,
Dalton Hall, first floor.
afternoons, 2 to 5.*

The guests upon first assembling were provided with printed menu cards, from which they were to select all they desired. At a later date, however, they were held responsible for all cut-glass broken and for whatever bric-a-brac they had damaged in the slightest degree while in the parlors. Assisting to receive with Mrs. Stuart were Drs. Randall and Gilpin, who poured tea and attended to the cuisine in general. The guests were entertained by divers chemical reactions of startling natures, consisting of combinations of carbon bi-sulphide, phosphorus, sulphuric acid and other lively phenomena. Among those who from time to time enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart and left cards with Dr. Randall were: Messrs. Alfred Harden, Robert Lacy, St. George Sioussat, Fred. Schmeckeier, Howard Warfield, James Trippe, William Dorsey, Chas. Diehl, Chas. Beckwith, Theodore Leary, Dudley Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, owing to the popularity of these afternoon gatherings, have made arrangements for a new series of them during the next winter.

The Shadow of a Crime.

[MINOR PHYSICS, MAY 16, 1894.]

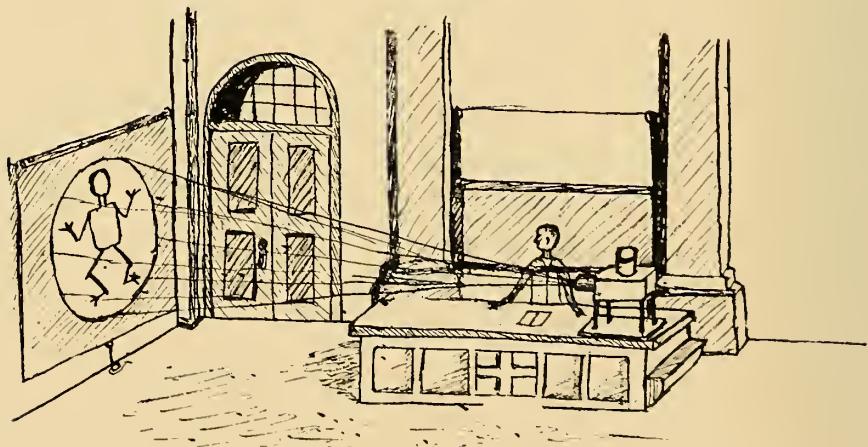
It was only a wavering shadow
Of a man with a shape most rare,
That reflected was seen on the out-of-date screen,
From the lantern which long had stood there.

It was only a wavering shadow,
As it seemed to the sky-larking lot,
And they chuckled with glee, this strange image to see,
Until Joseph appeared on the spot.

It was only a wavering shadow,
But a "Sweetman" no longer was Joe,
For his dignity dropped, and his flow of words stopped,
And he looked like a fiend from below.

It was only a wavering shadow,
To remove it no one would assist;
And so, much riled by the crowd, who still smiled,
He said that the class was dismissed.

It was only a wavering shadow,
But its image still lingers, alas!
While the Prof. wipes his eye, as he stammers a sigh,
And thinks of the man on the glass.



[From the NEW YORK WORLD of Nov. 30, 1906.]

PROFESSORS PLAY BASE-BALL.

HOW JOHNS HOPKINS ATTAINED ITS ATHLETIC SUPREMACY.

REMARKABLE INTEREST TAKEN BY THE FACULTY—INSTRUCTORS THEMSELVES TAKE PART IN A BALL GAME—ACCOUNT OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

WE publish in another column a summary of the well-earned and brilliant victories of Johns Hopkins in the recent international contests that have excited so great an interest both at home and abroad. In anticipation of many queries concerning the beginnings of athletic prowess at the University, we take pleasure in presenting the following communication:

To the Editors of the NEW YORK WORLD:

Dear Sirs:—Your favor of 23rd inst. is at hand. In reply let me state that I am only too glad to put at your service whatever reminiscence I can command of the earliest decisive athletic contest at Johns Hopkins;—decisive in the fact that it aroused the sluggish athletic interest at the University, and started our various teams on the upward climb to success, which culminated in the victories of last week. Of some features of the affair my recollections are exceedingly vivid, while other incidents are clouded with the obscurity of a reluctant past. However, all that I can recall is yours, and trusting that it may prove of interest to your readers, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

A CONTEMPORARY.

HOW THE PLAN WAS ADOPTED.

Since for a long time athletic interest at the University had been steadily decreasing, and since the Faculty recognized that athletic prowess greatly increased the material welfare of other colleges, it seemed to them a good thing to take vigorous measures for the promotion of all manner of out-door exercise, notwithstanding the fact that the trustees had already done so much in that direction by refus-

ing to purchase athletic grounds and by prohibiting the publication of a college paper. Accordingly, at the instance of the President of the General Athletic Association, a meeting was called to consider the question. Various plans were suggested, none of which, however, met with approval. Finally the Dean artlessly remarked that since the Faculty contributed so very much for the maintenance of teams (\$15 according to statistics for the year '95), it seemed a pity that they should not have some fun for their money. He then went on to suggest that a ball game between the members of the Faculty would not be a bad scheme. Dr. Sp—k—r, who is always known as the great champion of athletics, immediately seconded this motion. Baseball, football and lacrosse were in turn proposed as the most appropriate for the match. Dr. H—lb—rt suggested lacrosse, but the objection was raised that as that game required so much wind, Dr. G—lm—n would have an unfair advantage. E—mm—t, of course, favored football, while K—l—y and E—ll—tt were ardent advocates of golf. After a long and heated discussion baseball was selected as an excellent compromise.

Thus it happened that a baseball game was settled upon, the proceeds to go to the various athletic associations, charity, candy-boxes, weighing machines for McCoy Hall, or for the further extension of Tommy Ball's café. The President observed that charity began at home, and suggested that the Faculty appropriate the proceeds for a "feed" or something of that nature. This was unanimously agreed to, and everyone wore a smile of anticipation, while Dr. V—nc—t was seen to stroke his lower waistcoat surreptitiously. The President, with visions of knickerbockers and striped stockings, under pretense of adjusting his garter, thoughtfully rolled up one trouser-leg, much to the disgust of the Dean, who, I am afraid, divined the august President's thought, and was not above petty jealousy. After much debate and undignified wrangling, the details were finally arranged, and the meeting adjourned.

THE GREAT GAME.

The day of the match was clear and beautiful. It was said that some of the players had repented of their hasty decision, and prayed for rain. A deduction, or at least an inference, might be drawn from this, since it is claimed that the prayer of the righteous availeth much. It is irrelevant, however, and would shock the Dean. The game was advertised to begin at 3 o'clock, and punctually at 12.30 Dr. G—lm—n,

clad in his usually urbane smile and short sweater, posted himself at the gate to welcome the crowd with well-chosen words. And the crowd was there. It began to pour in at 1 o'clock, and by 1.30 the President's stock of set-phrases was exhausted, and he had to begin all over again. By 2 o'clock the stands—and most of the students—were full, and the crowd began to flow into the field.

The sight was one never to be forgotten. The ladies' stand was a bewildering cloud of lace, fluttering ribbons, waving fans and professors' families. Lord! how they all enjoyed it. Even those who had a family interest in the game lost their uncertain, harassed look and gazed in admiration at the sight of Baltimore's élite out for a frolic. On the ground in front of the men's stand was a crowd of Faculty rooters, slapping each other on the back, smoking Cycle cigarettes, and thinking of boyhood's happy days on vacant lots. Every now and then, one would jot down something in a little book; whether notes or bets, could not be found out. At times a little man, trousers rolled up, red tie, and hat set jauntily on the back of his head, would saunter from the group, and leisurely scan the ladies' faces through a small opera-glass. It was Bl—mf—ld. When he was dragged to the dressing-room, he was heard to murmur something about "a little daisy in the third row."

At 2.45, amidst thunderous applause, the gladiators came rolling and frolicking from beneath the grand stand to the tune of "After the Ball," and took the field for practice. The players and their positions were as follows:

Scientists.

R - wl - nd,	p.	Gr - ff - n,	p.
R - ms - - - n, (<i>Capt.</i>)	c.	G - lm - n, (<i>Capt.</i>)	c.
Cl - rk,	1 b.	G - ld - rsl - - ve,	1b.
Br - - ks,	2 b.	Ad - ms,	2b.
R - n - f,	3 b.	Sp - - k - - r,	3b.
H - lb - rt,	s. s.	R - mb - u,	s. s.
K - l - y,	1 f.	Bl - - mf - - ld,	1. f.
R - nd - ll,	c.f.	Sm - th,	c. f.
A - dr - ws,	r. f.	V - nc - nt,	r. f.

Literati.

The players presented a more motley appearance than the average 'Varsity team of those days. Every conceivable kind of athletic costume was in evidence, from K—l—y's golf-stockings to R—mb—u's chest-protector. The majority, indeed, made some effort to conform to the modes then prevailing among athletes; but, as many of them had never seen a ball game, their ideas were naturally rather obscure

as to what was good form upon such an occasion. Dr R—ms—n had donned a pair of his son's football trousers, and, although these were uncomfortably tight, he presented a more appropriate appearance than his *confreres*. Dr. Ad—ms had surreptitiously borrowed a baseball suit from a member of the 'Varsity team, but, possessing no cap, appeared on the field in a high silk hat. Not many minutes elapsed before a hot liner injured its shape; but with characteristic perseverance he continued to wear it, in spite of that small mishap.

THE DETAILS SATISFACTORILY ARRANGED.

The practice was extremely short, owing to the inability of any of the players to bat to the outfield. Exactly at 3 o'clock, therefore, the gong sounded for play. After a short conference between Umpires Gr—n and Am—s and Captains G—lm—n and R—ms—n, it was decided that fouls on the bounce were out, and that the catcher need not hold the third strike in order to retire the batsman, and that balls lost in the crowd of students should be paid for out of the caution-money of the student upon whom the Colonel should fix the theft. All was now satisfactory, and the game began. I cannot begin to give a detailed account of the contest, for the official scorers had to abandon the attempt during the first half of the first inning.

PLAY BEGINS.

R—wl—nd was first at the bat, and he faced the opposing pitcher with such a confident smile on his usually serene countenance that Gr—ff—n became a trifle nervous; and, indeed, the first ball pitched went sailing into the grand stand. Gr—n sent R—wl—nd to first on the decision of a lost ball. Nobody knew any better, the crowd howled, and the game went merrily on. The Dean had located the plate by this time, and settled down to strike Cl—rk out. He struck him—but not out—and the bases were filled.

Br—ks now walks to the plate in a dazed sort of way, and makes two feeble lunges at the ball. "Pitch him an oyster shell!" yelled a man in the bleachers. The word "oyster" recalls him to his surroundings; and, waking from his reverie for a time only, he pops an easy fly to V—nc—nt, who drops it, thus adding another to his long list of errors. (This joke is intended for those who have attended the classes of the right fielder.) Everybody scores, while Ad—ms relates an Old Testament joke to raise V—nc—nt's drooping spirits.

The pitcher for the Literati is now in a grim mood, and pitches three savage balls at R—n—f. To quote from the account of the game in the college paper: "The Dean strikes R—n—f out with three beautifully pitched, materialistic, hylozoistic curves. The batter is heard to remark 'one cannot always tell what one may do.' But, to the immense amusement of the students, Gr—n sends him to base, saying that since it had been agreed that a missed third strike was out, Dr. G—lm—n had committed an indiscretion (here he smiled to take the sting out of the word) in catching the ball, and that the batter was clearly safe. The Dean detects a fallacy; but Umpire Gr—n, laying his finger on his lip, has gone into a poetic rhapsody, and remonstrances are in vain. In the excitement, R—n—f goes to second, and H—lb—rt to first without taking his turn at the bat.

At this juncture, the mighty K—l—y, of election fame, with a Market Space swagger, stalks to the plate, swinging his bat airily. Swat! the ball strikes Ad—ms in the stomach, doubling him up completely. "Both out!" cries Am—s, "that was a d—d—d—" The Dean and the President exchange uneasy glances at what they fear is coming, but at last the umpire succeeds in getting off the harmless pun—"that was a double play." The side is at last retired by Green calling R—nd—ll out for "back talk."

THE LITERATI COME TO THE BAT.

From the start, the Literati started in for blood. The President was making himself agreeable to a wealthy old gentleman with no heirs, so the Dean had to bat first. With an easy, unassuming grace, he steps to the plate. "Easy," cries K—l—y, and the next minute his golfies are sprinting for the left-field fence; the gentle Dean has touched up one of R—l—nd's epicycloidal curves for a home run. G—ld—rs—ve is slow in taking his place at the bat; and, upon investigation, it was found that he was telling one of his characteristic stories to K—rby Sm—th, who was about to reply in kind. He hurriedly struck out in order to hear it.

Then the fun waxed fast and furious. Those who did not hit the ball were hit by it, and the runs piled up. The game lasted for nearly three innings, and was called on account of darkness.

AMUSING INCIDENTS.

Many amusing incidents and ludicrous combinations occurred—some in the spirit of fun, others in all seriousness. For instance, on

one occasion when the bases were full, Bl—mf—ld walked up to the plate, "with a naughty little twinkle in his eye," determined to get to base somehow, and bring somebody in. "One strike," calls Umpire Gr—n. "Here's yer Faultless Chips!" comes from the small boy in the grand stand. Down drops Bl—mf—d's bat, and a mad rush ensues for the source of that sound. "It's only chewing-gum," says K—rby in disgust, and the batsman sadly returns to the plate.

I quote again from the *Hopkins Hceler*: "H—lb—rt was at the bat. Twice he fanned the air. The third ball pitched he let go by. Umpire Gr—n attempted to call three strikes, but when he perceived H—lb—rt's never over-pleasant countenance growing more and more menacing, he, as usual, let his voice become inaudible. But he did not avert the storm. Hulbert rushed up, and, shaking his fist in the umpire's face, angrily exclaimed: 'That ball was moving in a strictly parabolic arc, the radius of curvature of which was of such length as to preclude all possibility of its passing over the plate.'"

At one time R—nd—ll might have made the star play of the game; for, raising his long arms, he drove the ball into deep right, far over the head of V—nc—nt, who was playing in close in order to converse with Ad—ms. Apparently he had a cinch on a home run: but, when he reached second, he suddenly remembered that several minutes had elapsed since he had last heard the sound of his own voice. Therefore, he stopped for a minute to explain the nature of argon to the popular second-baseman, but he delayed too long and the wily Heidelberger caught him off base, thus retiring the side.

THE ACCIDENT OF THE GAME.

It was, I think, in the same inning that the accident of the game occurred. Catcher G—lm—n was struck in the chest by a foul tip and all the wind knocked out of him. It raised a cloud of dust. R—mb—n yelled, "It's your own fault!" and Umpire Am—s, rightfully judging that the recovery of such an amount of wind would take a long time, orders Ell—tt in as a substitute. He signalizes his entry into the game by mistaking short-stop for second, and firing the bat into R—b—u's mouth, knocking his teeth out. After a tedious search they are found and carefully reinserted. He cannot round his lips and say "oo," however, and, therefore, is ordered from the game and Emiss—t put in with instructions to use his feet. Bl—mf—ld objected at first, saying that his view of the ladies was obstructed by the aforesaid members, but

was finally induced by the good offices of the President to withdraw his opposition.

Once, when R—ms—n had just made a brilliant play, two light-haired children on the grand stand were heard to applaud loudly and say: "Look at papa! Ain't he a daisy?" The famous catcher was not in the least disconcerted, but when he had retired the opposing side, merely bowed to the spectators and smiled as broadly as Hughey Jennings or Uncle Daniel.

Of course, the decisions of the umpires were scarcely ever accepted without remonstrance. On the occasion of one of the disputes, R—mb—u (the incident took place before his removal from the game) forgot that he was not in his class room, and, rounding his lips, burst out: "Please, speak louder! Otherwise I might overhear something."

A RIOT NARROWLY AVERTED.

Toward the close of the game a riot was narrowly averted. As nearly as anyone could tell, the score was tied—something like 25 to 25—and two hands were out. The Dean sent a long hit down the third-base line. It was very difficult to say whether it was foul or fair. Umpire Am—s attempted to give his decision, but could get no further than "f—f—f—" The suspense was harrowing. Finally he got it out—"Foul!" "That decision is unparalleled on Greek ground!" promptly yelled Sp—k—r, as he made for Am—s. The players crowded around. Tommy Ball rushed up, and announced that the President, in his capacity of non-political commissioner, desired peace at any cost. Though this happy intervention the crisis was safely passed.

But I fear I trespass on the valuable space of your paper. I cannot, however, conclude this sketch without a tribute to the ability of him whose doughty arm and cool head (notwithstanding the nightly cup of coffee) contributed so much to the success of the Literati.

My quotation is from the same valuable source as the two preceding ones: "R—wl—nd next stepped up to the rubber, and as he took his position complacently remarked: 'It's all over now but the shouting. The greatest living physicist will never be deceived by the sophistical curves of an unscientific logician.' 'Strike three!' called Umpire Gr—n, and the greatest living physicist had learned that the canons of inductive logic send pretty swift balls."



The Golden Calf.



I.

I worship the golden calf—
A fact that may make you laugh;
When a college youth, in a learned age,
Bows down to a calf (as the heathen rage)
At a college so liberal, great and sage—
It is really too shameful by half.

II.

But the secret I'm now unlocking,
You'll think is by far the more shocking:
“As I walk with Maud through the streets and lanes,
Whether it shines or snows or rains,
To the golden calf my worship remains,
For Maud wears an old-gold stocking.”

Free Supe.



I.

Caspari was a German,
To music much inclined,
Upon the Wagner Opera
He set his Teuton mind,
And went to see an actor friend,
Who ran the Damrosch troupe,
To try to get some tickets
For all who wished to "supe."

One evening just at seven,
Some fifty youths or more,
In motley mob together,
Thronged through the side stage door,
Ran up the narrow staircase,
Through dust and dirt and gloom,
And soon disrobed their figures
Within the dressing-room.

There, shapes of all descriptions—
Large, thin, or fat, or small,
With calves like sorry broomsticks,
(Some had no calves at all);
In helmets and in doublets,
Like errant ghosts at nights,
With smiles amid the scenery
Paraded in their tights.

The swan song and the tenor
They heard in wide-mouthed gaze,
They flirted with the chorus
In half a hundred ways.
The audience applauded,
(R—mb—u and G—lm—n, too)
The boys deserved it hugely,
For such a grand début.

“SUPE” TICKETS, 50 CENTS.

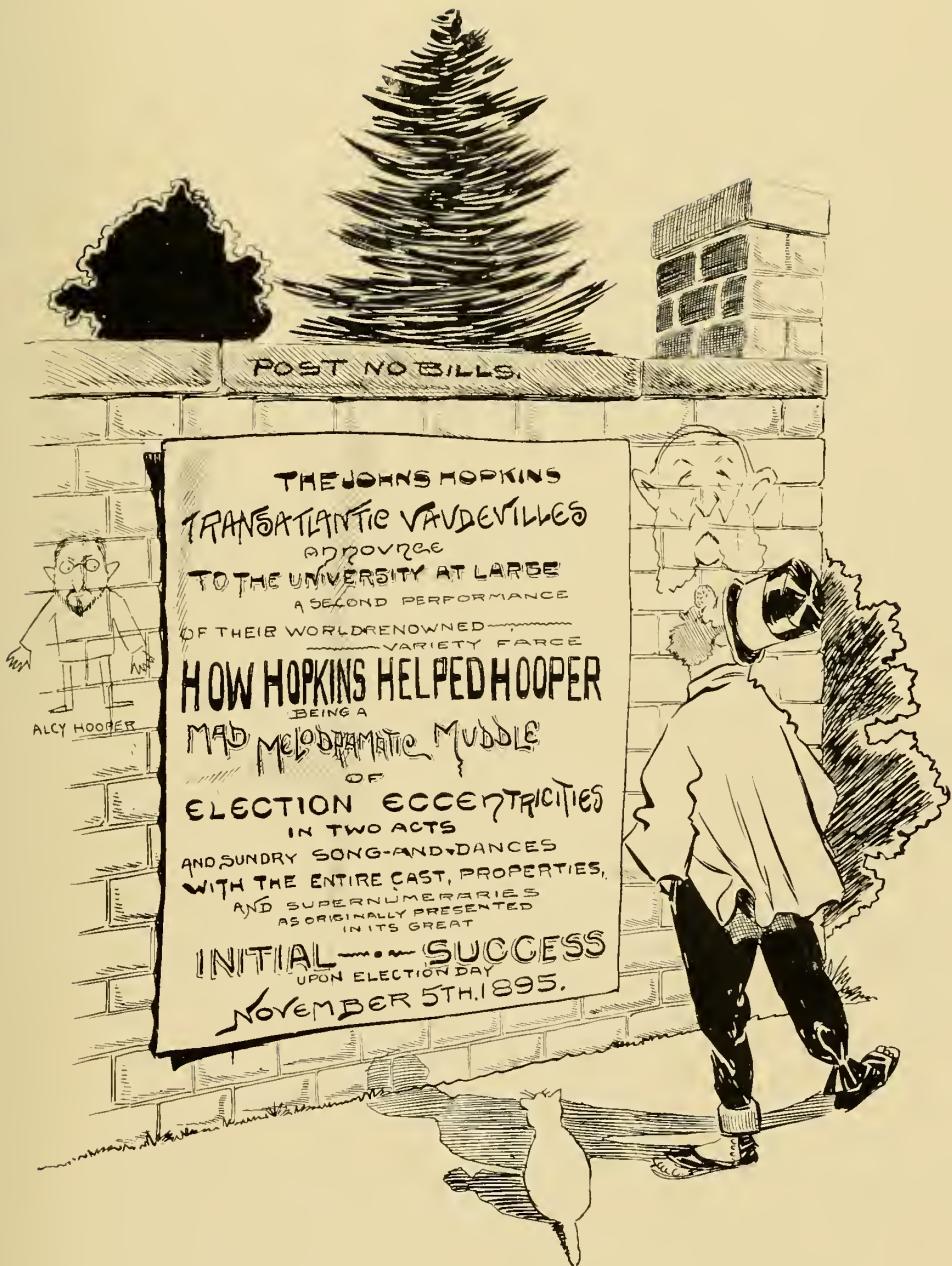
Now, when the Italian Opera
 Soon after came to town,
 Another pleasant evening
 Was mentally put down.
 High-priced prima donnas
 And fairy chorus queens,
 Each gilded youth saw nightly,
 In pleasantest of dreams.

So at the actors' entrance,
 As they had done of yore,
 They rendezvoused most gaily,
 With conquering deeds in store.
 But e'er they crossed the threshold—
 With gall and greed immense—
 The Lord High King of “Supers”
 Made each pay fifty cents.

They paid in wrath the money,
 “Who ever heard the like?”
 They whispered to each other,
 “Once in, we'll surely strike,
 Or give a loud ‘Rah, Johnny!’
 To scare them black and blue,
 So that in trepidation
 They'll give our money back.”

But in some way or other
 Their plans went far astray;
 They never got their money—
 They may some other day;
 And in advance when “suping,”
 Next time they'll surely see
 That tickets to the chorus—
 Like free-soup ones—are free!

J. T.



How Hopkins Helped Hooper.

Complete Libretto.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

KUTE KELLY, the Daring Doctor Dredger. A proselyte to Reform and constant comrade to Ambitious Alcaeus.

GOODY GOODY GANTZ, The Ring Register, Of Intermittent Y. M. C. A. Tendencies.

FREDERICK DER GROSZE SCHMECKEBIER, a Reformed Reformer, and a Gilded Watch-Watcher.

SUFFRAGE SECURING YANNEE, a Hefty Heeler and Master of the Purse to the "Ring Regulars."

REPEATING RITCHIE, the Turnip Taker. An ardent admirer of Suffrage, Small Beer and Cycle cigarettes.

SMILING SOMEWHAT, the Dare-Devil Deacon.

SUPERNUMERARIES BY DEGREES.

Red-nosed Ringsters for Calcium and Footlights. Background and Local Coloring by Undergraduate Underlings as Impertinent, Impudent Imps, Persistently-Pulling Policemen, Ring-Wrecking Reform Rooters, Hilariously Heeling Henchmen, et al., as the Fun Flows Faster.

ACT FIRST.

Song and Dance the First.

Marsh Market Space. Saloons at all four points of the compass. Dagos, Poles, Huns, Irish, Dutch and other Lusi Naturae at the remaining points. Rum, reform and rebellion are rife and redolent. Wearily waiting watchers and ring rioters. Kute Kelly in golf-stockings and sou'wester, with camera accompaniment, struts jauntily upon the scene, and amid applause from all factions pipes this little lay:



(*Air—"Hey Reub."*)

Some time last week
Did Alcaeus say
The polls I must seek
 On election day,
To watch the voter,
 So slick and neat,
And catch everyone
 Who tried to repeat.
So I left my office,
 Poisons and drugs,
To serve my country
 Against these thugs.
My palace home on Eutaw Place
 Was left behind
For Marsh Market Space.
I can talk all day
In Dago or Dutch—
 Among the sawbones
Few are such; . . .
 So I'll take their pictures,
Names and votes,
 And protect the sheep
Against the goats.

Enter Der Grosze Schmeckebeier, y-clad in Sunday Go-To-Meeting suit, whose waistcoat is crossed by a gaudily gay brass watch chain. Patent leathers, his best dicer, a silver-handled cane and a flaring red mustache, waxed fiercely at its termini, complete the ensemble.

(Der Grosze S. loquitur:)

O Kelly, say Kelly,
If you don't your duty do,
I shall surely peach on you.
O Kelly, dear Kelly,
Stick by me, or Mudd will be my name.

The polls open and the crowd rush up to vote.

Enter S. S. Yannee and Ritchie, with sinister scowls, arrayed in sweaters and devilish demeanor. The mob awaits in awe-struck silence their nibs' remarks.

Yankee, with a Monumental manner and an Auditorium accent, exclaims to all:

You take to the polls, lads,
You cast many votes;
I'll pay you the "sponds" lads—
Gold, silver and notes.
Vote all the day long, lads—
The barrel is full to the top—
While I watch out for reformers rank,
And bulldoze every "cop."

Meanwhile Ritchie casts his first vote and goes again to the foot of the line, and presently history repeats, as also does Ritchie.

Der Grosze Schmeck observes it and speculates whilst pointing at Ritchie:

"That man who smiles
Is full of wiles.
He tries to cheat
And oft repeat.
This voter of zest,
I now protest—
Officer, take him under arrest."

Kelly tries to photograph Ritchie.

There is now a free fight. Yankee surreptitiously takes the cop aside and gives him a dark red draught from a flat bottle. The mob jumps on the watchers. In the scuffle Ritchie pinches Schmeckebeier's watch. Kelly comes in at the head of police reinforcements. Yankee and Ritchie run. Bliss tries to stop them and gets a compound fracture on his "physiog" whilst the pair escape.

Song and Dance the Second.

SCENE:—City Hall Square deserted and silent. Ferdinand City Latrobe appears, despondently locks the big front door of the municipal mansion, drops the keys in his pocket and speedily skips. Enter Ritchie and Yankee profusely perspiring, but hilariously happy.

Solo from Ritchie:

(*dir*—"Bartender.")

I pinched his watch—I did it, did it—
In spite of yells and tears,



And I've just left it with my uncle, uncle,
For the price of twenty beers.
So come have a drink, do, Yannee, Yannee,
From all "cops" and "Reubs" we've flown—
And in some other spot
Let us now try our lot,
Where it's nobody's business but our own.

Yannee answers:

(*Air—"Starlight."*)

Ritchie, Ritchie,
I shall always drink with thee,
All days, always, where'er we chance to go;
When my cash and credit's gone
At thy expense I'll still drink on—
Ritchie, Ritchie,
This is a dead sure go.

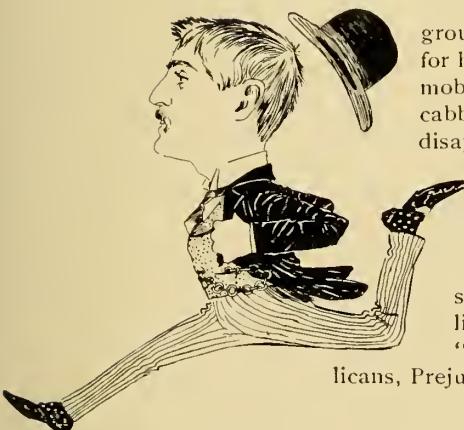
Front doors, side doors,
Whether at Gordon's or Theodore's,
Always, all days, will I drink on thee
Of whisky, beer, or what you will,
I can drink my fullest fill;
Ritchie, Ritchie,
To a tavern let us flee.

They start to leave. Suddenly in the background Schmeckeibier springs into view, running for his life and hotly pursued by a mad, malignant mob, who accelerate his pace with ancient eggs, cabbages, brick-bats and missles of that ilk. He disappears as suddenly as he came.

[*Exeunt Richie et Yannee.*]

Song and Dance the Third.

Seventeenth Ward. Popular polling place surrounded by riotous Reform rooters and policemen persistingly pulling all who have no "pull." Delirious Dimmycrats, Rabid Republicans, Prejudiced Prohibitionists to boot.



G. G. Gantz mounts an ash barrel, saddles his silvery speech with demagogic doctrine and smiles on the multitude.

G. G. G.:

I won't serve Free Raisin,
I shall leave the "Ring;"
I shan't be a "heeler"
For such a losing thing.
I'll be a reformer—
I shall please the mob—
Then from little Alcaeus
I'll get a nice fat job.

Reformers root. Regulars throw defunct animal and vegetable matter. G. G. G's fluently flowing face receives the brunt of the storm. Enter Ritchie and Yannee with the trembling tread and bibulous mien of those who have tarried long at the wine.

Ritchie to Yannee:

"My boy, who's that
Who talks so flat?
I really wonder
What he's at."

Yannee to Ritchie (solo in A minor):

"O, that is Gantz
Who talks abuse;
When writ in German
Gans means goose.
But his is cooked,
And this to boot,
When writ in German
Is 'ganz gut.'"



They approach the polls and vote in their oblivious state from sheer force of habit. After they have voted three times, Somewhat protests. Ritchie administers a face shake to the Dare-Devil Deacon and sings out:

Please don't annoy,
You careless boy,
Or with your corpus I shall toy,
And o'er the stones
With groans and moans
I'll drag your nibship, flesh and bones.

Policemen separate the combatants. Ritchie and Yannee depart to conquer new worlds.

Song and Dance the Fourth.

The time-honored Sanctum Sanctorum of the Gym. A feeling of happiness permeates an atmosphere of decay. Undergrad. underlings grouped on benches around the stove. The "Colonel" in the foreground.

Chorus of Seniors, Juniors and Freshmen lightly led by the cheerfully chatting Colonel. Tout ensemble:

(*Air*—"Sunshine of Paradise Alley.")

At a free, careless pace,
In this happy old place,
Do we sip the good cheer of Fate's giving;
And with spirited song,
Blithely ramble along
In a life that's the best of all living.
We are gallant and true
To our loved J. H. U.
With our muscular might e'er victorious,
And we merrily joke,
Through our cigarette smoke,
That the "undergrad." life is most glorious.

Every morning down to the Gym we go,
All the fellows, hale and hearty, love it so;
We are the people—the salt of the earth you know—
And it is the sunshine of Johns Hopkins Alley.

With a jolly good pipe,
For our fun we are ripe,
Till our noise wakes the spirits departed;
Whilst a pot-social fight
Affords lasting delight,
When its mêlée has fiercely been started.
Now in times that are gone
These same revels went on
Midst good fellowship, repartee, laughter,
And they surely shall last,
As they were in the past,
With these fellows so fine who come after.

Every morning down to the Gym we go,
All the fellows, hale and hearty, love it so;
Long may it linger to shelter the boys, we trow!
For it is the sunshine of Johns Hopkins Alley.

Suddenly enter G. G. Gantz on a dead run, hatless, bootless, disheveled, torn and soiled, with hair on end, closely followed by Yannee and Ritchie. They tumble into the centre of the crowd.

Colonel (interrogatively to G. G. G.)

Well, on my life, a pretty sight!
My boy you're in a sorry plight,
Do tell us all about the fight.
What did they do to you?

G. G. G. (surely, slowly, sobbingly):

They didn't do a thing to me—
A fact that you may plainly see.



They took me,
They shook me,
They walked all up my back.
They bit me,
They hit me,
Till I was blue and black.
They dumped me,
They bumped me,
And threw me in a lump;
They whipped me,
They tripped me,
And said I was a chump.
They chased me,
They raced me,
Did every boy and man;
They pulled my nose,
They tore my clothes,
That's all—and here I am!

Yankee menacingly answers:

You're a dandy watcher!
You're a daisy "mug!"
To try to play at catcher,
With any ringster thug.

War is not your forte, sir!
You're a carpet knight—
Whom we now have caught, sir!
To torture for delight.

He rushes him toward Ritchie, who rejoins at Gantz and the "undergrad." underlings.

(*Air*—"Trilby O'Ferrall.")

I am Ritchie the naughty,
Society's darling and lion;
I strut with an air that is jaunty and sporty,
And superfine.
My life is most blasé and wicked,
I'm a kicker both agile and neat;
So now, dearest Gantz,
In the seat of your pants,
I plant my feet.

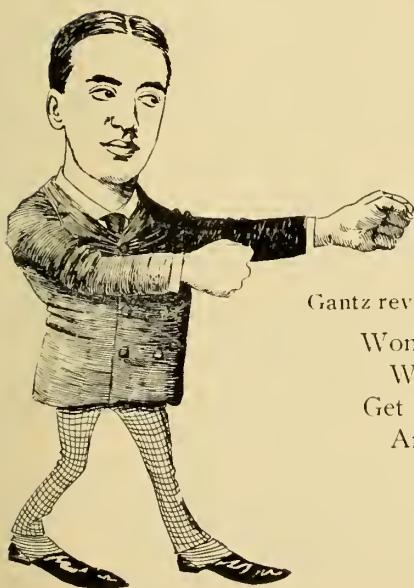
A pot-social of which G. G. G. is the attractive centre is forthwith organized. After a half hour's diversion, Deacon Somewhat appears, and G. G. G. is released rather the worse for wear. Somewhat tries to revive him and defies the Impudent Imps in this strain:

(*Air*—"I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.")

I have here, side by side,
My mammoth feet—
I dare all of your tribe
Out on the street.
I challenge everyone,
As heavy-weight,
I'll see you have the fun—
I'll pay the freight.

Gantz revives and joins in the chorus:

Won't you come and fight these ruffians,
Won't you rally round reform?
Get together, à la football,
And avert the threatened storm.



If you won't I shall not like you,
And must ostracise each name;
You cannot secure without me,
Laurels on the road of fame

The two despondingly depart. Enter Der Grosze Schmeck, by the side door, inquiring the time. In his present condition he is unrecognizable, and after numerous questions and guys introduces himself thusly thus:

I'm a watcher, as you may see,
And reform is the word with me,
But of watching my watch,
I've made a sad botch,
And this is the trouble with me.

For without any reason or ryhme,
In muddiest Marsh Market slime,
My time being taken—
I was jostled and shaken—
To find out I was behind time.

A watched pot they say never boils
Whatever the pains and the toils,
But a watch that's in soak
Makes the heart feel dead broke,
Whilst the temper incessantly boils.

Schmeck, grumbling and gloomy gets out. The shades of night draw on apace. Ritchie and Yannee fall into a bibulous delirium tremens sleep on the benches. The others meander moodily off, and a spirit of troubrous unrest broods over J. H. U.

ACT SECOND.

(The day after, with the difference in the morning.)

Dance the First.

Dredger Doctor Kelly discovered at the Hopkins Hospital immersed in a tub of witch-hazel. He comes forth with a fractured photograph plate upon whose pieces may be faintly seen Ritchie's "physiog," and sadly soliloquizes:

Song the First.

My efforts were treated with scorn,
I'm bruised and battered and torn:
 Although Hooper's elected,
 Just as I expected,
Yours Truly says "Damn reform!"

Dance the Second.

Schmeckbier's dressing apartments. Frederick Der Grosze S. at full length on the bed, liberally covered with court plaster and liniment. Around the room crazy-quilt fragments of apparel.

Song the Second.

Schmeck, sadly soliloquizing:

I love my city and my State,
They're very pretty things,
But just one fact I would relate—
 It's in regard to rings.
I'll never take the time again
To smash ring politics,
 They took my watch,
 They took my time,
And got me in this fix.

Dance the Third.

G. G. G's sleeping parlors—third story rear; 9. A. M. Local coloring, à la that of Schmeckbier, black and blue, patriotic but painful.

Song the Third.

Goody Goody Gantz, gloomily gurgling:

I shall be a preacher,
 'Gainst the hosts of sin;
I shall tell my neighbors
 The ill effects of gin.
But away from polls and "pulls,"
 I shall surely flee
When any damn Reform League
 Would lay their hands on me.

Dance the Fourth.

Yankee and Ritchie, who have slept all night in the Gym, and have now that large feeling in the head and that deep dark, dark dismal brown after-taste upon the tongue, send "Jim" out for Bromo Seltzers and *Sun-papers*. They limber up somewhat, grasp the paper and upon the instant have temporary paresis.

Song the Fourth.

Both upon recovery, sotto voce:

Here's a most horrible muddle,

Here's a most dreadful fix,

They surely declare that Hooper's elected,

It follows, of course, that Williams's rejected—

We're both in the worst of a fix.

For our money is spent long ago,

To buy up repeaters and votes,

And we've pledged ourselves to many a bet,

We're head over heels in everyone's debt,

And nothing to wet our throats.

We'll leave elections alone,

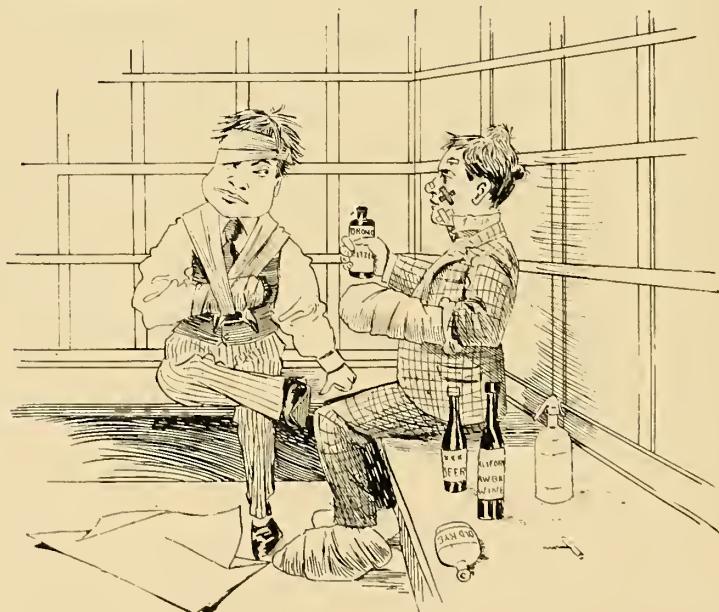
Whether Raisin or Right or Reason,

And this little sentiment is our own—

From boozing and bosses we now have flown,

Both in and out of season.

(Tears, repentance and curtain.)



"Here's to J. H. U."

"Aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem . . ."



When our football team is beaten,
With an overwhelming score,
And everyone is looking blue,
And even Harden's sore,
Heaven bless the man that braces up,
That takes three drinks or four,
Says "Boys! we'll try again next time—
We've all been there before."

When the teams are on the gridiron,
And the umpire's whistle's blown,
And the sweating sons of J. H. U.
Are sadly backward thrown,
Heaven bless the man who cheerfully
Cracks lungs and throat in vain,
And yells "Hooray for black and blue!
Get at 'em boys again!"



And when the dainty maiden,
A dream of frills and lace,
Saying "The Hopkins never wins,"
Puckles her pretty face,
Heaven help the man that undertakes
To show how lies the case,
And what the struggle is, and how
'Tis triumph—not disgrace.

And when the season's over,
And still the gloom hangs low,
And some wish team and captain, all
Were somewhere down below;
Heaven bless the man who lifts his head
With "Here's to me and you!"
We did our best"—holds high his glass—
"And here's to J. H. U.! "

A Junior's Discovery.

[The following lines were found by a Junior on the floor of Room 111, McCoy Hall. It is thought by some critics that leaves must have dropped from the professor's copy of "Macbeth"; but this is by no means a legitimate inference. All that can be affirmed with certainty is that the style is *not* that of the immortal Shakespeare. In this connection, moreover, we should notice the strong local coloring, which in some places is decidedly *green*. On the other hand, some portions of the article appear to have been written from the student's standpoint. It is, therefore, possible that the piece was composed by some inattentive Junior, while the lecturer was attempting to recollect the name of the great-great-grandfather of Sir Philip Sidney's wife's great uncle. All such questions, however, must remain unanswered unless one of our learned professors of literature can be induced to venture an opinion.]

SCENE I—McCoy HALL.

[Enter three G's. D. C. G. is attired in a long cotton robe. (This received first medal under the excellent system of awards used at the Atlanta Exposition.) E. H. G. is clad in a long black coat, distributed over his body as evenly as the predicate in a negative proposition. H. E. G. is attired in a beautiful "Chaucerian smile."]

1st G. (D. C. G.)—When shall we three meet again,
In dismal dank and darksome den?

2d G. (E. H. G.)—When the examinations come,
When the students dare not bum.

3d G. (H. E. G.)—That will be ere first of June.

D. C. G.—Where the place?

E. H. G.—McCoy Hall.

H. E. G.—There to meet with Tommy B—ll.

All.—Deep and dire; deep and dire!
Quizzes give and work require.

SCENE II—THE SAME.

[Enter three G's, attired as before.]

D. C. G.—Where hast thou been, Eddie?

E. H. G.—Flunking students.

D. C. G.—Herbert, where thou?

H. E. G.—A student put a rooster in my room,

That crowed and crowed and crowed.

“Get out!” quoth I;

But “Cackle, cack!” the uncanny monster cried.

I strove in vain to drive him out the door;

The treacherous beast my efforts quite eluded:

And, woeful day! the class was giggling, *giggling*,

But I have cut his crowing throat,

O'er his death-cries did I gloat,

I did, I did, and I did.

D. C. G.—I'll lend thee all my power.

E. H. G.—On thee I my blessings shower.

H. E. G.—I myself have eased my ire,

In my wrath I never tire.

I made the chicken into meat;

I made my students of it eat,

As they drank their lemonade.

If of you I weren't afraid,

I would flunk full half the class;

But if you say so they shall pass.

But though those students can't be flunked,

Yet they shall be——

[Enter Tommy B—ll and a Freshman gum-drop.]

Freshman (terrified.)—What are these so learned and so frightful
In their attire; that seem not like the students
Of the University, and yet are in it?

B—ll (aside to Freshman.)—The Hopkins has bosses as the city has,
And these are of them.

H. E. G.—All hail, young man! Hail to thee, victim of Genung and
Hill!

E. H. G.—All hail, young man! Hail to thee, victim of Ribot and
Ladd!

D. C. G.—All hail, young man! Hail to thee that shalt be—bounced
hereafter!

[Exeunt, howling and dancing.]

B—ll.—Where goes D. C., there go I also.

[Exit.]

Freshman (after reflection.)—If 'twere “one,” when 'tis done; then
'twere well

It were done quickly; if the examination
Could trammel up the consequences and catch
With its surcease a “one;” if Doctor Br—wn
Might be the mark—all here; if Joe—Joe never
Had a chance to cut your average down;
We'd like exams to come. But in these cases
We still have R—mb—u here, that we but learn
His crazy, weird phonetics, which return each day
To plague the class. * * *

* * * * *

[On another leaf the following was, with some slight difficulty,
deciphered.]

SCENE III—McCoy Hall, Room 7.

[Enter two students.]

1st Student.—The clock strikes twelve; is't not the hour that R—mb—u
comes?

2d Student.—What! ho! 'Tis he; this is himself; there is none like
him. Observe him; sit well in front beneath
his beaming face.

[Enter R—mb—u.]

R.—A quelle page nous nous sommes arrêtés?

1st S.—He speaks! Mark well his words!

R.—I know perfectly well at what page we stopped—he! he!—but I
want to rúpete the same phrase again and again until you
know it.

1st S.—Is not his mind diseased?

2d S.—It is reported not.

R.—In! damned teeth! In! I say!

1st S.—Strange and fearful are his words.

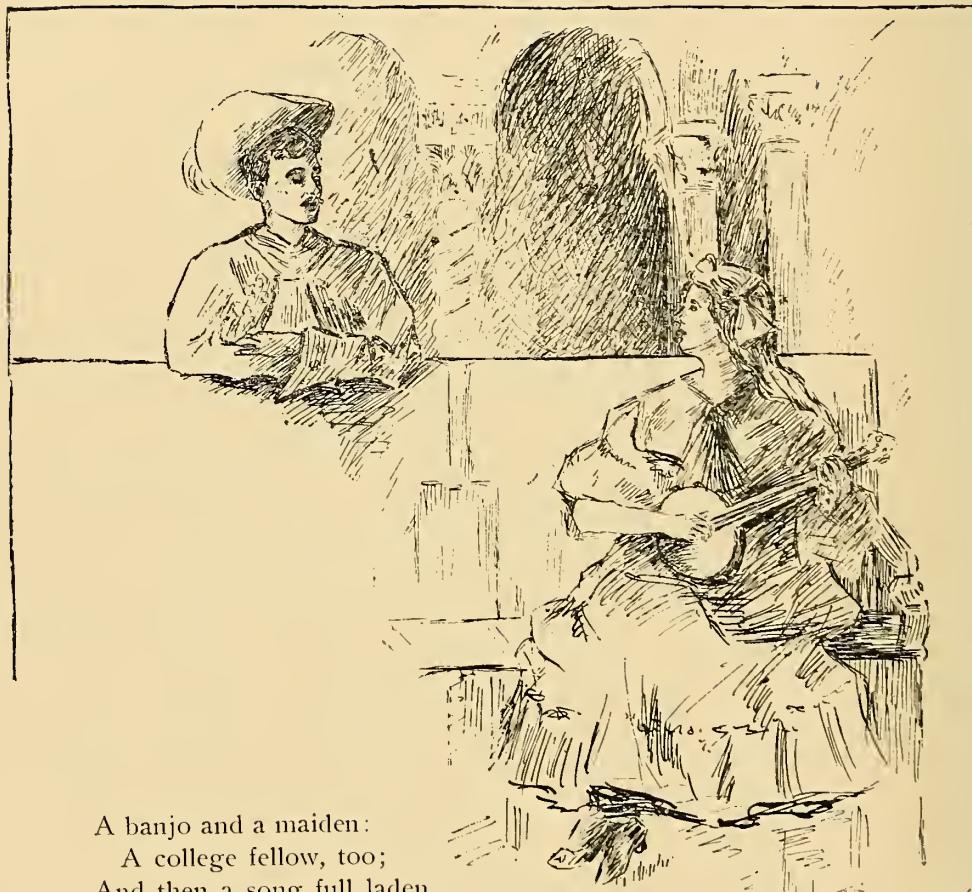
R.—êê, round your lips—ii. Uvula! Lingual r—r—r—! Key words! Paul Passee! Tongue forward!

1st S.—He speaks what he should not.

2d S.—Nay, nay; it is his custom. He is often thus.

Dean and Green vs. Queen.

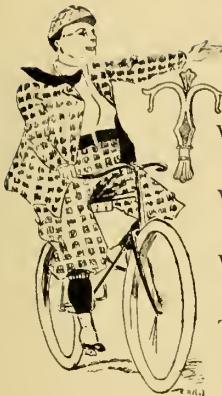
When I was sent to College,
As a youth of sweet sixteen—
A neophyte in knowledge—
I fell in with Herbert Green.
“ My dearest boy,” said he to me—
Such gush was never seen—
“ Come learn to speak in P. H. E.,
The English of the Green.”
The years passed on, I grew apace,
A senior lank and lean,
I still kept in the college race
And chanced upon the Dean.
“ How can it be,” said he to me,
“ You’re English is so green?
In Number Twelve I’ll teach to thee
The language of the Dean.”
Much learning soon became my fad,
As “ Grad ” of sober mien,
I chased away the midnight hours
In learning’s walks serene,
And by much toil, o’er nightly oil,
When I reached twice sixteen,
At last I drew from lore’s rich spoil,
The English of the Queen.



A banjo and a maiden:
A college fellow, too;
And then a song full laden
With love for J. H. U.

- C-T-WHITE.

Where on this globe terrestrial,
Or far beyond the blue,
Is music more celestial?
Or harmony more true?



Bert the Biker.

WAS in the great athletic ground,
That fronts on Howard street,
Where all the tennis cranks abound
And baseball rooters meet;
Where links are laid, and hockey played,
And football practiced, too,
That "Bert the Biker" rode his race—
John Gilpin's act anew.

It happened once that "Bert" was flush—
To gain new fields he tried—
When the idea seized him with a rush,
That he must learn to ride.
We jollied "Bert" for many a day,
At his mad antics smiled,
Till anger took the place of play
And his mien grew fierce and wild.

But once—the hardest knock of all—
When a kid from Ninety-nine,
Stepped up and bet that "Bert" would fall
In less than a minute's time.
So giving the wheel the deuce of a shove,
And stepping up quickly behind,
He gained his seat, applied his feet,
And the pedals began to grind.

Now right in front of him there lay,
As with reckless pace he sped,
A "natural obstruction," as golf men say,
Which landed him on his head.
So "Biking Bert" his money lost,
As well as temper and gore,
His muscles are strained, his ankle sprained,
And his mind is sad and sore.

With a cane he walks, and sadly talks
Of how he almost died;
But—astonishing truth—this careless youth
Still thinks he will learn to ride.

Clifton.

Though roving mind may pleasure find,
Where'er life's tide shall drift on,
My blood's red flow shall thrill and glow
When I remember Clifton—
That happy hallowed haunt of old,
So dear to all the college fold.

The gridiron field, the shouts that pealed
When Hopkins was victorious,
The setting sun e'en liked the fun,
And lent a halo glorious;
That lingers blithely, proudly yet,
Although old Clifton's sun is set.

No more that strife of lusty life,
Where crystal brooklets babble—
Thou'rt basely sold for Shylock's gold;
The city's sordid rabble
Shall throng the manor and the mead,
Where victory crowned the Olympian deed.

But Father Time, who cheered thy prime,
Thy memory will mellow;
In coming days, shall sing thy praise
Each hale and hearty fellow
Who shared with thee his gain or loss,
In baseball, football, or lacrosse.

Though roving mind may pleasure find,
Where'er life's tide shall drift on;
My blood's red flow shall thrill and glow
When I remember Clifton—
Whose sturdy, genial, fostering clime
Endeared for aye my college time.

"The Paths of Glory Lead but to the Grave."

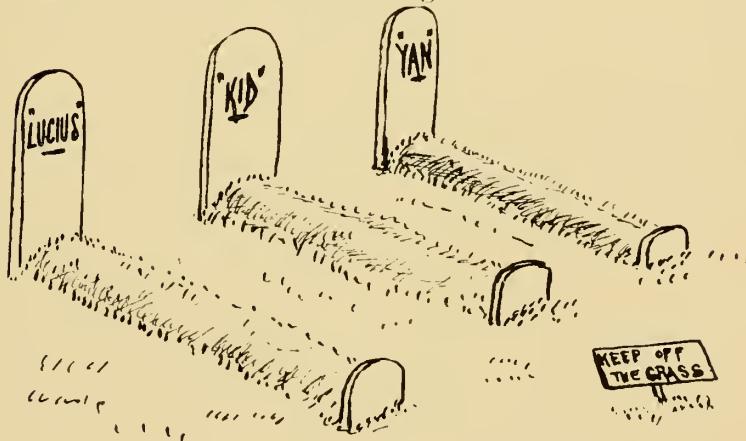
Sexton, I pray you, whose graves are these,
So carefully guarded and shaded by trees?
Have warriors or statesmen here breathed out their last,
Or heroes of chivalry—great men of the past?

"No," answered the sexton, a tear in his eye,
As memories so dear came fast fleeting by,
"Of those that you mention, greater than all
Are these heelers of Gorman—buried last fall."

Stop, sir! tread lightly; touch not that mound,
The veriest of heroes lies there in the ground;
Fame ever sings his great deeds from her lips,
The corpse is none other than Lucius M. Trippe's.

And here lies 'Kid' Harden, the lad from the clime
Where peanuts and oranges thrive all the time.
He hails from old Georgia, but he took off his coat,
Pitched in, ward-heeled, and gave Raisin his vote.

Last, but not least—pause, shed a tear,
And weep for S. Janney, whose memory's so dear;
A jolly good fellow—a jolly good friend—
Whom devotion to Gorman brought to an end.



To the Hour Bell.



PARADISE LOST—11.00 A. M.

Hear the sounding hour-bell—
 Fearful bell!
What dread anticipations its clamorings compel!
 To the students' waiting ears,
It shrieks a thousand fears!
 From its cruel, crusty throat,
 In monotone—
As if a thousand college deans,
Like so many fearful fiends,
 Were rapping—
 Fiercely tapping
 On the bell.

PARADISE REGAINED—11.50 A. M.

Hist! Is't Orpheus now straying
Through the college hall and playing?
 Or Caliope's soft singing?
 Or again, the class-bell ringing?
'Tis the sweet and silvery singing.
'Tis the rich and rhythmic ringing
 Of the bell—
As though the Nymphs and Graces,
With brightly beaming faces,
 Were dancing,
 And were prancing
 On the bell.



Nabobs of Ninety-Six.

BEING BIOGRAPHICAL BRIEFS,
LENT BY COURTESY
OF
THE RECORDING ANGEL.

—
“KID.”

Bald in the spring of life—the reason’s brief—
“Kid” in his youthful days has come to grief
From living high and keeping hours more late
Than Sunday-schools advise for future fate.
Oft with his pipe and faded Alpine hat
Around the “Gym” this raconteur has sat
And swapped those moral stories—bright or dark—
Which have delighted men since Noah’s ark.
He ran his class with skill executive
(A pattern to each Freshman how to live),
And at its “feeds” most all the talking did,
Saying, “I am quite proud to be called ‘Kid.’”

"DAGO."

His noble mien,
It will be seen,
Is the Italian cream of Italy;
And by report
He is a sport
Who plays lacrosse most prettily.

At Irish wakes
He takes the cakes
With slightest of compunctions,
His English brogue
Is quite in vogue
At all Victoria's functions.

This brunette youth,
The boys in truth,
Like very much to plague, O;
He takes it well
And says "Wat t'ell"—
This hefty, hearty "Dago."

"BABY."

Born in the country, by some babbling brook,
This rustic youth soon to the city took;
Mixed socially in high and low resort—
Straightway became a prodigal and sport.
One spring as manager he tried baseball—
Expense was great and box receipts were small.
And once he entered in the football lists,
But was disqualified for using fists.
Through college days this pugilist and larker
Carried the guileless name of "Baby" Parker.

"BERT."

At a de'il-may-care, nonchalant, free-for-all pace,
He rambled through Hopkins each year,
Bold, blasé and jocular; happy his face,
When telling tales risqué—not often the case—
But sometimes it happened, I fear.

His years did he reckon in cycles—you bet!
For they were his hobby and pride,
The Cycle, he said, was the best cigarette,
And the swift-wheeling bicycle follows he yet,
In his tyro endeavors to ride.

His form and his countenance, early and late,
Adorned both the ballroom and bar,
Society claimed him for functions of state,
He managed our "Hops" at a minimum rate,
And the world said, "How handsome you are!"

The pride of the ladies, the pet of the boys,
He lived to a ripe, ruddy age;
"Ate, drank and was merry," with laughter and noise,
Partaking with pleasure of life and its joys—
A comedian upon the world's stage.

Then when to his father's they bore him along,
He took his last bier—jolly knave!
And they gave him this epitaph—rightly or wrong—
"A lover of happiness, wine and good song,"
And a vineyard soon grew from his grave.

"CORNELIUS BEATTY."

He cuts up in biology,
Or questions in psychology,
Replete with much geology.
Is this learned youth pedantic.

He keeps unearthly hours,
Dissecting bugs and flowers,
To please professorial powers,
Till his addled brain is frantic.

With vestments theologic,
And wisdom pedagogic,
He treads the paths of logic,
As his first and foremost duty.
But his beard, so thick and flowing,
Day by day is swiftly growing,
Whilst the whistling wind is blowing
Through its untrimmed rustic beauty.

“ PRINCE.”

Like Alexander, grand and grim,
An air of greatness breathed around him,
Great was his muscle, great his feet,
His stature, too, and smile so sweet;
And great his bristling, red mustache—
In evening dress or football clash.
This man, tho' seeming rough and wild,
Was gentle as a little child;
The ladies' pet and favorite, too—
The beau ideal of J. H. U.
When he should work he loafed along,
But when come play, with muscle strong
In maddest mêlée would he mix
To win the day for Ninety-six!
The greatest man in college, since
Our class first came, he is (says “ Prince.”)

“ BILLY ” LILLY.

“ Billy ” thought his Freshman knowledge
Was too great to fit this college,
And himself into the world
Then precipitately hurled.

But now at the Woman's College
Seeks he still for further knowledge—
Knowledge of the "woman new,"
Whom he missed at J. H. U.

"HOEY."

This youth is a winner,
And since he is thinner
Than the stem of a pipe or a slender match stick,
Without the X rays
We can see all his ways
Through flesh, skin and bones to the innermost quick.

Thus gazing we found him,
As we've lingered around him,
The best-hearted comrade of old Ninety-six.
So for years to come after
We'll remember the laughter
Of fair-haired young "Hoey," the brick of all bricks.



Caught in the Act.



Dr. M—ng—r.—In summer, gentlemen, I never drink water. I drink only beer.

Student.—But, Doctor, beer makes you more thirsty!

Dr. M—ng—r.—In that case I drink more beer.

Dr. Sh—rw——d.—In regard to this theory, gentlemen, I need merely say that it was subsequently recognized formerly.

AT HOPKINS HOP.

Young Lady.—Mr. Ritchie, who is that extremely handsome man over there?

Mr. Ritchie (much pleased).—Why, that is Mr. Janney, a great friend of mine.

Young Lady (disgusted).—Oh, no! not him; I mean the man behind him.

The following notice was officially posted in the battery room of the Physical Laboratory: "Do not touch any connections in this room, by order of H. A. Rowland, or anything else."

Dr. Gr—ff—n.—Lotze, gentlemen, holds that physical and mental energies are convertible.

Mr. Johnson (wisely).—Well, Doctor, what, as a matter of fact, is there against that theory, except that there is nothing to support it?

Dr. L—uc—ut.—In fact, gentlemen, Charles the First lost his head before the headsman got at it.

Dr. Gr—ff—n.—We will study the after-sensations afterwards.

Dr. H—ll—nd—r.—Mr. Bruff, have you a practical knowledge of agricultural methods?

Mr. Bruff (indignantly).—Sir, I am not from the country!

Dr. B—rk—r.—In Psychology, gentlemen, a very little nerve goes a very long way.

Dr. Elm—tt.—In the case of Ashby vs. White, gentlemen, the judges of election said: "We are very sorry, Mr. Ashby, but we know nothing about you." Now, Mr. Trippe, what do you know about Ashby?

(Mr. Trippe echoes the sentiments of the judges of election.)

Dr. R—mb—u.—Meester Guggenheimier, will you pleaz parler un leetel louder?—otherwise I might overhear zomething.

Prof. Sylv—st—r (*waking up at night.*)—Is there anyone in this room?

Burglar.—No, sir.

Prof. Sylv—st—r (*falling asleep again.*)—Oh, I thought there was!

THE DAY OF THE POT-SOCIAL.

Dr. Gr—n (*quoting Emerson to tardy Freshmcu.*)—Give me continuity; I am tired of scraps.

Dr. G—Ip—n (*in Chemistry class.*)—Mr. Trippe, suppose I should ask you to treat—(Mr. Trippe faints.)

Dr. G—Ip—u.—Can any gentleman inform me where I could get nitrates?

Voice.—Any hotel will give them to you, sir.

Dr. Gr—ff—n.—The difference between active and passive touch is the difference between touching and being touched.

Dr. Gr—ff—u.—Mr. Warfield, can you give me an example of an unnecessary accident?

Mr. Warfield.—The clothes a man wears.

Dr. Ell—tt (*discussing the meeting of the Philological Association.*)—Mr. —, having something to say after every paper, got up and spoke on general principles.

Dr. R—mb—u.—But what did he say of the General, Doctor?

Janney's free-lunch yell: "Clams! Oysters! Raw! Raw! Raw!"

A MEDICAL-SCHOOL JOKE.

"Is there no re-dress?" sighed the class, as Miss Johnson entered in the same old clothes.

IN SUB-FRESHMAN MATHEMATICS.

Prof. Cohen.—Do you know what a lune is?

Voice.—It must cohencide with C—h—n.

AT BOARD OF EDITORS MEETING.

Mr. Ritchie.—I move that the gentleman do the duties recumbent on his position.

Dr. Gr—ff—n (*explaining perception*).—I perceive that it is ten minutes of twelve o'clock. (Great applause on part of class.)

Dr. Gr—ff—n.—Fish have no smell.

Mr Trippe.—I have met some fish that had a very acute smell.

Dr. Gr—ff—n.—Anybody can tell the answer to this question, so I'll ask Mr. Torsch.



Statistics.



The following interesting statistics are the result of the popular vote of the students in all the departments of the University:

I. The most popular member of the Faculty:

1. PROF. IRA REMSEN, *Chemistry*.
2. DR. KIRBY SMITH, *Latin*.

Prof. Remsen received a majority of the votes cast in the undergraduate as well as in the graduate department, although his largest majority was obtained in the latter. Those who voted for Dr. Smith were almost wholly undergraduates.

II. The most popular student in the University:

1. ALFRED DEARING HARDEN, '96.
2. STUART SYMINGTON JANNEY, '95 (grad.)

The voting was heavy and the successful competitor won by the small margin of 14 votes. With the exception of these two leading candidates the votes were scattered.

Mr. Harden was born in Savannah, Ga., in 1873. After attending the University of Virginia for two years, he entered the Class of '96 at the J. H. U. in the fall of '93. He has twice been president of his class, and last autumn held the trying position of manager of the "Varsity Football Team. He is also an editor of the '96 "Hullabaloo."

III. The hardest student in the University:

1. CORNELIUS BEATTY, '96.
2. JOHN F. SCHUNK, '97.
3. EUGENE DE F. HEALD, '97.

Mr. Beatty won by an overwhelming majority. He was born in Baltimore in 1872. He was prepared for entrance into the University at the Baltimore City College, at which institution he received two prizes—one for skill in public debate, the other for a biological essay

based on original investigation. During his stay in the University Mr. Beatty has established a well-deserved reputation as a hard and conscientious worker.

IV. Handsomest student in the University:

1. JAMES FERNANDIS MITCHELL, '91 (med.)
2. EDSON F. GALLAUDET, *Physics and Electricity*.
3. THOM DUDLEY WILLIAMS, '97.

The vote for this distinction was exceedingly close, Mr. Mitchell winning by the slender margin of 9. Mr. Gallaudet, moreover, wrested second place from Mr. Williams by a single vote.

Mr. Mitchell, the successful competitor, was born in Baltimore in 1871. Entering the University in '88, he gained his Baccalaureate degree in '91. While an undergraduate he made an excellent record as a football player, and both before graduation and since he has been a member of the Medical School, he has been one of the mainstays of our lacrosse teams.

V. The best athlete in the University:

1. STUART SYMINGTON JANNEY, '95 (grad.)
2. JASPER A. McCASKELL, '96.

Mr. Janney's majority was quite large, although a number of votes were given to McCaskell. With these exceptions, however, the votes were scattered, principally among Hill, Stevens and Wilson, in the order named.

The successful candidate, Mr. Janney, was born in Harford County, Md., in 1874. He entered the J. H. U. in '92 and received his A. B. in '95. Ever since his entrance he has been a prominent figure in college athletics. As a football and a lacrosse player he is known to every reader of the "Hullabaloo." While an undergraduate he received numerous class offices and also won various scholarships, &c., for excellence in University work.

VI. The average student of the University is $21\frac{1}{2}$ years old, weighs $143\frac{5}{8}$ pounds, and is $5.8\frac{1}{8}$ feet tall. His hat is No. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$; and he wears a No. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ shoe. In politics he is decidedly a Democrat.

In personal appearance the aforesaid average student is clean shaven and neither wears glasses nor smokes. A very large minority,

however (which just failed of being a majority), of his constituent elements are addicted to the weed. He also narrowly escaped being decorated with a mustache.

VII. The vote for the favorite author was remarkably close and extremely scattered, Scott leading by one vote and the immortal William leading Dickens by but three.

VIII. As to the greatest need of the University, there was room for little difference of opinion. Graduates, undergraduates, and medical students united in voting for the immediate acquisition of adequate *athletic grounds*. This great and crying need so overshadowed everything else that only a very imperfect idea can be obtained as to the second choice of the students. As everybody voted for athletic grounds, there was no one left to vote for anything else. After all, this result only proves what every one (except the Trustees and Faculty) knew already.

A few, however, (perhaps considering it self-evident that an athletic field is our most urgent need) cast a number of scattering votes for "a better gymnasium," "a pedagogical department," "a law school," and "*a college paper*."

Since, as has been said, the vast majority of the votes were cast for "an athletic field," it is very difficult to say just what is the "second greatest" need of the University. But it is highly probable that the majority of the students (next to an athletic ground) desire a college paper. Money is required to obtain good athletic grounds (and money is not very plentiful just now); but the need of a college paper will be instantly filled on the speaking of a word by the Trustees. In this instance the students cannot be cajoled by vague promises; the paper is needed *now*, and can be obtained immediately. The only obstacle is the opposition of the University authorities. The Board of Editors has been assured by a well-known alumnus that with the assistance of two other alumni he would start a paper himself. This would be heroic treatment, but if we cannot publish a paper in the University, let us by all means adopt this plan.

We need a paper to draw together the graduate and the undergraduate, the freshman and the senior; we need a paper around which the opinion of the college may crystallize. Undergraduates and alumni alike demand a paper. Ergo, we should have a paper. We call

upon the Class of '97 not to let another year go by without a renewed and more determined effort to break down the barriers which stand in the way. Let them rest assured of the hearty co-operation of old '96 and of all who truly love our Alma Mater and desire for her an increased prosperity.

In the hope that the authorities of the University will not be deaf to the appeal of every man who has ever taken a course at the J. H. U., the Board of Editors has asked a prominent alumnus to write a short article on the need of athletic grounds, and another alumnus, equally well known, to voice his sentiments and our own in a plea for a college paper—the two greatest and most pressing needs of the University. On the following pages will be found the result of these requests.

A Plea for an Athletic Field.

IN reviewing the records of the Johns Hopkins University during the past twenty years, two facts stand forth prominently. While the University's literary and scientific supremacy is beyond question, its almost total failure in athletics is equally striking. Taking Johns Hopkins as the highest development of the University in this country, and contrasting it with the older institutions of learning, the above statement suggests the possibility that intellectual and physical training may vary inversely: and, indeed, this seems to be the belief of the majority of the members of President Gilman's cabinet. Such, however, is not the case. A brief glance at the records of the Athletic Association shows clearly that the best athletes have stood high in scholarship. Hopkins athletes are good scholars; Hopkins scholars, within certain limitations, are good athletes.

The failure of the University to take its proper place in the athletic world is not the fault of the students. They have done wonders with the inadequate means in hand, and in the only branch of athletics which is partially provided for—in-door work—they have developed, without question, the most skilful college gymnasts in the United States. The more healthful exercises in the open air, those which tend rather to make men and not muscle-bound skeletons, are sadly deficient in means of support.

Roughly, there are two reasons for this state of affairs. Athletic prominence is of slow growth and comes, if it comes at all, relatively late in college life. Even when encouraged by all proper means, it requires enthusiasm for its support. Encouragement and widespread enthusiasm are lacking at Hopkins. Then, too, the University's failure in inter-collegiate athletics is the legitimate outcome of the rapid development of the "University idea" during the last two decades—the period of Hopkins' existence. The conception of the American university was at the outset purely intellectual, and the mental side was large enough to crowd out of consideration anything smacking of sport. Twenty years ago, Johns Hopkins began its career as an institution for advanced learning. The collegiate department was rudimentary, and principally existed to act as a feeder to the more advanced courses. The rapid increase in the number of students, both graduate and undergraduate, has materially altered the status of the college. It no longer acts simply as a training-school for advanced students, but professes to offer broad and general courses, which men, who do not intend to pursue advanced work, may follow with advantage. No one can doubt the careful and conscientious efforts of the instructors, nor the excellence of the work done in the class rooms, but most Hopkins men feel, when they receive their diplomas as Bachelors of Art, that perhaps there are a few "more rights, honors and privileges to that degree appertaining," which they might command if the conditions under which they worked had been different.

A large per cent. of the men in class are not members of fraternities, and are totally ignorant of any phase of what is known as college life. Most of them are not athletes, nor members of the Athletic Association, and their experience in this direction has been limited to occasionally standing on the side lines and cheering on to victory, or, more often, obstinate defeat, a score or more half-trained comrades. They never have had the opportunities to frequently meet in large bodies and make history for Hopkins; college traditions are few and far between, and they eagerly seize the slightest opportunity or excuse to do something after the manner of what they consider typical college men, often degenerating into poor imitations, and reflecting not so much on themselves as on the authorities who are responsible for their vagaries. One cannot help marvelling at the short-sightedness in this respect of men who have shown themselves

capable of safely steering the University through its late financial crisis, to say nothing of having boldly departed from all precedent to form a type in higher educational methods in this country. What the Trustees and Faculty have accomplished every Hopkins undergraduate instinctively recognizes and gratefully appreciates, but he also feels that more might be done with very little trouble or expense.

The question may be asked, "What right have we to expect the Board of Trustees, the majority of whom are typical business men, and not college bred, to go so far out of their legitimate sphere of finance and recognize the special needs of the undergraduates?" We can only reply that they assume the right to judge in all such matters.

There is a feeling prevalent that the Trustees frown down on petitions from the students, and justly so in many supposable cases. We are loath to believe, however, that they are ignorant of that class of rights known in ethics as imperfect rights, and will remain deaf to the urgent demands of a large body of undergraduates, especially when these demands appear, at least to the undergraduates themselves, to be backed up by sound common sense.

The majority of the collegiate students feel that they have the right to demand that the Trustees, at least, seriously consider the question of procuring in the near future an athletic field and track, and suitably fitting up the same, and this, too, for the following reasons:

College sports form an essential part of the training of a college graduate. A proper co-ordination of mental and physical development has always been found to produce the best results. The world at large recognizes the advantage of turning out men, rather than intellectual machines.

The ethical side of athletics is the larger, and all old athletes recognize the lasting benefits of the self-imposed restraints while training. The possible evils of over-training and the sin of neglecting college work for college sport should not militate against the innumerable benefits to individuals, and to the college itself, because these objections are rendered impotent by the careful selection of supervising officers which has always been made by the students themselves, showing their willingness to co-operate in every way in their power with the Trustees and Faculty. Mutual aid and co-operation in team work generates and fosters a spirit of individual subordination to desired ends that cannot be acquired in the class room.

Individual efforts on the track are self-centred only at first sight. Every competitor has the honor of Hopkins at heart, and puts forth

his best efforts not only to land himself a winner, but to carry the black and blue to the front.

It is only in competition that men learn to recognize their proper places in the scheme of existence, and the "humanizing" effect of athletics on the scholar is great.

The demand for a suitable athletic ground, where the students may meet in large bodies, and either take part in the various games themselves, or by their presence and stimulating interest, help their comrades to victory, recognizes that the undergraduate is no different from all other men in being a social animal.

The athletic field will in this way largely take the place of a Hopkins campus, where Hopkins men can spend their spare time, where everyone will have the interest of J. H. U. at heart. It will form a centre from which Hopkins interest will be widely disseminated.

There will be no outside men in Hopkins uniforms, for the athletic supply will be equal to the demand when convenient training-grounds are at the service of the captains and coaches of the various teams; \$710,000 has been received from the city for the only ground the Athletic Association could use, and it seems but fair to give part of this sum toward acquiring a substitute for Clifton.

The Trustees and Faculty will find the task of college government much easier. The mental, physical and social sides of the undergraduate will be greatly improved, and the weak-kneed, pale-faced grind will disappear from McCoy Hall.

Finally, Johns Hopkins will turn out rounded men, who in after life will worthily fill any positions which may fall to their lots.

In his recent address at the commemoration exercises on the 22d of February, President Gilman, after acknowledging his gratitude to the Trustees and Faculty for their hearty co-operation during the critical period of organization and administration, continued: " Yet even above these great rewards, I place the affectionate loyalty of nearly three thousand students who have been instructed. Many of these are still on the rolls; fifty-six of those who have been pupils are now on the academic staff. But a far larger number have gone out to positions of usefulness and influence in Baltimore, in Maryland, and in nearly every State in the Union."

Mr. Gilman, in his usual happy vein, strikes the key note in the "affectionate loyalty" of the present and former students of the University—a loyalty of which every Hopkins man is justly proud, and

which we sincerely hope will grow and expand with the increasing fame of our Alma Mater. Hopkins men are loyal; but how much more enthusiastic they would feel, when later in life they meet and affectionately and proudly grasp each other by the hand, if they had stood shoulder to shoulder and struggled together on the field, and all for the honor of old Hopkins!

We know men who have held every scholarship in the University —aye, and fellowship, too—whose eyes will sparkle and whose cheeks will flush when they see a striped jersey or hear the old war cry. 'Tis not because they individually distanced their competitors in the race for class honors; athletic scholars are apt to be modest. It is because they, themselves, once stood in the midst of a V, or, straining every nerve, breathlessly listened for the crack of the starter's pistol, and bravely and honorably wore the black and blue. Time cannot dim their loyalty. When the majority of the Alumni are morally, mentally and physically good men, then the influence of Hopkins will be felt, not only in Baltimore and in Maryland, but in *every* State in the Union, and enthusiastic affection will take the place of cold respect. We need an athletic field to help bring about this result.

ALUMINUS.



An Appeal for a College Paper.



EACH succeeding year proves more conclusively that some means of developing a unity of interest among the students is absolutely necessary for the advancement of the student-life in the Johns Hopkins University. Under the present state of affairs there is no common interest—no common bond of fellowship. Each man is a distinct and separate entity. Self, and self alone, is the underlying principle.

Unfortunately this spirit is rampant, not only among the undergraduates, but also among the graduates and alumni, all of whom seem to look upon their University as the place from which they have received something rather than a creation of which they are a part, for which they have made a sacrifice at some time or other. They look at their college life in the light of a shrewd bargain-and-sale arrangement, whereby they have driven a pretty sharp deal in provender for their brains.

Several devoted spirits for some years back have been searching with "prayer and fasting" for the remedy of this state of affairs. They have watched, as carefully as their time and abilities would permit, the forces at work. They have noted that each graduating class seemed to break the ties which bound them to their Alma Mater immediately upon graduation. They have noticed and now feel for themselves the desire for some tie to bind the graduate and the undergraduate bodies together; and they have concluded, with all due deference and respect to the Faculty and Trustees of the University, that this tie can be best supplied by a college paper.

No novelty or invention is claimed for this idea. Indeed, it is an old one. In 1890 a number of the most prominent members of the graduating class endeavored to start such a paper, but the attempt died "a' bornin'" owing to opposition on the part of the Trustees and Faculty. A year later, '91 again attempted to overcome the opposition of the "authorities." Before applying to them, however, they wrote to the presidents of several of the leading colleges and universities of the country for their opinions on such publications. In almost every instance—it is hard to get accurate information, as none of the letters were ever returned to the "promoters" of the idea after they had been

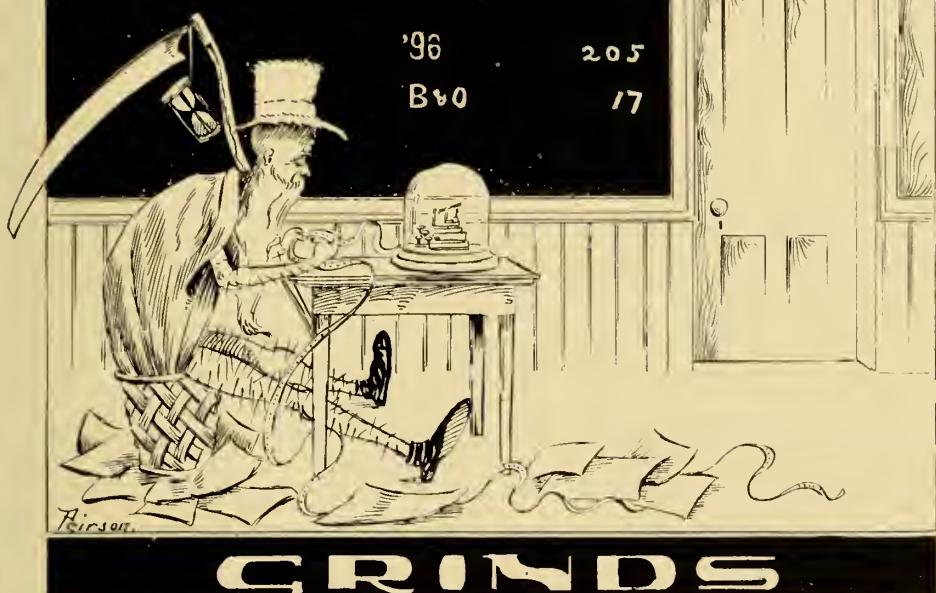
submitted for inspection—the reply was favorable to the college paper. Armed with such backing as this, the committee in charge presented their application with a feeling of confidence.—Misplaced! The answer came back, stern and emphatic, “No.”

It was suggested that the University was publishing a paper or circular that should supply all wants in the line of a college paper. We beg leave to unite with our predecessors in questioning whether a circular or paper which, in its wildest flights of fancy, contains a list of names and honors, and in its more sober ones a description of the latest discoveries in the hind leg of an ant, or a new formula for determining the rate of locomotion of a fixed star, does adequately supply the want indicated. We admit that the conducting of a paper representative of interests so diverse as those of our University would be a difficult task; we admit that we are oppressed with a feeling of timidity at the idea of having to establish one. But we believe that it can be done; that it can be made a beneficent force in the University; that a proper and healthy college spirit can be created and fostered by it, provided only there be a succession of men earnest and persevering enough to surmount the difficulties of the preliminary stages of the enterprise. And therefore, once more, gentlemen of the Trustees and Faculty, we, respectfully, but unhesitatingly, request your consideration of the subject.



J.H.U. STOCK QUOTATIONS

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CLIFTON.

"Gone, glimmering through the dreams of things
that were." —*Byron*.

"Paradise Lost." —*Milton*.

FACULTY AND

"One polished horde

STUDENTS.

"Formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and the
Bored." —*Byron: Don Juan*.

"UNCLE DANIEL."

"How long shall the words of thy mouth be like
a strong wind?" —*Job viii: 2*.

VENEZUELAN

"A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!"

COMMISSION.

—*Merchant of Venice*.

THE DEAN.

"Watering the plants of genius." —*Anonymous*.

GRADUATES.

"In the catalogue ye go for men." —*Macbeth*.

SENIORS.

"Go not freely nor indiscriminately to recita-
tions." —*Epictetus*.

JUNIORS.

"Merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamoured of the nut-brown maid."

—*Beattie*.

FRESHMEN. "Young barbarians all at play,
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour." —*Byron*.

SUB-FRESHIES. "They are too green." —*Fontaine*.

SUB-FRESHIES. "A sweet, new blossom of humanity." —*Massey*.

SUB-FRESHIES. "As children gathering pebbles on the shore." —*Milton*.

THE MEDS. "Learn'd he was in med'c'nal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore.
Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would
solder." —*Butler*.

THE EDITORS. "Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements not their own." —*Young*.

ADAMS. "A hat not much the worse for wear." —*Cowper*.

"Here clarity of candour, history's soul—
The critical mind in short." —*Browning*.

BEATTY. "Night after night
He sat and bleared his eyes with books." —*Longfellow*.

BINSWANGER. "I must to the barber's; for methinks, I am mar-
velous hairy about the face." —*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

CASPARL. "One omnipresent, damned, infernal noise." —*Old Play*.

CLARK. "They always talk who never think." —*Prior*.

COLLIER. "Let me have men about me that are fat." —*Julius Caesar*.

DEUTSCH. "He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are
like wit." —*Much Ado About Nothing*.

DIEHL. "Voice soft and low—an excellent thing in
woman." —*King Lear*.

COLLIER. "Questioning is not the mode of conversation
among gentlemen." —*Johnson*.

DEUTSCH. "He's tough; tough and devilish sly." —*Dickens*.

DIEHL. "Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, and
twenty caged nightingales do sing." —*Taming of the Shrew*.

DORSEY.	"Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look."
	— <i>Bloomfield.</i>
ELDRIDGE.	"He was in logic a great critic."
	— <i>Butler.</i>
GANTZ.	"Hark! to the hurried question."
	— <i>Byron.</i>
GASSMAN.	"A little round, fat, oily man of God."
	— <i>Thomson.</i>
	"Guess again."
	— <i>Griffin.</i>
	"He never has committed himself in his life."
	— <i>Thackery.</i>
GORDON.	"He, the sweetest of all singers."
	— <i>Longfellow.</i>
	"He dresses irreproachably, and goes out to dinner as much as he can."
	— <i>Thackery.</i>
GRAHAM.	"Self-love is not so vile a sin As self-neglecting."
	— <i>Old Play.</i>
HARDEN.	"Glorious in a pipe."
	— <i>Byron.</i>
	"D(e)aring in full dress."
	— <i>Byron.</i>
	"Then he will talk,—good gods, how he will talk."
	— <i>Nath. Lee.</i>
HARRIMAN.	"I am resolved to grow fat."
	— <i>Dryden.</i>
HENDRICKSON.	"Patient, and simple, and childlike."
	— <i>Longfellow.</i>
HILL.	"He was the glass wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."
	— <i>Browning.</i>
	"The honorable Captain."
	— <i>Henry VI.</i>
HILL AND HODGES.	"And both were young, and one was beautiful."
	— <i>Byron.</i>
HODGES.	"Myself am hell."
	— <i>Paradise Lost.</i>
	"Put not your trust in princes."
	— <i>Psalm cxlvii.</i>
	"Now in the name of all the gods at once, Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed, That he is grown so great?"
	— <i>Julius Caesar.</i>
JOHNSON.	"He has a lean and hungry look."
	— <i>Julius Caesar.</i>
KNIGHT.	"And the (K)night shall be filled with music."
	— <i>Longfellow.</i>
KURRELMEYER.	"One may smile and smile and be a villain."
	— <i>Hamlet</i>
	"Oh! he sits high in all the people's hearts."
	— <i>Julius Caesar.</i>

LACY. "All things I thought I knew; but now confess,
The more I know, I know I know the less."
—Owen.

LANAHAN. "Thou art a scholar." —Longfellow.
"He thinks too much, such men are dangerous."
—Julius Caesar.

LUCHS. "We grant, altho' he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it." —Butler.

MACHEN. "And Arthur struts with mimic majesty." —Byron.
"I'll print it,
And shame the fools." —Pope.

MARINE. "Homógenous Dick," —Voltaire.
"A very necessary thing." —Voltaire.

MCCASKELL. "With goodly shoulder-blade and proper leg,
A portly make and a symetric shape." —Browning.

NELSON. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead?" —Scott.

PARKER. "The mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." —Byron.

POWELL. "And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring and silken blossoms
beare." —Spenser.

REEDER. "Why, he's a mere man,
Born, bred and brought up in the usual way." —Browning.

RITCHIE. "He drank his glass and cracked his joke,
And freshmen wondered as he spoke." —Goldsmith.

"Beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!" —Young.

ROSENBAUM. "Delight of every eye." —Dryden.

RUSK. "His manners were gentle complying and bland." —Goldsmith.

SCHMECKEBIER. "Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene." —Chaucer.
"We have reformed indifferently with us, sir." —Hamlet.

SCHWAB.	"Plain as the nose on a man's face."— <i>Old Play</i> .
SHAW.	"Satan said: I know this man of old."
	— <i>Paradise Lost</i> .
SIOUSSAT.	"Some joy of Italy."— <i>Cymbeline</i> .
	"Beyond the common walk." — <i>Young</i> .
	"His veering gait Seemed governed by a strain of music. Audible to him alone." — <i>Wordsworth</i> .
STEVENS.	"A steam engine in trousers." — <i>Sidney Smith</i> .
JOHN WESLEY RICHARDSON SUMWALT.	"Tho' short in stature, yet my name extends To Heaven itself and earth's remotest ends."
	— <i>Old Play</i> .
TORSCH.	"Taste the joy That comes from labor." — <i>Longfellow</i> .
TRIPPE.	"Words, words, words." — <i>Hamlet</i> .
WALLIS.	"Ripe in wisdom was he." — <i>Longfellow</i> .
WARFIELD.	"Neither a borrower nor a lender be." — <i>Hamlet</i> .
WELBOURN.	"Thank you, good sir, I owe you one." — <i>Coleman</i> . "You flavor everything: you are the vanilla of society." — <i>Sidney Smith</i> .
	"There are three sexes—men, women and clergymen." — <i>Sidney Smith</i> .
	"The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind." — <i>Goldsmith</i> .
WEST.	"Would he were fatter!" — <i>Julius Caesar</i> .

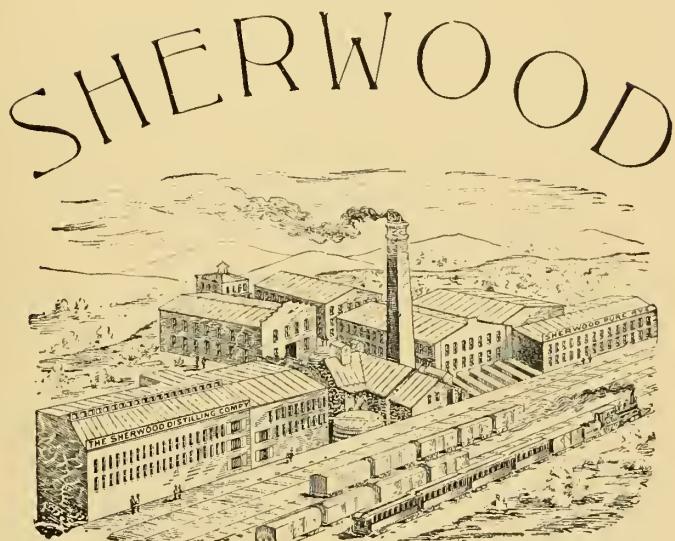


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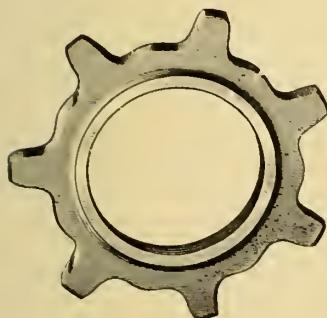
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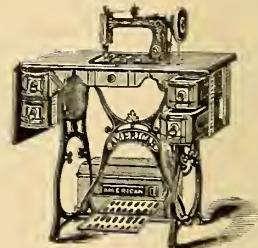
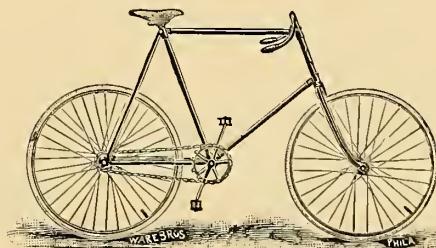
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MRS. HOLLAND, 601 Ninth Street, Northeast, Washington, D. C., daughter of Major Drummond, now dead, was cured of Consumption after seven months' treatment. Mrs. Holland's father, brother and sister all died of Consumption. To-day Mrs. Holland says she weighs more than she ever did all her life. Her family physician has examined her lungs and says that he finds no lung trouble whatever. This physician was the first one to tell her she had Consumption two years ago.

DR. MCKIM'S DAUGHTER, 25 Fifth St., Southeast, Washington, D. C., whose mother died of Consumption, was also cured by Dr. Shade of Pulmonary Consumption after seven months' treatment. Dr. McKim and daughter have both written letters which have been published in the papers.

MRS. CHAS. H. HUGHES, 479 Seventh St., Southwest, is the next case to be reported. She says her father died of Tubercular Consumption, and that she had been afflicted with a complication of diseases until two years ago, when Consumption of the lungs developed. She says: "I began to take office treatment of Dr. Shade, 1232 Fourteenth Street, eighteen months ago, and continued the office treatment for six months. I have not coughed and expectorated for about four months. My friends are all sur-

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DR. T. B. PATTERSON, 52 B St., Northeast, Washington, D. C., was cured of Tubercular Consumption by Dr. Shade over two years ago after four months' treatment; his brother died of the same disease four years ago. The doctor is a well man to-day.

DR. J. C. McCONNELL, 609 Third Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., who has been pathologist and microscopist at the Army Medical Museum, Washington, D. C., for fifteen years, was cured of Tubercular Consumption by Dr. Shade after six months' treatment. The diagnosis in Dr. McConnell's case was made by Dr. Reed, of the regular army, in the laboratory of the Army Medical Museum he having charge or supervision of the anatomical department of said institution. Dr. Reed found the bacilli in Dr. McConnell's sputum under the microscope.

W. SANFORD BROWN, 1309 S Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., was cured of Tubercular Consumption by Dr. Shade in the third stage. His hands and feet were swollen from the disease, and he was reduced to 95 pounds in weight. Mr. Brown's mother and sisters died of Consumption. Mr. Brown was cured in eight months' treatment, three years ago, since which time his weight averages 168 pounds.

MRS. BENDER, 132 Sixth Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., was cured of Consumption by Dr. Shade, over three years ago. Was reduced to 85 pounds; swollen hands and feet; given up to die by seven Washington physicians; was in the third or last stage of Consumption. Today she enjoys elegant health, is married and is a mother. Her weight has increased during the last two years to 135 pounds.

prised at my recovery especially after my family physician said I would not live to see spring, which is passed and gone, and I am well again. I had hemorrhages of the lungs for four months, and coughed more or less for eight years. I could scarcely walk any more when I visited Dr. Shade for the first time. After six months' treatment I could walk home, a distance of two miles or more. I consider my lung trouble entirely cured. I am willing to be interviewed by persons interested.

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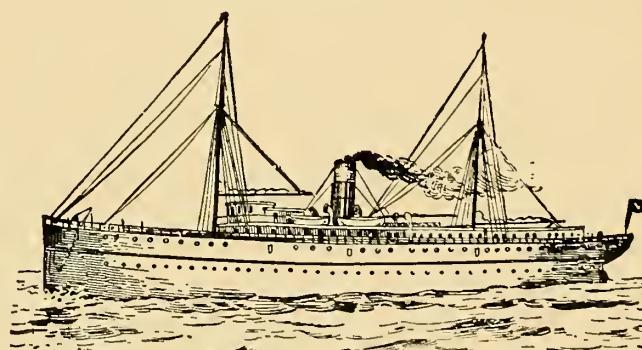
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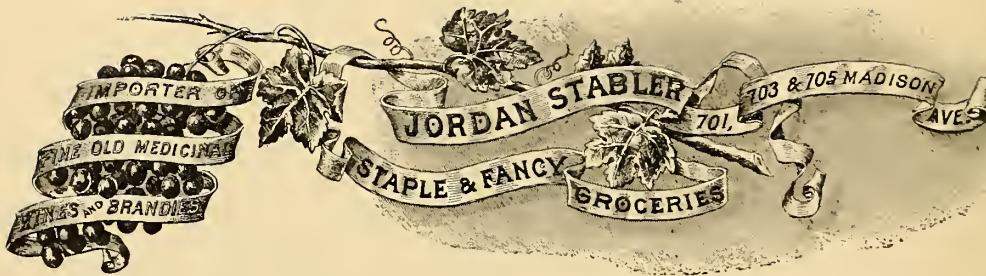
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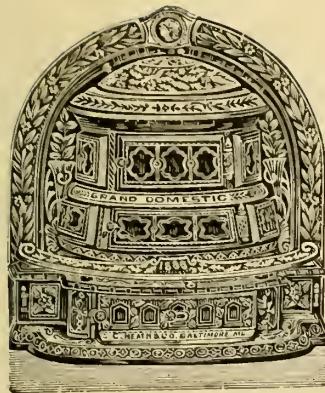
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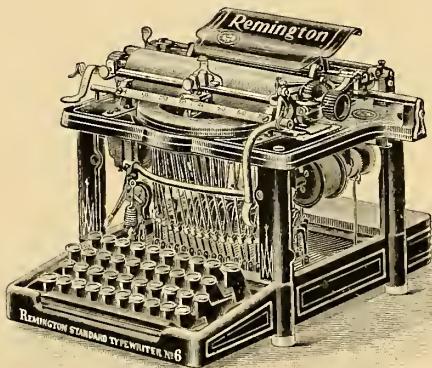
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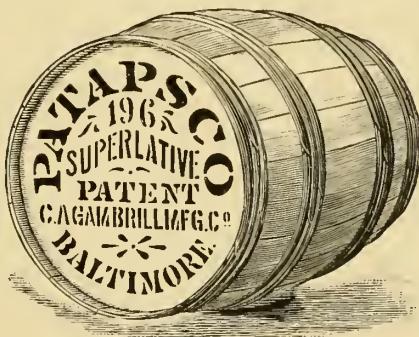
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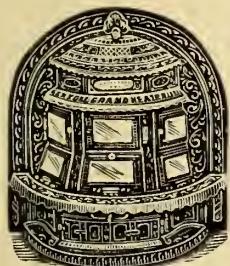
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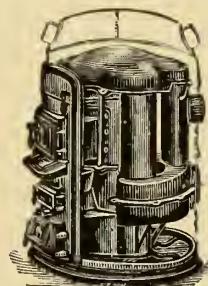
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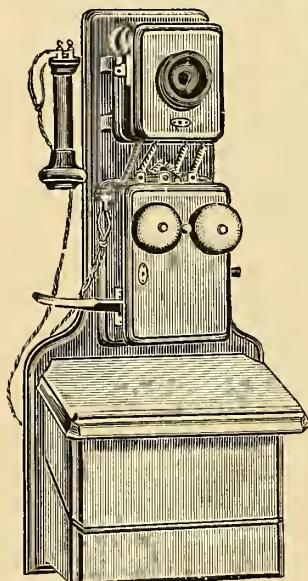
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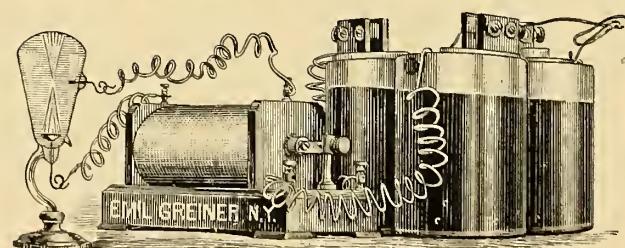
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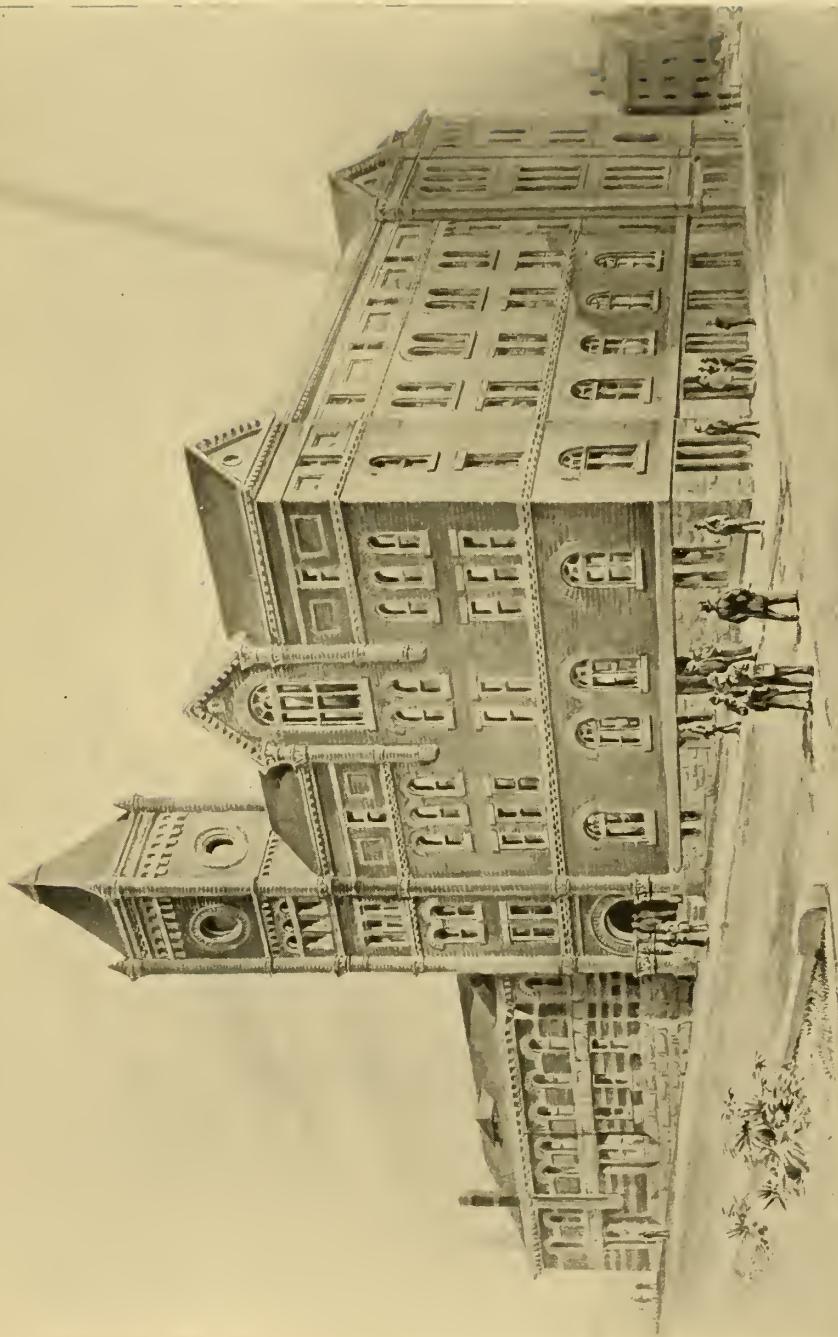
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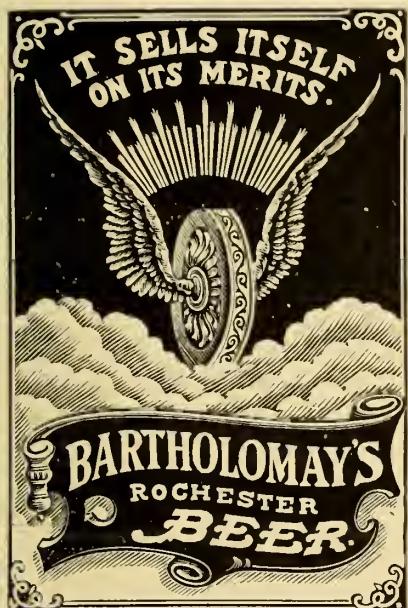
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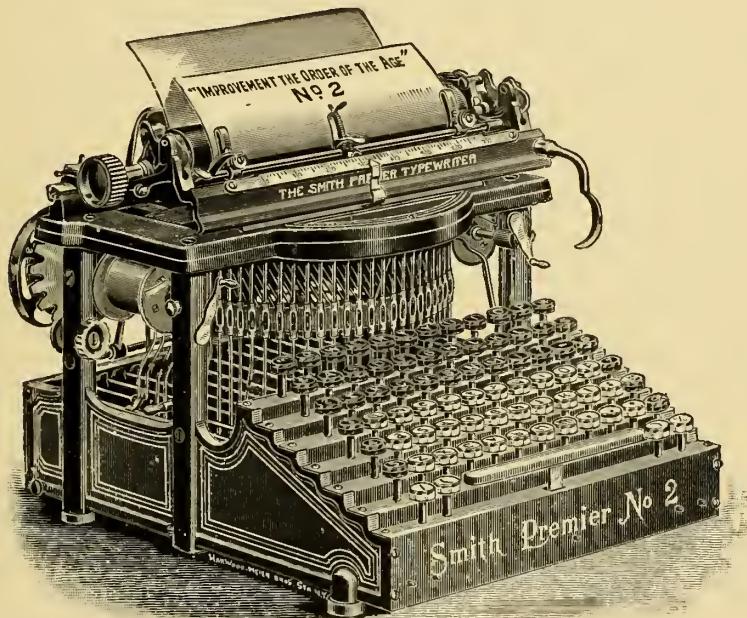
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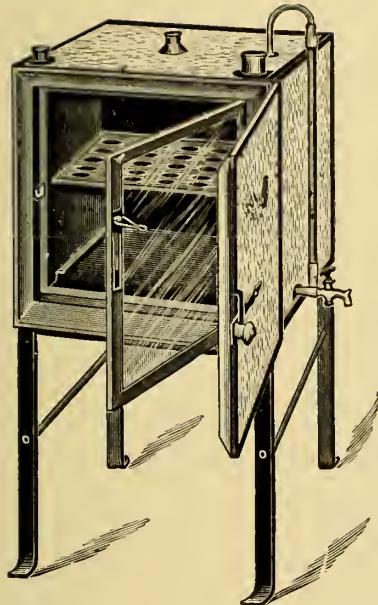
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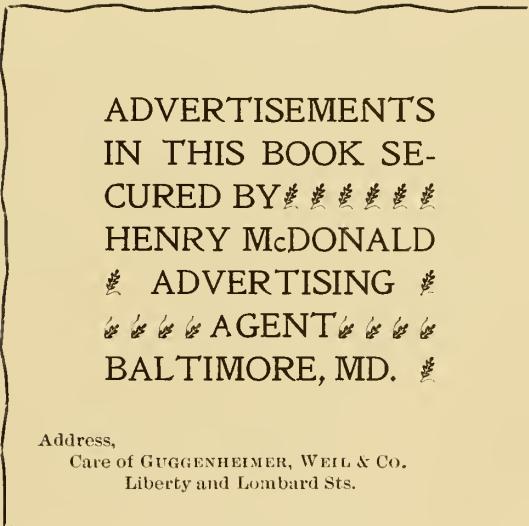
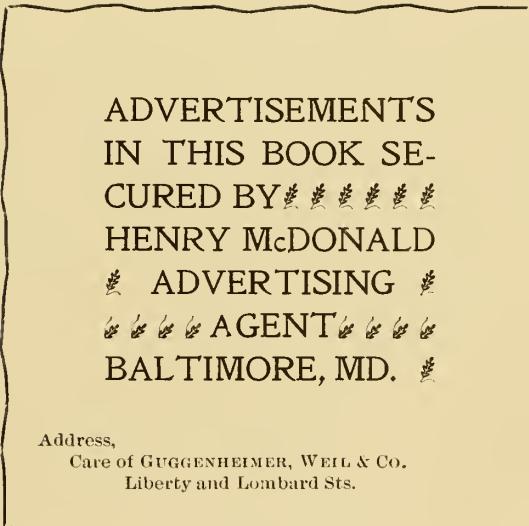
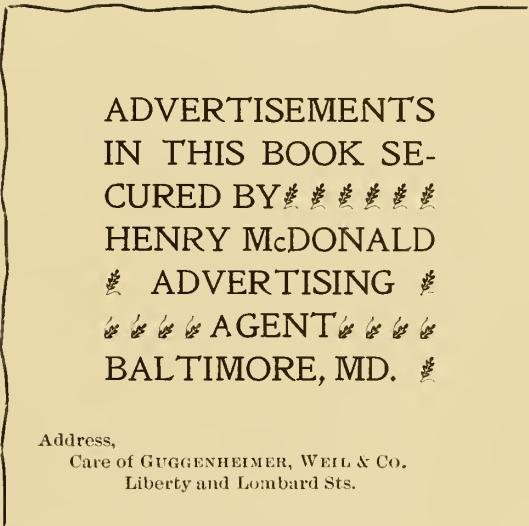
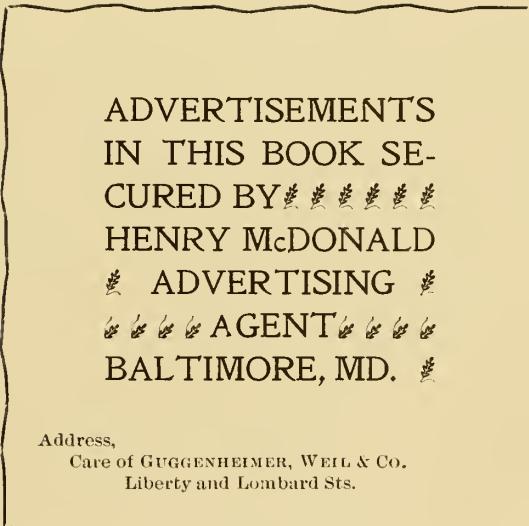
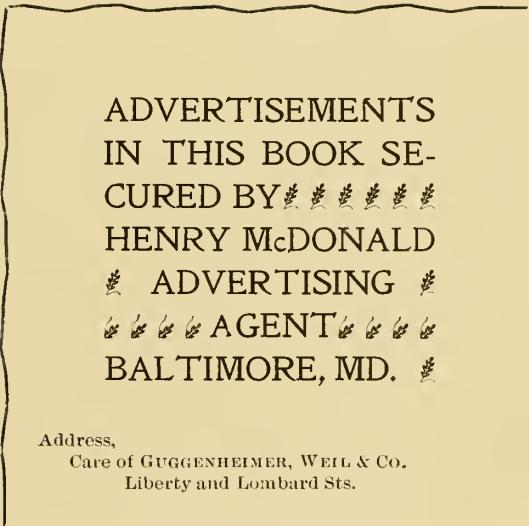
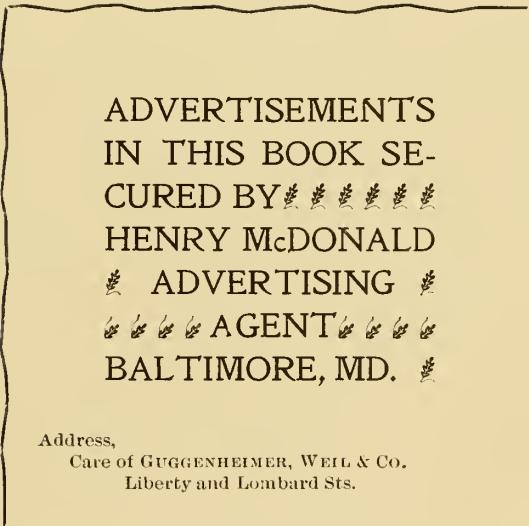
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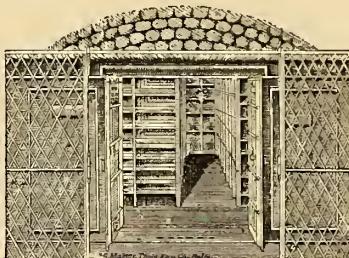
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